Collier's

MARCH 6, 1948

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COLLIER'S SPORTS SPECIAL

A SPARKLING NEW FEATURE

BY BILL FAY

•

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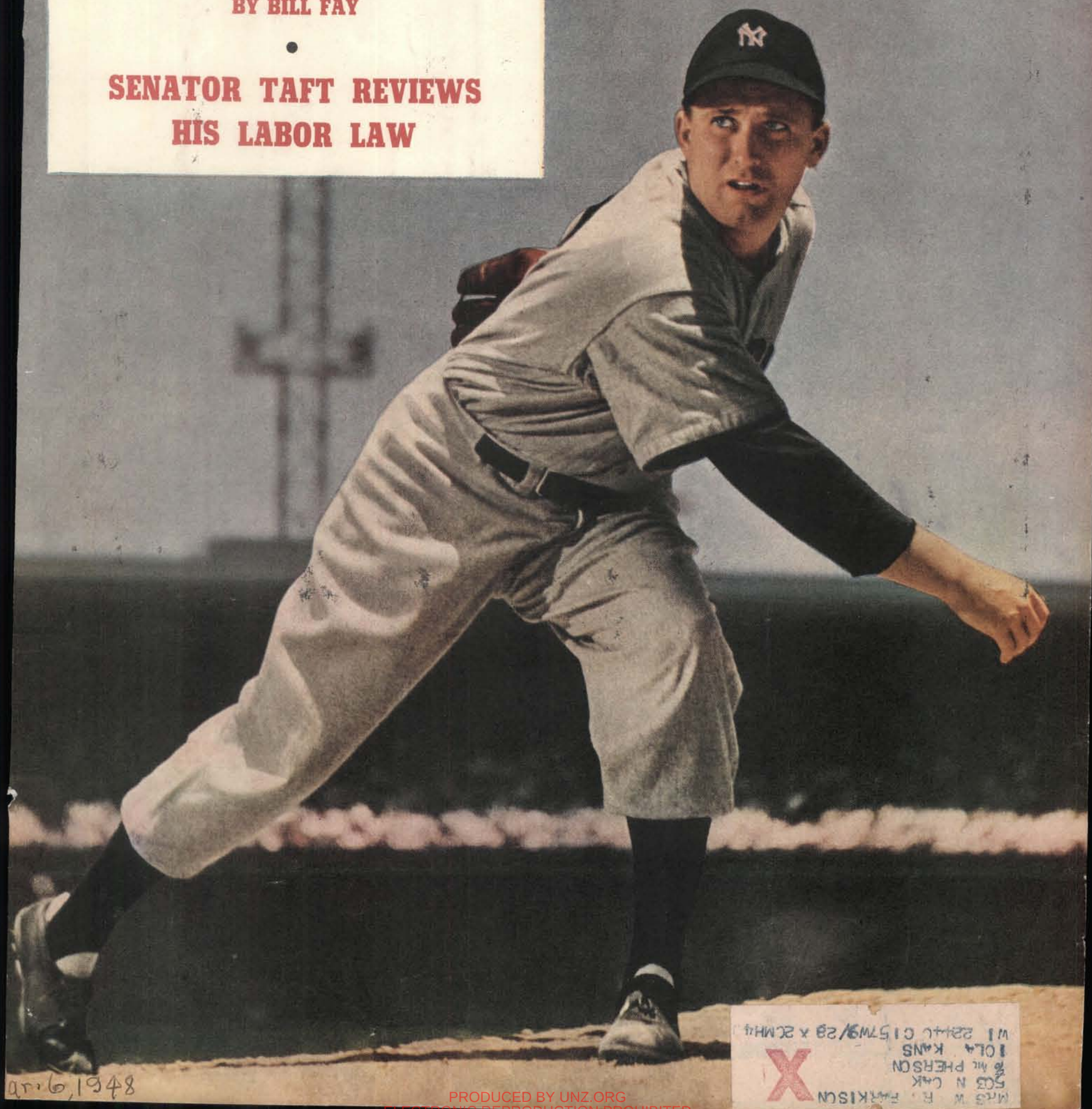

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Car of your dreams come true!

It isn't necessary to tell most men and women what make of car this fabulously fine sedan is.

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This photograph shows you the 1948 version of Studebaker's special extra-long-wheelbase Land Cruiser. It's a headliner in a star-studded presentation of thrilling new Studebaker Champion and Commander sedans and coupes—flanked by breath-taking new 1948 convertibles!

Here's more than a "new look" in cars. Here's basic new design that provides luxuries of ride and vision you never thought possible.

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First in style

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"Don't neglect INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!

The "BOTTLE BACILLUS" Pityrosporum ovale, regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

If you're smart, you'll make Listerine Antiseptic and Massage a part of your regular Hair care

THOSE ugly little germs on the scalp, those flakes and scales on hair and coat collar may mean you're in for infectious dandruff . . . *and that you need antiseptic treatment at once.*

If you have the slightest symptom, get started right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the method that has helped so many because it treats an infection as it should be treated . . . with germ-killing action.

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You'll be delighted to see how quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how readily itching is alleviated. Your scalp feels so clean, so cool, so healthy. And your hair looks the way it should.

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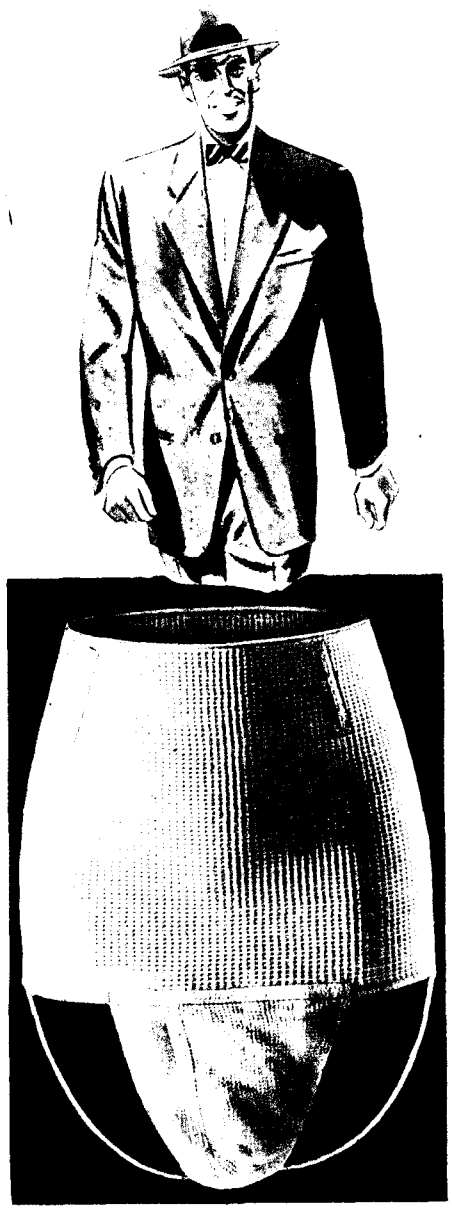

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COLLIER'S

March 6, 1948

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THIS WEEK

FICTION

		PAGE
JEFF COONGATE AND THE STOLEN CRONY *The one-eyed poacher shows the city fellers how it's done.*	By EDMUND WARE	11
THE DAY BEFORE SUNDAY *Pietro was a woman-hater—but only by reputation.*	By ELI WALDRON	16
THE MYSTERIOUS WAY *The Serial Story. The fifth of six parts.*	By SAMUEL W. TAYLOR	20
BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL *Chafik uncovers a web of blackmail separating two lovers.*	By CHARLES B. CHILD	22
DARK RED FOR LOVE *The Short Short Story.*	By JACK SHER	26
MEET MY FAMILY *For once, he wished he were an orphan.*	By WILLIAM L. WORDEN	64

ARTICLES

BETWEEN THE BEAR AND THE DRAGON *China is fighting Communist domination, but Chiang Kai-shek's power has waned.*	By CHRISTOPHER RAND	12
COLLIER'S SPORTS *The low-down on baseball salaries—and other hot sports topics.*	By BILL FAY	14
HOLLYWOOD GOES TO ROME *On location in the Eternal City to shoot the Cagliostro movie.*	By CARL FRENCH	18
TOWARD PEACE IN LABOR *How the Labor-Management Relations Act has worked so far.*	By SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT	21
JOHN N. GARNER'S STORY *Part III. Revealing the former Vice-President's attitude toward the Roosevelt lend-spend policy and the third term.*	By BASCOM N. TIMMONS	24
WHETHER MAN *New York's Blizzard of '47 put the forecasters on a spot.*	By KYLE CRICHTON	28
HARD TIMES COME TO WALL STREET *Why the nation's money center is in the red in this boom era.*	By LESTER VELIE	61

THE WEEK'S MAIL	From OUR READERS	4
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD	By FRELING FOSTER	6
THE WEEK'S WORK	By TED SHANE	8
WASHINGTON PARTY LINE	By ROBERT S. ALLEN	77
EDITORIALS: *In International Common Sense • We Need 50,000 Student Nurses • Forgiveness Is Phooey • Parents Aren't Always Smart*		78
COVER	By *DAVID PESKIN*	

THE WEEK'S MAIL

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

DEAR SIR: In the article Greenwich Village: Tourist Trap published in the November 29, 1947, issue of Collier's, reference was made to the Waldorf Cafeteria on Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Waldorf System Incorporated feels that the statements in this article gave a false impression of the conditions in its cafeteria at 394 Sixth Avenue. It operates 102 cafeterias in thirty-eight cities. The Sixth Avenue store was opened in 1942. It is operated along the same lines as the company's other restaurants and is a modern high-class cafeteria that caters to the general public.

Waldorf System Incorporated does not allow its restaurants to be used as congregating places for groups and it does not permit conduct by any person that is annoying or disturbing to other patrons.

JAMES J. CURRY,
President Waldorf System Incorporated

FATHERLY PRIDE

GENTLEMEN: I want to thank Collier's for the generous presentation of the Collier's Trophy for Aviation to my son, Lewis A. Rodert. Of course, it is all over my head but he must have earned it because we Roderts are a rather obscure family. I am only a carpenter. With Lewis it is otherwise: From his *junior* year in high school to his last day in college, he paid *all* his expenses from his *own* earnings. Reason, I was on relief with no way out. But with one star in his horizon he went on till he has achieved a victory over a hazard to human peril.

EMIL RODERT, Kansas City, Kans.

L.O.O.M.

DEAR EDITOR: After reading about the Eagles' organization, Human Eagles (Jan. 17th) by Wade H. Nichols and Ike Vern, I believe the Loyal Order of Moose to be the greatest order in the world.

We have Presidents, congressmen and other influential people in our order, but most of all we have Moosehaven and Mooseheart.

When a member passes away, his wife and children are taken to Mooseheart where the mother can earn her way, and the children are taken care of. Our old people can go to Moosehaven located in Orange Park, Florida.

There they can grow old together with no worries whatever.

CHESTER E. COLLINS, Bridgeport, Conn.

(Continued on page 59)

Vol. 121, No. 10. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Demmerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $4.00; two years $6.00; three years $8.00 in the United States and Possessions, also Canada, Labrador, Newfoundland and Philippine Islands. In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela, one year $5.00; two years $8.00; three years $11.00. Other countries: one year $8.00; two years $14.00; three years $20.00. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

FLEEING lovers CATHY O'DONNELL and FARLEY GRANGER enjoy brief interlude of happiness beside a forest pool in this idyllic scene from *Your Red Wagon*. RKO's searching drama of two kids who live and love outside the law includes HOWARD DA SILVA in star cast.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP, but ANN SHERIDAN isn't bothering about broken china in this scene with GARY COOPER, big-hearted hero of Leo McCarey's *Good Sam*. Giving money away makes Gary feel all warm, makes Ann burn. But she goes on loving him. A Rainbow Production.

IT'S A "DOUBLE TAKE" for ROSALIND RUSSELL, shown here doing a closeup for *The Velvet Touch*, while producer FREDERICK BRISSON also photographs scene on 16 mm. color film. Working with Miss Russell are director John Gage (holding script) and cameraman Joe Walker.

NERVES grow tense in *Fort Apache*, as JOHN WAYNE (on horse) and defenders await Indian attack. JOHN FORD directs film which also stars HENRY FONDA, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, PEDRO ARMENDARIZ and introduces JOHN AGAR. A FORD-COOPER Argosy Production.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

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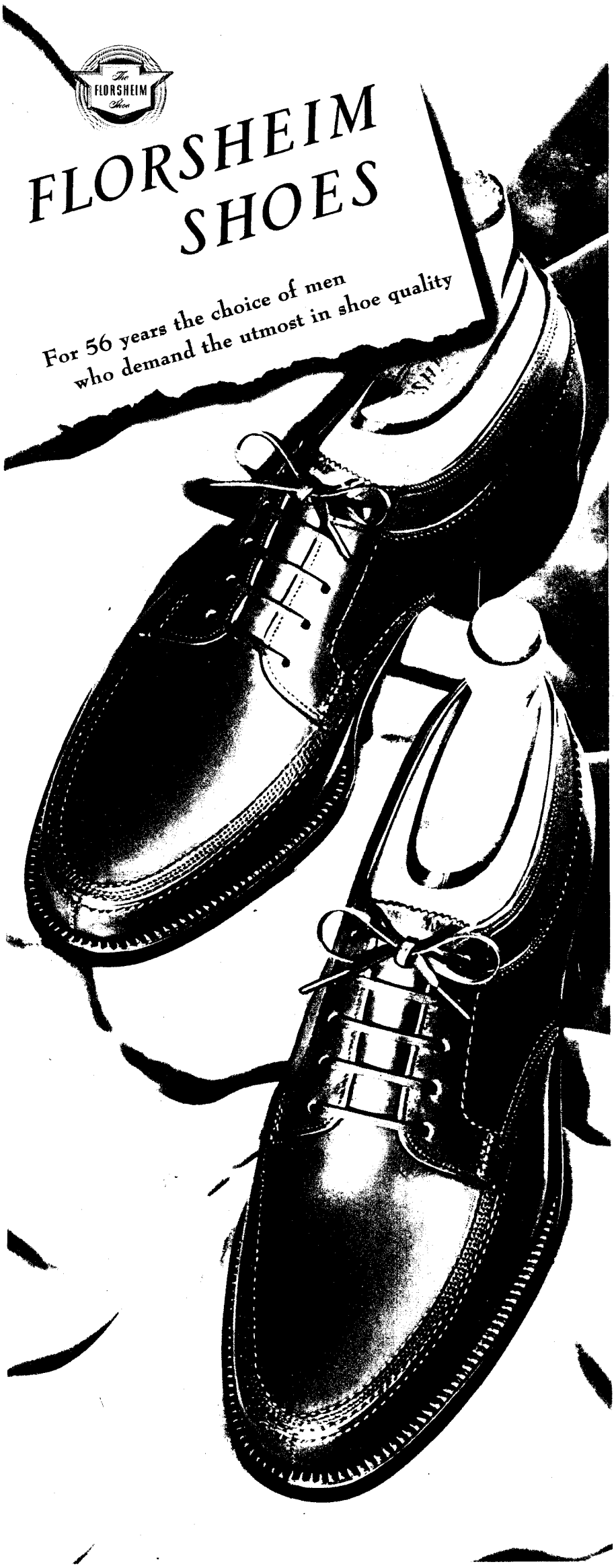
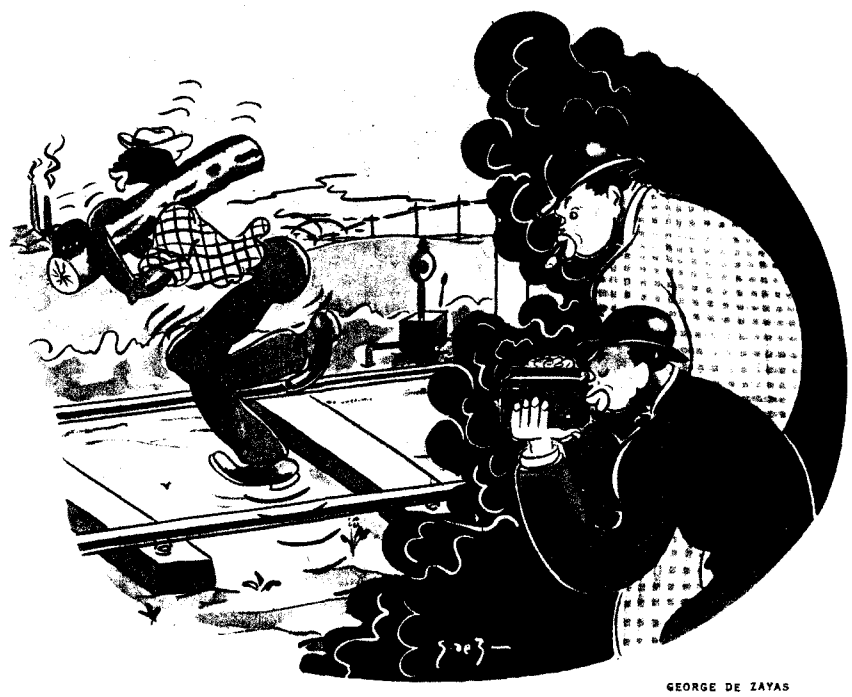


THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • *MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN*



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

In 1934 in a small Southern community, a Negro railroad worker filed a $100,000 damage suit against his company, claiming he had been jolted off a train and, as a result of the fall, his legs had become paralyzed. Knowing he was lying, the company hired two Negro detectives to obtain evidence against him. They opened a crystal-gazing parlor in his home town. Shortly, their advertisement of "Home Readings for Shut-ins" brought a request from the faker to call and tell his fortune. During the visit, the crystal-gazer "saw a lawsuit" in his ball and predicted that, to win it, his client would have to carry a log across a near-by railroad track at dawn the next morning, hopping over on one foot and back on the other. He did, and the detectives, hiding, took a movie of his performance.

The greatest wrestler of all time is Gama of Patiala, India, who retired in 1936 at the age of 58. Although only five feet seven inches in height and 260 pounds in weight, Gama was so feared throughout his career that, as early as 1910 in London, no British wrestlers would accept his challenge to throw any 20 of them in succession within 60 minutes. In fact, only two men outside the Orient ever dared meet him—America's B. F. Roller and Poland's Stanislaus Zbyszko—and he threw each of them in less than 30 seconds.

Westminster Abbey, chief resting place of Britain's illustrious dead, has so little burial room left that, since 1907, it has restricted interments, with two exceptions, to urns of ashes. To remedy this condition, authorities may soon remove from the church the remains of numerous minor celebrities as well as those of many nonentities who include a butler, a laundress, a plumber, a pugilist and a swindler.

France holds a national lottery weekly for which about 500,000 tickets costing $2.18 each are sold (the majority in tenths at 22 cents) and 137,328 prizes are awarded ranging from $2.52 to $67,200.

One of the most daring frauds on record was that started in Paris in 1878 by a Mme. Thérèse Humbert when she announced that an American millionaire, R. H. Crawford, had left her his estate of $20,000,000. Then she had two accomplices pose as Crawford's nephews and begin a series of lawsuits against her so she would be prevented legally from touching the fortune in deeds and securities which she said were sealed and deposited in her bank vault under a court order. Thus, by using this excuse and by signing notes "Payable when the case is settled," she borrowed — and spent — $11,000,000 over a period of 24 years. In 1902, someone discovered that "Crawford" had never existed; so the lady's vault was opened and found empty, causing ten of her creditors to commit suicide.

America's most prolific fiction writer was Edward Stratemeyer (1862-1930) of Newark who specialized in producing, under a dozen pseudonyms, 50-cent books for juveniles, two of his most popular series being The Rover Boys and Nancy Drew. During the last 32 years of his life, he wrote 800 of these novels whose gross sales have exceeded $10,000,000.

In the Olympic games to be held near London from July 29th to August 14, 1948, the 54 participating countries are expected to enter at least 5,500 contestants, which means that this year's assemblage—the greatest in history—will include 11 more countries and 1,500 more athletes than the one held in Berlin in 1936.

Although nearly 19 years have passed since the Treasury Department began to retire our old large-sized paper currency, there are 42,231,233 of these bills worth $162,252,413 still outstanding. *By Nancy Millard, New York City.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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When you see farm animals . . .

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify the various breeds

*Scientific data supplied by American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

A clean white face and heavy, spiral horns identify the **DORSET** *ram.*

The mark of the **SUFFOLK** *breed of sheep is a black face and a set of black "stockings."*

A large, floppy comb combined with solid white plumage distinguishes the **WHITE LEGHORN** *hen.*

The **BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCK** *is recognized by its distinctive plumagé—light and dark gray bars.*

The distinctive feature of **ABERDEEN-ANGUS** *cattle is the coal black coat.*

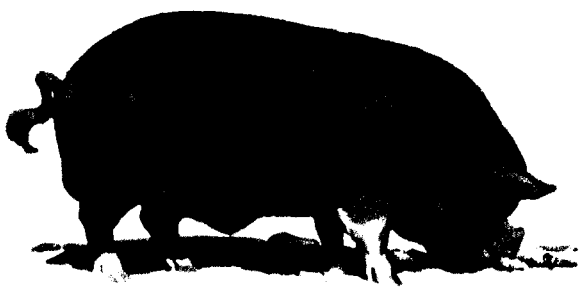
A big hump on his back makes it easy to recognize a **BRAHMAN** *bull.*

A white face is the outstanding feature of the **HEREFORD** *breed of cattle.*

Jet black and solid white markings distinguish the popular **HOLSTEIN** *cow.*

A deer-like head found in no other breed identifies the pretty **JERSEY** *cow.*

Large black and white spots characterize the **POLAND CHINA** *breed of hogs.*



A short, turned-up nose is the snooty characteristic of the **BERKSHIRE** *hog.*

A white belt over the shoulders distinguishes the **HAMPSHIRE** *breed.*

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THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid

To get the most mileage from your car, use high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid and have your motor service man tune up your engine to take full advantage of its higher quality. In these days when the oil industry is working night and day to keep up with the demand for gasoline, you can help conserve gasoline by driving at moderate speeds, avoiding "jack rabbit" starts and keeping tires properly inflated. *Ethyl Corporation, N. Y.—makers of "Ethyl" antiknock compound.*

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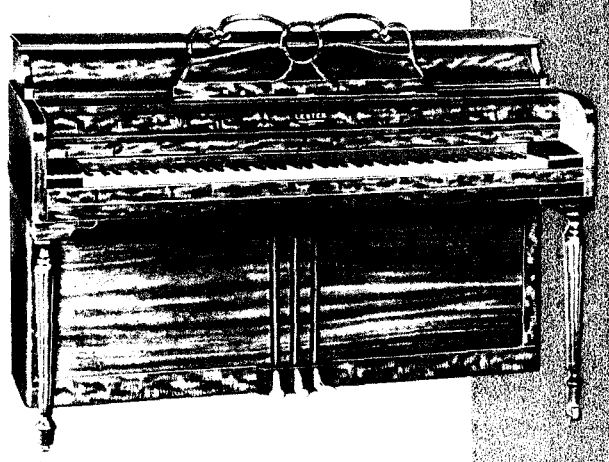

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THE WEEK'S WORK

Bill Fay

THE red carpet is out this week for Bill Fay, who will operate our newly launched weekly sports feature: Collier's Sports (p. 14). Bill is a likable thirty-year-old Pittsburgher, and Philosophy A.B. from Notre Dame. Unlike most sports writers, Bill has led an athletic life: He played No. 1 tennis singles for Dame, and was captain in his final year.

After cubbing it on the Pittsburgh Post Gazette, Bill moved over to the Chicago Tribune sports department, then into the Army in '42 as an antitank officer; finally winding up on the Pacific Stars and Stripes as circulation man. "We didn't have the world's largest circulation," he says pridefully, "but we carried what we had farthest. We published in Honolulu, and I delivered in Okinawa, a day and a half later."

In the spring of '42, Bill made his first sale to Collier's: a profile on the Notre Dame flash quarter, Angelo Bertelli (Football Bombardier, Oct. 17, '42), catching up with the piece in a little country store while on maneuvers in Tennessee.

In '45 Bill was back on the Tribune, which promptly hustled him to Mexico to unmask the Pasquels, those mighty *beisbolleros*. Fay filed such flattering accounts of the screwball side of Mexican baseball (he discovered that a spur railroad ran through the Tampico ball park's field and often caused games to be postponed because of slow freights) that Jorge Pasquel offered to meet Bill under the stands. "The invitation was refused," says Bill. "Jorge is a physical-culture nut with a very hard stomach; I was recently fresh from an appendectomy; besides, the stands were so rickety, no prudent man would stand under them!"

Since then Bill has covered everything from mixed Beanbag Doubles to Shooting in a Barrel. "That's all," he sums up, "except I've been married nearly a year . . . a redhead."

JACK SHER once played semipro hockey, but didn't last. Too tall and thin. Then he acted some in Hollywood, but didn't last there, either. "Too tall and thin," he says, "and by this time, nervous."

So Jack, who is thirty-four, and from Minneapolis, went in for Beautiful Letters, at which he has done so well that his nervous system has become sturdy and gold-ribbed. Dark Red for Love (p. 26) is the first Sher fiction Collier's has published although his articles have appeared from time to time. "Naturally I would rather write fiction than articles," he asseverates, "but I have not as yet found an editor crazy enough to pay me for fiction before I write it, the way article guys sometimes do."

Mr. Sher's wife, Madeline Thompson, has also been in Collier's, as have Jack's first cousin Louis Kamp, and his wife, Irene. The Shers live in a weird apartment about five steps off Times Square in Manhattan.

"The offices of '48 Magazine are in the same building," he says, "and my kids—they're four and one—hang out with the Variety editors and vaudeville actors. I'm having a book in August, The Cold Companion. I don't know what sort of book you'd call it."

MR. CRICHTON being off somewhere in Kamchatka, or Gripe, Arizona, or Hollywood, or Hell, Georgia, and thus being unavailable, we asked Colonel Lemuel Stoopnagle, the eminent serialist and whimsicalist (who happened to drop into our office) to comment on the background of Mr. Crichton's engrossing article about the weather, The Whether Man (p. 28). The colonel obliged as follows:

We need a snow plow 'quipped with wings
(For weather; I'm agin it),
So the snow that flies through darkened skies
Falls. And a path's already in it.

BACK in 1946, Lester Velie, Collier's One-Man Inquisition and Fraud Ferret, dropped into Wall Street, put his fingers in his ears and predicted a crash (Babes in Wall Street, Apr. 27, '46). He described the Little People flocking to the street as they always do at the tail end of a bull market—and buying cats and dogs without knowing, as he said, the difference between a preferred stock and a pickled herring.

The crash came about a month after his piece was published. Early this year Velie again returned to Wall Street to find what had happened to the stocks he had warned the sacrificial lambs against buying in '46. Sure enough the onetime dollar stocks were selling for pennies. He also found that the Big People, as well as the Little People, are suffering from Wall Street's current blues. So read his Hard Times Come to Wall Street (p. 61) and don't say we are telling you again.

This week's cover: The prodigious Frank (Spec) Shea, of Naugatuck, Connecticut, and the N. Y. Yankees, is twenty-five, in '47 was undisputed Rookie Pitcher of the Year in the American League, winning 14, losing 4, with two key wins in the World Series. The action shot was taken at Shibe Park, Philadelphia, by David (Glamorboy) Peskin, between a Yankee-Athletic double-header before a crowd of 25,000.

Because Shea was embarrassed and unwilling to step out and pose on the mound before all those people, Peskin placed the camera inconspicuously on the ground while Shea was warming up, ran a cord 25 feet off, and pretending to be interested in something else, casually shot the cover by remote control. . . .

TED SHANE

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MRS. LEWIS MacCRACKEN, THE FORMER MISS FRANCINE WHITTEN, OF WASHINGTON, D. C., PAINTED BY GERALD BROCKHURST

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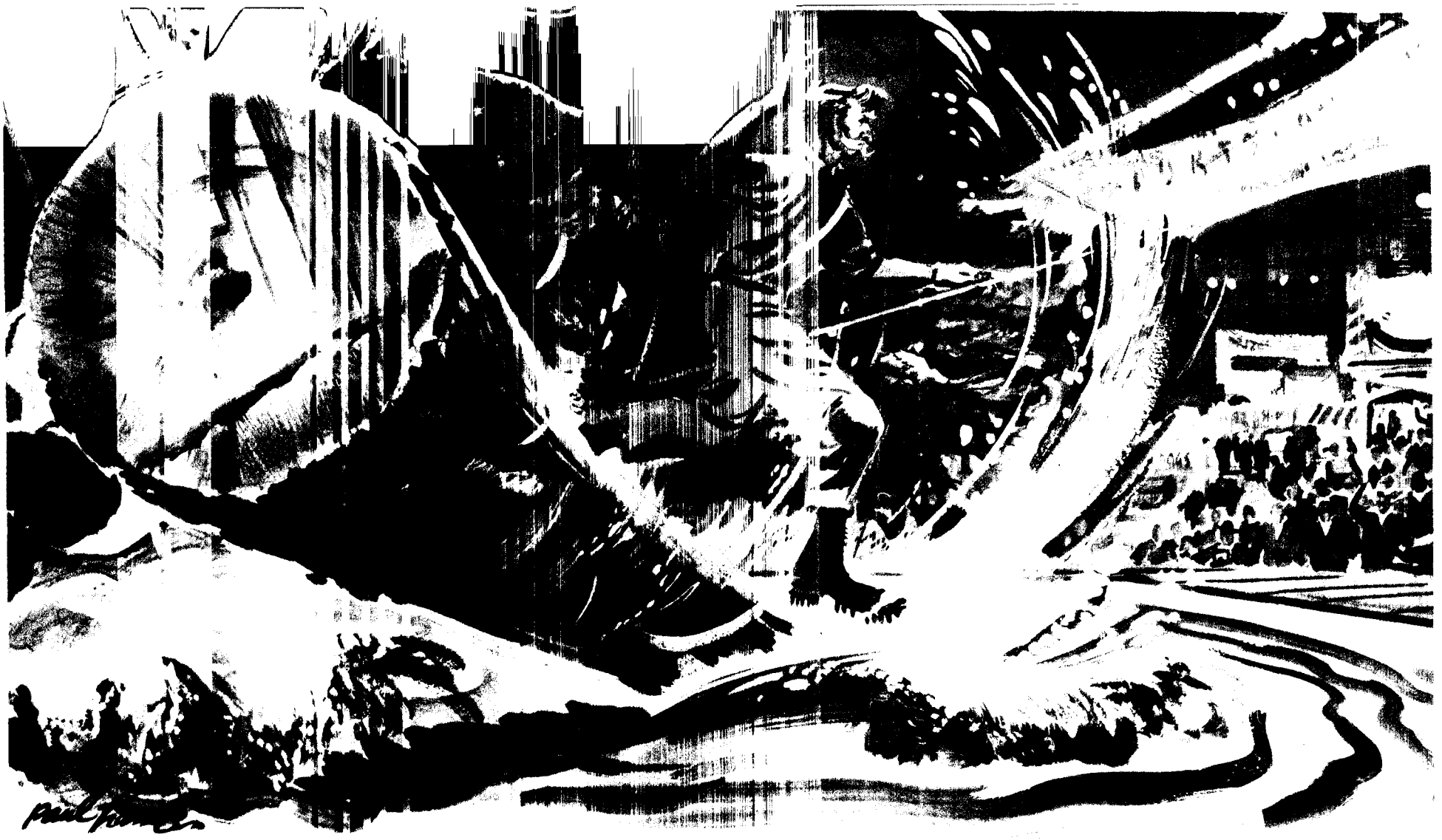

"Coongate's picturesque manner captured the crowd as the veteran woodsman 'sluiced' the younger contestant"

JEFF COONGATE AND

BY EDMUND WARE

Hypnotized, that's what Uncle Jeff was — hypnotized by those bright lights and all those cheering crowds

WITH a sweet tremor of self-esteem, Uncle Jeff Coongate unfurled the Boston Herald like a banner, and on the sports page under a two-column picture of himself, read an account of his last night's doings:

"Sportsman's Show crowds cheered at Mechanics Building last night when Thomas Jefferson Coongate, dark horse from remote Privilege, Maine, toppled Jim Birch of New Hampshire into the indoor pool to win the log-rolling contest against a field of ace birlers from New England, Michigan and Wisconsin.

"Coongate, who gives his age as around seventy, is widely known in his native forests as 'the one-eyed poacher.' His personality, style and picturesque manner captured the near-record Hub City crowd as the veteran woodsman and former river-driver 'sluiced' the younger contestant in last night's title tilt. Removing his borrowed caulked boots, the victor commented: 'I could of beat him wearin' snowshoes.' "

The old outlaw gave a nod of approval. Except in the Mopang County court news, under Game Law Violations, he had seldom appeared in the public prints, let alone the public eye. 'Twas pleasant, he now mused, to be known at seventy as a dark horse. And it was an altogether new experience to roll a log in a steam-heated building in warm, still water—and be cheered for it. In earlier days on log drives down the merciless Mopang River, he and his crony, Zack Bourne, had performed greater feats in ice water. No young ladies had clamored then for his autograph. No gratified Show Management had clapped him on the back. A river boss had merely grunted.

Uncle Jeff's appearance in Boston was not only theatrical but unprecedented. He had made the journey in pure and solitary quest of Zack Bourne, his lifelong comrade of game trail, demijohn and jail. Without Zack's companionship, Jeff's life was desolate and lonely. He had come to Boston determined to bring Zack home to the fold of Mopang Forest, where he belonged.

"I shall wrest him from the clutches of old Sarah," Jeff had vowed, "an' fetch him back with me—dead or alive.". . .

Sarah Bourne was Zack's timorous and prayerful wife. The tug of war between Sarah and Jeff Coongate over the beleaguered Zack had long been legend in the wild lands. Zack was in the middle, torn between redemption and sin; often he didn't know whether he was rightfully a husband or a crony.

Old Sarah, ever fearful of the malignant Coongate influence, had at last been driven to desperate measures. On the pretext that her brother George was gravely ill, she had coaxed Zack to accompany her to his bedside in Boston. She had brought off this plot on the eve of an illegal beaver-trapping and moose-hunting expedition conceived and equipped by the wicked Mr. Coongate.

Sarah would never forget the terrible moment of parting at the door of their cabin home on Mopang Lake: the chill aloofness of Mr. Coongate's one eye; the sinister grace of his farewell bow; Zack's dejection and silence, as he stared after the majestic, departing figure of his friend—and, later, Zack's fury, when, in the Boston apartment, he had opened his suitcase to get out a consoling bottle of rum, and found only the cold, iron driftpins which Mr. Coongate had craftily substituted.

Glaring at poor Sarah, Zack had raged: "Driftpins! An' your brother George has nothing but a cold!"

Unlike a bottle of Old Sabre Tooth rum, a driftpin is soulless and unfeeling. Driftpins are not only unpotable, but inedible. They are bars of round iron about eighteen inches long, and three quarters of an inch in diameter. They are used for pinning heavy timbers together in the construction of logging dams. Nine of them nestled in Zack's suitcase, their weight replacing that of six bottles of Old Sabre Tooth.

"Thief! Robber!" Zack had croaked. "He's prob'ly lappin' up my rum right now. May hell receive his stricken soul!"

But for his friend's fell trick, Zack probably would have fled Boston within a week. The city pavements hurt his feet. The snow oozed gray in the gutters. Innocent trees in the Public Garden were deliberately labeled in a foreign language. There was no game save squirrels; no fish save for brother George's goldfish in a bowl in the apartment.

Zack remained in Boston purely out of spite. He suffered even worse than Jeff. But he refused to be lured by Jeff's letters, which described the delights of beaver-trapping, moose-meat and gravied biscuits. The letters guilefully mentioned old haunts, and recalled conflicts with Steve Ireland, the young Mopang County game warden. At last came a letter which

(Continued on page 33)

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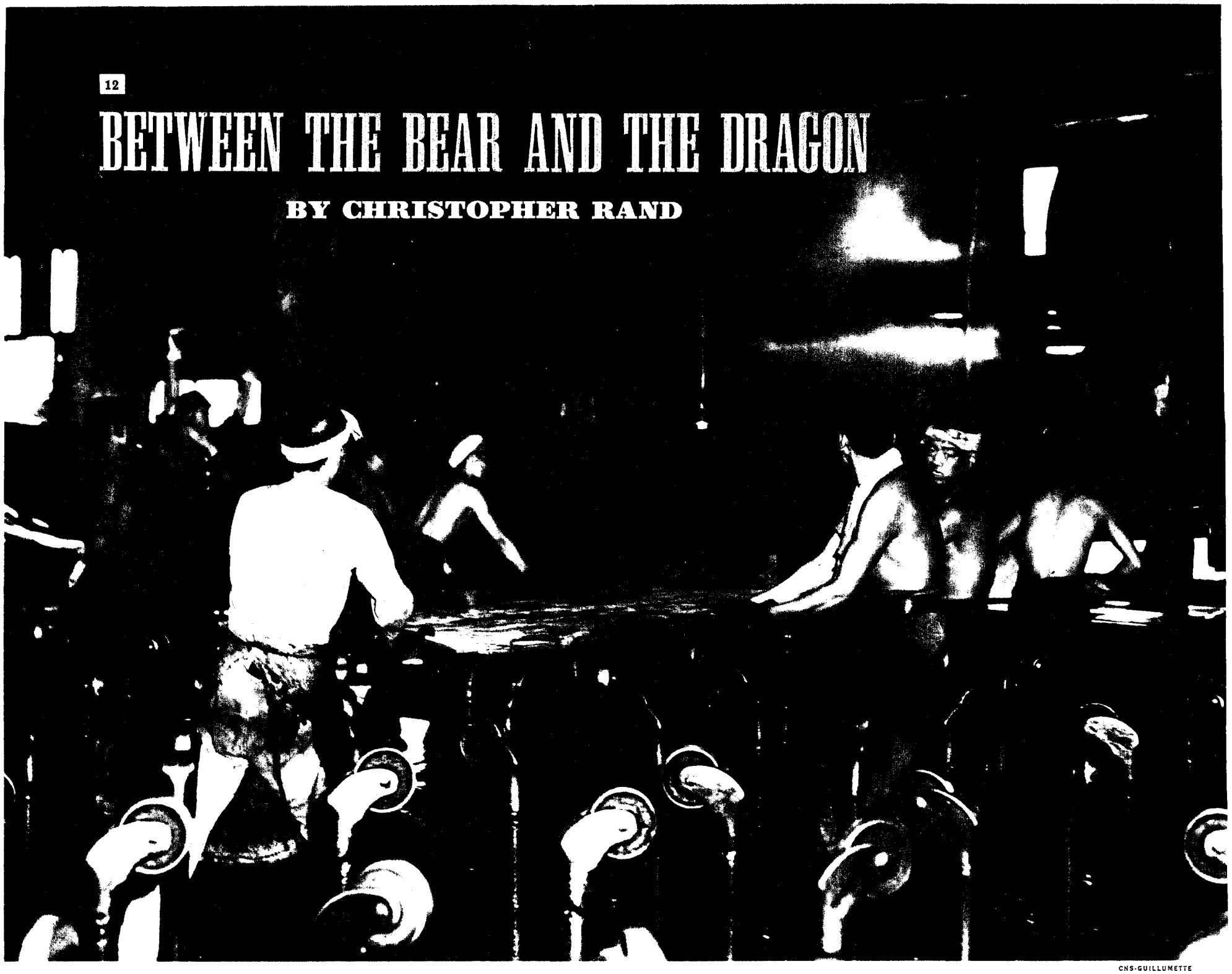
12

BETWEEN THE BEAR AND THE DRAGON

BY CHRISTOPHER RAND



CNS-GUILLUMETTE

If Communists win Manchuria's industries like this steel plant, they'll have a strong base from which to move on the rest of China

Despite all the [illegible] into China. The [illegible]

RADIOED FROM SHANGHAI

THE man was a leading Chinese engineer. He had served his country faithfully during the Japanese war and was serving it faithfully now doing a tough job in a crucial outlying province. He said:

"Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek should have stepped aside after V-J Day when he could have gone down in history as a great leader. Now he has lost his chance. He's too old to deal with the present situation. His Kuomintang party is too old, also. There's no way out for any of us now."

This man was speaking only for himself but he was expressing what many observers fear is the central danger in China today: Generalissimo Chiang, his government and most of what they stand for are falling.

A year ago Chinese government armies held the initiative over their opponents, the Chinese Communists, on all the widespread and complicated civil war fronts here. They had an overwhelming edge in man power and fire power. They had just embarked on a policy of using this edge to wipe out the Communists by force.

At that time government troops in Manchuria were confident. They held the industrialized southern part of that region while the Communists were penned up in the mountainous, forested north. Government generals spoke of a spring offensive. But it was the Communists who actually struck then. They came south during May and June in fast drives that penetrated and broke up the government's whole military network. They pushed government troops back into a few big Manchurian cities like Changchun and Mukden and destroyed the railways, coal mines and food supplies on which these cities depend.

This winter, people are freezing to death in Mukden and Changchun where the temperature goes to forty and fifty degrees below zero. Only the influential have coal, and cotton-padded winter clothing is said to be bringing its weight in gold. Grain liquor—the white lightning that's the last resort of a Chinese soldier on a cold day—is said to be almost unobtainable because the Communists have blocked off the supply of sorghum seed, from which it is made.

The Communists apparently hope to take Manchuria this year by these tactics of attrition. For the government this would mean the loss of the richest part of Asia—the part that gave Japan strength to wage the last war. In Communists' hands Manchuria would be a secure base next to Siberia, capable of supporting a long struggle for all of China, if necessary.

A year ago the government had also concentrated half a million effective troops against the Communist-held province of Shantung. Government generals said they'd clean out Shantung in three to six months and thereby reopen communications between north and central China. The Communists held them for months in the Shantung mountains, trapping and destroying many units. In the late summer the main Red forces moved out, but instead of running away they sneaked through and hit at the government rear.

They are now roaming the Yangtze Valley which is the center of the government's strength. They are threatening the areas of south and west China from which the government draws its supplies of man power and food. Government troops have been called back from the now-forgotten Shantung offensive to stop them. But the Communists move fast and with good intelligence. The government's efforts to catch them are like those of a man trying to eat soup with a fork.

These are only the two main fronts but they're typical of what has been

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going on elsewhere. Everywhere government troops have been whittled down and immobilized in the defense of beleaguered towns and communications lines. Communists are roving the countryside, destroying railways and knocking off government outposts whenever they find them lightly defended. If the government seems likely to start an effective drive against them they merely put the heat on a near-by city, and government troops must return to hold it.

The government's economic and political fortunes have been sinking along with its military ones. The inflation is such a familiar thing here that people can barely imagine what life with a stable currency would be like. Chinese banks would look strange without messengers coming and going with sacks full of bills. When you go to buy an airplane ticket you naturally figure on waiting for half an hour while the clerk counts your money.

As this article is written, it takes about two hundred thousand Chinese dollars to buy one American dollar. When you read this the figure will probably be higher since the pace of the inflation is rapidly increasing. There's no telling where it will end, but one possibility is that someday the Chinese people will decide money isn't worth carrying around any longer. If that happens over wide areas, business in the cities will stop except for what can be done by barter.

Terror Born of Censorship

The government's political decline since the war has wide repercussions. Newspaper censorship has tightened and inevitably rumors have become more sinister. The Shanghai market is repeatedly thrown into an uproar by vague stories of defeats in north China or Manchuria. There's no way of checking them because the papers aren't allowed to say what's really happening.

Last spring the government put down student demonstrations throughout the country with lead pipes and wooden bats. Students were killed, beaten up and arrested. Their movement was crushed but the government seems to have sacrificed whatever hope it had of winning their willing support. Other important groups—intellectuals, technicians and businessmen—are also being alienated by the government's increasing deafness to their views. Even the pirate and bandit leaders who control the irregular politics of the south China coast are turning away. Right after V-J Day they were solidly behind the government. Now some of them have gone over to the Communists outright, and the rest are on the fence. These various groups are slowly giving up their support of the war.

The small moderate political parties in China which General Marshall hoped to strengthen as a bridge between the Communists and the Kuomintang are gone. In 1946, there was a united front of three such parties. But the Kuomintang absorbed two of the parties and last fall it suppressed the third—the Democratic League. After a long campaign of charges that the league was helping the Communists the government forced it to dissolve itself under threat of police action.

The league is now powerless within China, and its headquarters are exiled to the British crown colony of Hong Kong. It can no longer serve as the voice of moderates here who want to reform the government. Even American influence might not be able to revive it for this purpose.

Other small dissident groups such as the one headed by the old Generals Li Chi-shen and Feng Yu-hsiang—refugees in Hong Kong and in America, respectively—may also follow the Communist lead. Generals like Li and Feng had co-operated uneasily with the Kuomintang for years. Now they've finally broken. They have established the Revolutionary Committee of the Kuomintang which renounces the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek and demands a coalition government—a coalition that would in all present probability be Communist-dominated. Generals Li and Feng themselves aren't taken very seriously in China, but they're typical of how recent events are forcing various people and groups away from the government.

This over-all decline of the Chinese government shows no sign of changing. If the government collapses, the resulting confusion will be exploited by the Communists who are the only group currently on the scene with the strength and the organization to take over.

Where Russia's Hand Is Seen

Where have the Communists gotten the power to hamstring the government the way they've been doing and to take over if it does collapse? Chinese officials charge that it comes from Russian arms. Neutral observers say Russia has helped the Chinese Reds in three ways: Her mere existence has given their leadership the emotional lift that has pulled it through hard times in the past. The Japanese surrender in Manchuria gave Russia the arms of several hundred thousand men and Russia saw to it that much of this equipment got to the Chinese Communists. Russia has blocked the Chinese government from using the great seaport of Dairen which controls the best supply route to Manchuria.

On the other hand, during and since the war, America has trained and equipped 39 divisions for the government and has also given it an air force of sorts and other services.

But the real reasons for Communist strength lie inside China itself. The truth is that change has been needed in China, and a revolution has been going on for decades. The Communists understand this revolution and are exploiting it.

The old Chinese civilization which has existed here untouched for thousands of years doesn't mix well with modern industry. It is based on a vast illiterate peasantry who are exploited by a class of landlords, moneylenders and tax collectors. This class takes so much out of the peasant that he has just enough left for subsistence—usually he cannot buy good tools or otherwise increase his producing capacity. He's worth little more than the actual horsepower of his muscles.

In general, the way to get ahead in the old civilization is not to invent or make new things that people will want to buy as is the case in America. A man who accumulates money in China is less apt to invest it in industry than in land or moneylending. A man with a good education is barred by social usage from working with his hands. A Chinese radio engineer, for instance, loses face if he picks up a monkey wrench. Few people are encouraged to go into productive enterprise.

Despite its great virtues, this civilization has been overdue for a change as a practical necessity in order to meet the pressure of modern Western ideas. It must change also for external reasons. China will never be able to hold off strong modern powers like Japan and Russia until the bars to industry are removed.

Doctor Sun Yat-sen, the "Father of Modern China," drew up a revolutionary program for the country. Its chief point was land redistribution which could enable the peasants to raise their level as both producers and consumers. Along with this there was a hodgepodge of Western reform ideas such as mass education, social security and political democracy. Doctor Sun's program is still the greatest force in Chinese politics. It took such a hold on the Chinese public that politicians have had to defer to it ever since.

After Sun Yat-sen's death in the twenties, Chiang Kai-shek took over this force and, with it and Doctor Sun's Kuomintang party behind him, rose to power. But once in power he faced many difficulties and eventually war with Japan. The result was delay and compromise with the landlords, the moneylenders and others against whom the revolution had been originally directed.

(Continued on page 62)

Government lost support of students when forced to smash demonstrations like this one by war veterans of Tsing-Hua University who protested the civil war

JEAN LYON

Rough living conditions and ragged clothing such as is shown here are familiar in Communist areas. Clever Marxist propaganda seeks to win over the peasants

CNS-GUILLUMETTE

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COLLIER'S

SPORTS

SPORTS IN THE SPRING

U.S. track stars may as well concede the Olympic quarter mile to Herb McKenley

● United States track stars will dominate the Olympic games in London next July, but the Americans might as well concede one event—the quarter mile—in which Herb McKenley, lithe Negro from the British West Indies, is expected to break his world record of 0:46.2. There may be runners who can match McKenley's form, but it is doubtful whether any Olympic competitor can match McKenley's heart—a tremendous organ 13.2 per cent larger than average. It may be the largest heart among humans of McKenley's proportions.

At least, it is the largest X-rayed in physical-fitness tests of prominent athletes being conducted at American universities. McKenley races on oxygen, the way a car runs on gasoline. His oversized heart pumps extra rations of oxygen-bearing blood to his muscles. In that final drive for the tape (doctors say) extra oxygen provides McKenley with the little lift needed for record performance. The X rays give new meaning to a familiar sports-page idiom—the use of "heart" for "courage." McKenley has too much heart for his opponents—literally.

● Who's going to stop Bobby Locke? Probably not Jimmy Demaret, even though Jimmy was golf's Number One money winner in 1947. Jimmy collected $10,000 on the Southern circuit last spring before Locke arrived from South Africa, but slumped as the pro caravan turned northward. The final score was: Demaret, $27,937; Locke, $24,327.

Demaret has trouble shooting those 66s north of the Mason and Dixon's line, and there's a reason. Jimmy takes more turf on iron shots than the other pros. This peculiarity helps his short game on lush, spongy Southern courses, but works against him up North where the fairways are harder. Significantly, Locke asked for playing reports on Ben Hogan, Jim Ferrier, Johnny Palmer and Lew Worsham when he returned from his winter vacation in South Africa. Bobby evidently regards this Big Four as his most dangerous opposition.

Worsham, the U.S. Open champion, has quantities of Locke's most valuable golfing asset—composure. Worsham also has a sense of humor. Before enlisting in the Navy in 1942, Lew was professional at Burning Tree, the stag club near Washington which draws its membership from the capital's political leaders. He often played in the Sunday kicker handicaps with the members and still recalls the afternoon his name was drawn in a threesome with the late Secretary of Navy Knox and Senator Wheeler, who had criticized Knox's Pearl Harbor report. When Worsham finally holed out on the 18th green, a Congressional kibitzer who had arrived too late for the Knox-Wheeler side show, asked, "What'd you go around in, Lew?"

Worsham laughed and replied, "Dead silence."

● Are baseball players underpaid? We asked this perennial question during a visit with Earl Nelson, treasurer of the Chicago Cubs. "I don't believe any major-league team ever has made its figures available for publication," Nelson replied, "but you can have the Cubs' figures if you want them. Matter of fact, they may surprise the average fan—and the average player. For instance, the average fan probably doesn't realize that the price of his admission ticket fails to cover the cost of operating a major-league team."

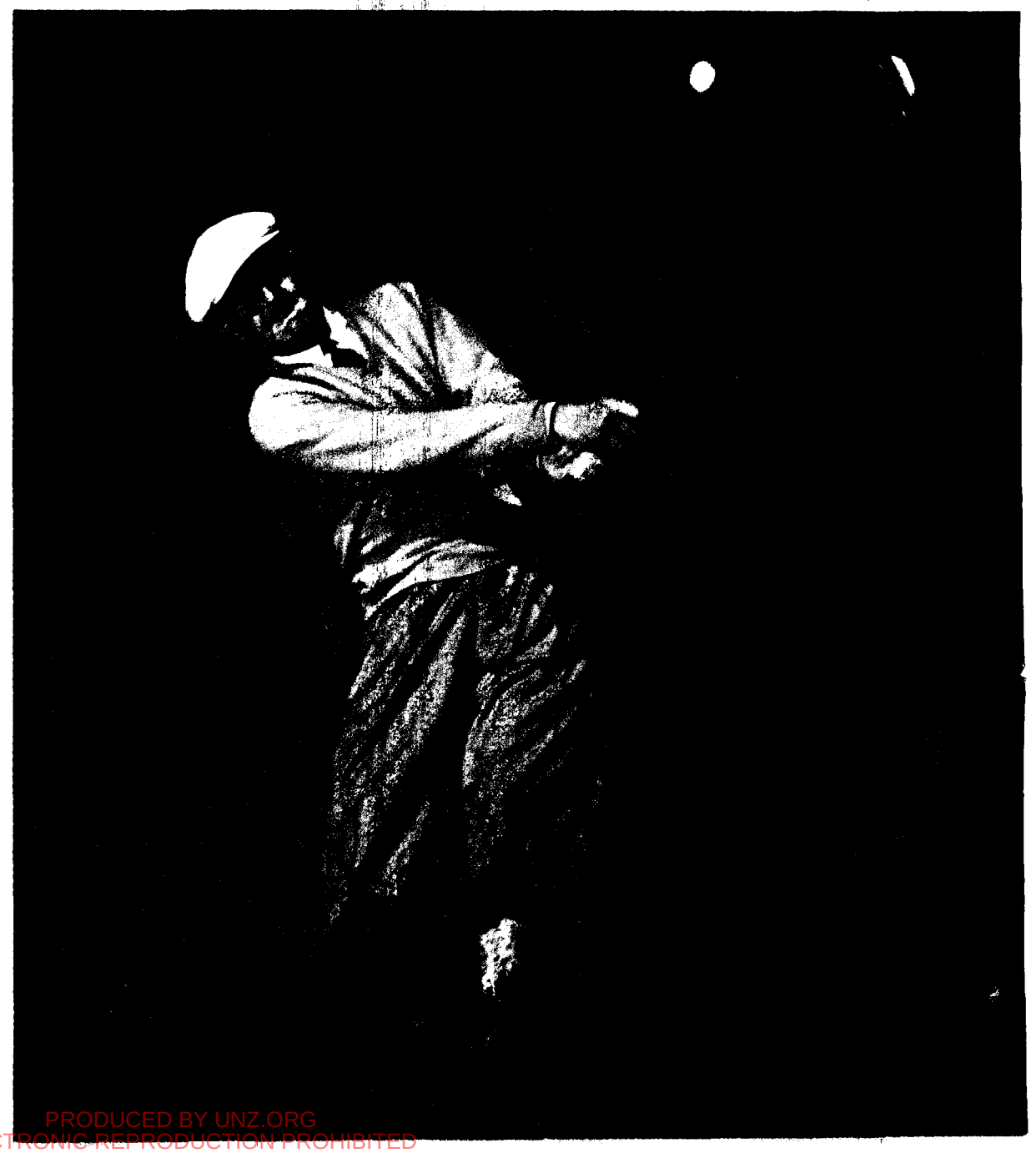
Then Treasurer Nelson started to explain the financial problems of the Cubs and their 20 farm teams by talking about hot dogs. "A hot dog may be only a hot dog to the average fan, but when you sell more than a million of them—well, they can be the difference between a winning or a losing season at the box office. These concession figures"—he pushed a ledger across the desk—"will give you a rough idea."

The concession report stated that 1,342,970 customers consumed 1,368,876 hot dogs at 15 cents each during the 1946 season. "Our net profit"—Nelson pointed to column nine—"was $103,760.80 or 7.58 cents per hot dog. When you consider that we cleared about $279,000 on 24 concession items—peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum and so on—you can see where baseball would be without hot dogs."

The Cubs made $390,777 in 1946 after accumulating a modest profit of $48,688 over the preceding 11 years. The 1935-46 financial box score reads: to surplus, $259,465 after dividends paid, $180,000; total net earnings, $439,465. Federal income taxes for the same period totaled $434,954, so the strong Treasury nine almost tied the score.

"Through the years," Nelson added, "Cub stockholders have received an average dividend of 4 per cent on their million-dollar investment. Our earnings have been large the last two years with at-

Bobby Locke, South Africa's contender in the professional-golf caravan, was a big-money winner in 1947



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CY LATOUR

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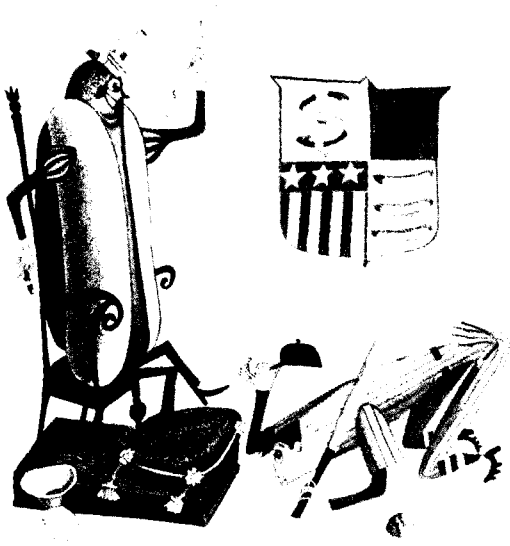
. Collier's Introduces Its New Sports Authority, BILL FAY



In baseball, the difference between a box-office win and loss may be a hot dog

tendance booming over the million mark, but there were eight straight years when we failed to declare a dividend—including 1945, the season we won the pennant."

Nelson turned to a page headed TEAM REPLACEMENT EXPENSE. "Here's an item the average fan probably doesn't consider. He watches the 35 players in Cub uniforms, but he doesn't see the 949 other players we shuffled through our farm system last season. We sold 85 and released 390, but we're still carrying 474 rookies who may graduate to the majors in 1949 or 1950. Processing those rookies cost us about $400,000—a loss we write off as team replacement expense."

Nelson closed the ledger. "Add that $400,000 expense to our Cub pay roll of $350,000 and it's apparent it really cost us $750,000 to put 35 major leaguers in uniform. That includes active players, the manager and coaches, batting-practice pitchers and so on. In other words, for each dollar we pay to a Cub player in salary, we spend slightly more than a dollar to develop somebody to replace him.

"Here's a convenient way to sum up our financial operations," Nelson concluded. "Our total expenses average $1.34 for each dollar the fan pays at the box office. We overcome the 34-cent deficit (and put aside about 3 cents for dividends and future investment) by developing extra income. We make about 19 cents by selling radio rights to the games and by renting the park to pro football teams. We make another 18 cents on our concessions. That makes our total income about $1.37 against total costs of $1.34 . . . and that's why I started all this by saying that hot dogs can be the difference between a winning and a losing season at the box office."

● Basketball scores get bigger and bigger and so do the players. The coaches are responsible. They want big men. Joe Lapchick, coach of the New York Knickerbockers, explains: "Six-footers average two tip-ins a game that smaller men miss under the basket. Five men—two tip-ins each—that's 10 baskets—twenty points a game."

Adolph Rupp, University of Kentucky coach, has a simple formula for winning Southeastern Conference championships (10 in 17 years). Rupp measures candidates against the top of his office door which is six feet two inches high. "If they don't bump their heads when they walk in," Rupp says, "I don't even bother to shake hands."

Rupp does not insist that all his six-footers be Southerners. Alex Groza, Kentucky's six-feet seven-inch All-America center, lives in Martins Ferry, Ohio. Western Conference coaches, irked by Rupp's talent raids, call him "Carpetbagger" Rupp, a sobriquet no Southern gentleman would mistake for a compliment.

Recently when Rupp spoke at a high-school banquet in Western Conference territory, he spotted two Big Nine coaches in the audience. "My text for tonight," Rupp ad-libbed, "will be: A carpetbagger in the Holy Land."

Only one player has been dropped from the team for scholastic deficiencies during Rupp's regime. The fact that Rupp teaches a course in Advanced Basketball and has never awarded a mark lower than A may have something to do with this remarkable record.

Professor Rupp doesn't see it that way, however. "What kind of a professor gives failing grades?" he inquires. "It just proves that he didn't teach his students anything."

Basketball coaches go after big players. Bigger men insure bigger scores, they say

● This is the year of decision in the pro football war. All-America Conference owners took a calculated risk when they manipulated the player draft to consign approximately 70 per cent of the best 1947 college talent to their three weak franchises —the Baltimore Colts, Brooklyn Dodgers and Chicago Rockets. National League owners figured, "We'll grab off the draftees bound for the Dodgers, Colts and Rockets. We'll make their weak teams weaker—and the All America will collapse from lack of competition."

National League owners won the first skirmish when Skippy Minisi and Johnny Lujack spurned Rocket contracts. Minisi joined the New York Giants, and Lujack signed with the Chicago Bears. The Rockets offered Lujack more money, but Johnny didn't care to join a last-place team. How can you induce topflight college stars to risk their reputations on rundown ball clubs? That's the question the All-America Conference must answer.

The pros are the top tennis players. Top amateurs are either too young or too old

● The world's top tennis players will be battling for cash instead of cups this summer. The pros have the big box-office names—Jack Kramer, Bobby Riggs, Don Budge, Frank Kovacs, Welby Van Horn. The world's best amateurs are either too young or too old. Frank Parker and Ted Schroeder (the Davis Cup veterans) have reached the age when they must put business before tennis.

Two years ago, California critics were positive young Bob Falkenburg would develop into another Riggs. Now they're not so sure. Falkenburg has relied too heavily on natural weapons—the fastest serve in the game and a killing volley—while shirking the hard work which goes with building a sound forehand. Herbie Flam is one year away from championship consideration. So is Pancho Gonzales. That leaves Tom Brown as the heir apparent to the national crown. Kramer, who should know, says Brown can take it. ★★★

Tony Minisi, prize of the pro football draft, spurned the Rockets for the Giants

DRAWINGS BY LOWELL HESS

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THE DAY BEFORE SUNDAY

BY ELI WALDRON

For a year, Pietro has known Celestina Annunciata. Now her family all stand around and look at him

WHEN Pietro, the violin maker, burst into the store, Signora Galline Vive, also known as Mama Live Poultry, was talking in a philosophical way to her caged chickens.

"Deceptive son of a second cook!" he cried. "That woman!"

Mama Live Poultry parted the feathers that clung to her wrinkled face, peered out, said, "H'm?" and promptly retired behind her plumage.

Pietro yanked his beard and stamped on the sawdust floor. "What I want a woman? What I do—buy clothes? Buy hats? Do I look like a madman, *mama mia?*"

She sat down in a rocking chair and rocked three or four times, her hands folded wisely in her lap. Finally she said, "A woman is a woman."

He groaned and clenched his fists. "Celestina Annunciata is your niece," he pleaded. "Say her to stay away. Say her Pietro gives no more lessons on the dulcimer. None!"

Mama Live Poultry rocked twice and said, "You have a tongue."

"I cannot speak to her!" he shouted. "It is a business thing. For fifteen years—ever since I come to the States United—the card has been in the window: *Signore Pietro Riccardi—Armony, Vo'ce, Dulcimer.* No one interested. I forget about it. I make violins. I am happy. What happens? A woman—a *woman*—enters, says, 'Lessons on the dulcimer, please.' 'Sorry, no lessons on the dulcimer,' I say. 'There is a sign under the window,' she says. 'Go away,' I say, 'I am busy . . . *what?*' 'See?' she says, pointing. And she is right. There is the sign all covered with dirt. What I do? I have advertise. I am honest." He shrugged tragically. "So I give Celestina Annunciata lessons on the dulcimer—but first I remove the sign. And then for nearly a year I teach her to play. Every week a woman in the house! And not merely a woman, but a widow!" His voice rose: "Say her, *Mama,* to stay away. Please. I can stand it no longer. What is more dangerous to a man than a widow!"

Signora Galline Vive rocked once and stopped. "What is more dangerous to a noisy rooster than the day before Sunday?" she said.

Dark of face and shaky of limb, Pietro went out on Garibaldi Street. Except for a man hawking suspenders, it was deserted.

"Nice pair suspenders?" said the man.

Pietro shook his head.

And then suddenly he ran to the coffee shop kept by his second cousin Juliano and hammered on the marble counter. "Fantastic daughter of an impoverished dishwasher!" he cried. (He had learned these violent curses from a man who operated an employment agency for restaurant help.) "Juliano! What am I to do?"

"First have a cup of coffee," Juliano said.

He fixed the coffee in the little cups and they sat at a table.

"Now then?" Juliano asked sympathetically.

"Now then," answered Pietro with great sarcasm. "Is not her name still Celestina Annunciata? Does she not arrive punctually once a week for her dulcimer lesson? Now then, he says!" He drained his cup.

"She is beautiful," Juliano said.

"What I want with beautiful? With wise? With anything? I am happy. At least I *was* happy." Pietro scowled at his reflection in the flowered mirror on the wall.

Juliano sipped his coffee. "She is remarkable cook, it is said."

PIETRO replied in exasperation, "What I want with cook? With sew? With sweep? I make violins and that is enough disturbance for one place. Look, Juliano," he said seriously. "Celestina comes out of mourning next week. It has all been a trick on her part, the lessons, everything. You should see the terrible way the Annunciatas stare at me when I walk down the street. What am I to do?"

Juliano scratched his blue chin thoughtfully with the ring finger of his right hand.

"Who knows?" he said.

"Thank you," said Pietro stiffly. He got up from the table.

He stood once again on Garibaldi Street.

"Nice pair suspenders?" said the man.

Pietro shook his head.

He walked rapidly across the street and entered his shop. Celestina sat there waiting, smiling demurely, the dulcimer on her lap.

"Play! Play!" said Pietro, waving his hands in agitation. "What do I care?"

It was a pleasant place for the music of strings. In the afternoon the sun drowsed in the arms of the violas, the kettle murmured contentedly on the fire, and Colombo, the Siamese cat, kept a strict azure-eyed watch over all the proceedings. A good place, too, for the fashioning of violins, an art that thrives on unwashed dishes and unmade beds, as everyone in the neighborhood knew.

Pietro sat in the wicker chair and tried to be annoyed. Colombo floated down from his shelf, floated up into Pietro's arms, and began to purr. Celestina went on playing.

She still wore black, but in another week it would be gone. Nevertheless, it was presently lovely, rich in contrast with her smooth, straight face and soft, white hands. Her eyelashes were long, lowered now above the dulcimer, and closing occasionally as her hands gently brushed away the little songs that clung to the strings.

Pietro managed to hang on to a scowl for the first half hour. After that a look of pleasure crept

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"Sorry, no lessons on the dulcimer," I say. "Go away, I am busy . . . what?" "See?" she says, pointing. And she is right. There is the sign all covered with dirt

upon his face and even seemed to inhabit his beard. When she finished her lesson, however, he gave her a startled and rather frightened glance.

"Am I improving?" Celestina asked.

"Improving!" He jumped from the chair. "Does a pancake improve into an anchovy pie? It is violence! It is murder! Give it up, I say. Go away. Forget about the dulcimer and go on a nice long trip to Sicily!" He wrung his hands as he spoke and looked vainly through the window as though expecting someone to come in from the street and help him in his grief and frustration.

"No," she said firmly. "I intend to continue my lessons."

"But why, *why?*" Pietro asked the ceiling. "No good can come of it. Only misfortune."

"Good *can* come of it," Celestina said determinedly. "The music of the dulcimer is badly needed today."

Pietro blew a vaporous expletive through his nose.

"All right, play the dulcimer! Only go away now. I have work to do."

"Very well," Celestina said calmly.

"Just a minute," Pietro reminded her. "The dollar for the lesson."

"On the table," she said.

He opened the door for her, slammed it behind her. He slapped himself on the forehead and chest simultaneously. "Pots, pans and drunken sandwichmen!" he shouted at Colombo, the cat.

He seized a piece of sandpaper and began furiously to abrade the first thing he laid his hands on. It happened to be the wicker chair.

EXACTLY one week later he exploded into Mama Live Poultry's store and when the chickens stopped squawking, he cried, "For all the love of St. Gennarro, St. Rocque and St. Paulo, help me!"

"H'm?" she said, parting the feathers stuck to her face. "Oh, it's Pietro." The feathers fell back and she resumed her rocking.

"Yes, it's Pietro!" he said. "And he is gone crazy! Look! He is crazy!" He made a horrible face.

Mama Live Poultry shook her head sadly.

"Why shouldn't he be crazy? They are trying to drive him crazy. Well, now he is crazy!"

"That is too bad," she said.

"What do they expect?" he demanded. "They all look at me in silence. What should I say? Should I say, 'Yes, I will marry her'? Should I say, 'No, I will not marry her'? Should I say nothing? I cannot walk down the street any more. If I do, the Annunciatas come up and look at my nose and then walk away. What is my nose? A sign?" He seized it and waggled it. "I tell you it is madness!" He walked over to a cage and shook his fist at a chicken.

"Stop giving her lessons," she said.

"Ahhhh!" Pietro flung round. "If I could! But I am an honorable man! I advertise lessons, I give lessons—even if I go crazy. They have trapped me with my own honesty."

"I have seen more honest men than you."

"What!"

"Well, never mind," she said. "Just ask yourself what is more dangerous to a noisy rooster than the day before Sunday."

He looked at her narrowly and then at a cage where a cock glared and strutted, his ruff bristling and his comb aflame—a noisy one, doomed to the pot by his own shouting. With an uneasy hand, Pietro felt of his neck, as though searching for some significance there. Feathers, perhaps.

"Sometimes I think you are crazy, too, Signora," he said. "And then sometimes I wonder."

"You will learn," she said.

He went outside. The suspender man's face brightened and then became depressed when he saw who it was. He grabbed a large handful of suspenders, threw them on the ground, and began to jump up and down on them, crying.

Pietro went into his cousin's shop.

"For the sake of our mutual ancestors, say something, Juliano."

"She is beautiful."

"What I want a woman, Juliano?"

"To cook, to sing. . . ." *(Continued on page 73)*

ILLUSTRATED BY K. WIGGINS

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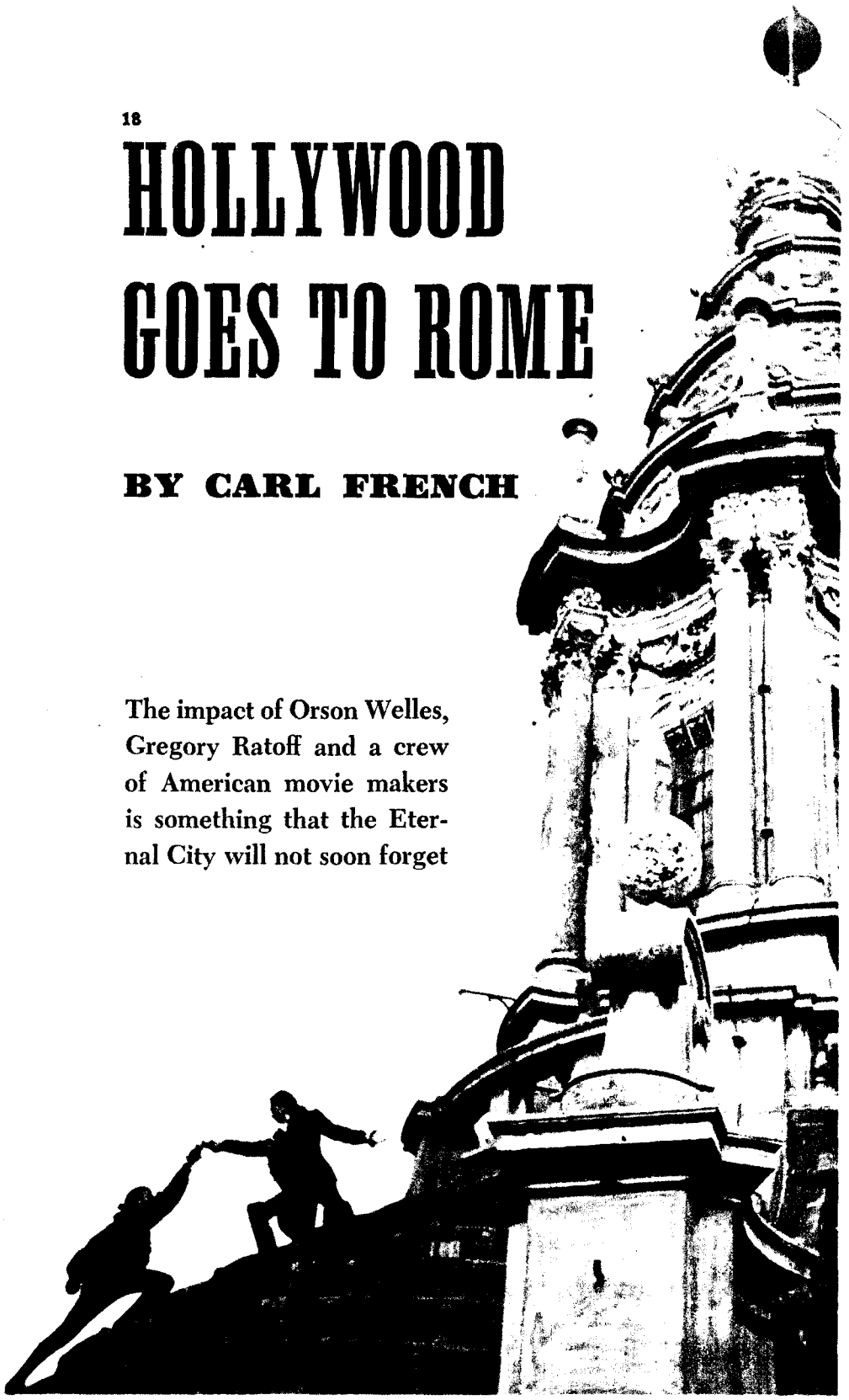
18

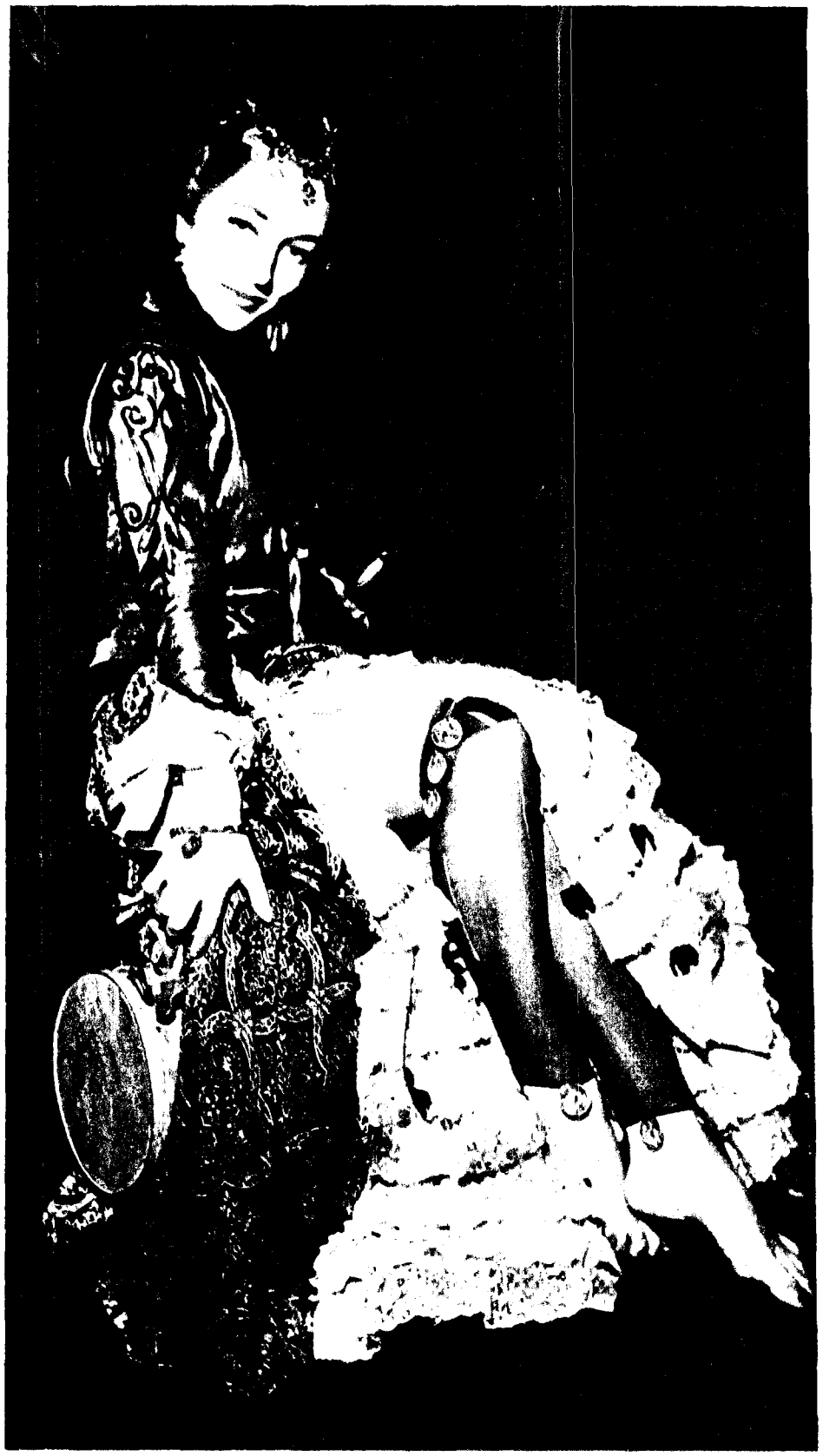
HOLLYWOOD GOES TO ROME

BY CARL FRENCH

The impact of Orson Welles, Gregory Ratoff and a crew of American movie makers is something that the Eternal City will not soon forget



On the tower of the ancient Palace of Sapienza, 200 feet above the street, movie stunt men stage one of the duels with which the romantic tale abounds



The foot-loose gypsy girl in the photo is being impersonated by Valentina Cortese, Italian actress, who turned out to be just what Hollywood is looking for

ON THE dawn of his first morning in Rome, Movie Director Gregory Ratoff heaved himself out of bed, staggered to his hotel window and looked out on the Eternal City. "What a set!" he groaned, rolling his eyes heavenward.

Rome gazed back at him with unruffled serenity. She was not to maintain it for long. In the months which followed she has borne the impact of Mr. Ratoff, Orson Welles, Akim Tamiroff and numerous other strong personalities from Hollywood making a movie called Cagliostro.

The first scene shot by Mr. Ratoff was a gypsy brawl on the steps of the ancient Church of St. Paul's Outside the Walls. Four hundred extras staged a riot so realistically that the startled monks rushed out to pacify the mob. Result: They're in the picture too.

One of the principal sets in Cagliostro is the Quirinale, or Royal Palace, former home of the deposed House of Savoy. The Italian government was stunned when the request was made. The Roman public was stunned when it was granted. But Italy is naturally eager to have Rome accepted as a film-making center. And Hollywood companies, with billions of lire frozen in Italy, find this sort of location trip a logical use of their funds.

Edward Small was the first big producer to try it. The script he chose was a lush tale of the gypsy hypnotist Cagliostro, who set all 18th century France on its ear and almost put the skids under Marie Antoinette.

When the shooting started, curious Romans began to swarm to the Scalera Studios, to the Quirinale, wherever the company was located. Ratoff stanchly resisted interruptions and delays from the steady flow of uninvited guests. But he found it impossible to buck the sheer Italianity of his Roman production crew.

Just as he was ready to shoot one important scene, a long rope slowly descended from the rafters, in full view of the camera. At the end of the rope was an empty woven flask for Chianti wine.

"What the hell is going on here?" Ratoff shouted.

The plaintive voice of an Italian electrician came down from above. "I am thirsty," it said.

Reporters from the Rome dailies did not fare well. One of them cornered Orson Welles and blurted out a question: "What about Rita Hayworth?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Welles answered.

"Ha!" echoed the reporter, whipping out his notebook. "That too is an answer."

"It is not an answer," Welles retorted. "It is simply a comment on your question." And turning a majestic heel, he went away from there.

But there is no stopping the tales that travel around Roman cafés. A favorite of the Italians concerns the scene in which horses of the French cavalry were to charge through fire toward the cameras.

Ratoff was stationed directly behind the flames. The horses did fine, but when they confronted the glaring Ratoff, they reared and galloped frantically back into the flames.

The Americans have been delighted with Italian artistic perfection. Costumes, sets and wigs have cost a tenth to a hundredth of what they would in America. Italian technicians, despite time out for Chianti, have proved amiable and adaptable.

There has been, regrettably, a shortage of top-notch sound and cutting equipment. And the movie has already cost over a million to produce—twice the original estimate. But other American film makers are not discouraged. For Italy is overflowing with authentic backgrounds, talent, culture — and frozen American funds. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROSA HARVAN

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Inside the Quirinale, in a room often used by the late King Victor Emmanuel III to receive important foreign dignitaries, Gregory Ratoff (seated on bed) goes over a scene with Cagliostro (Orson Welles, right). Nancy Guild, as Marie Antoinette, is behind Ratoff. Gent in camel's-hair coat (left) is a Hollywood make-up man

In the shadow of the clock tower, two extras slip ordinary trousers over their costumes before going to lunch. Scene is the courtyard of the palace

Miss Cortese (right) acted as guide for Miss Guild and her husband, Charles Russell (left), and Actor Stephen Bekassy on a tour of Rome, including flower stalls at the Piazza di Spagna

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THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Milo skidded to a stop. "Git here in time?" he yelled. "A madman! Good heavens, what a ride!" Mrs. Toolson exclaimed

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE COURTSHIP

The Story:

JACKSON WHITETOP really had his hands full. His grandfather, old MORONI SKINNER, had come down from heaven and told him to marry KATIE JENSEN, the BISHOP'S pretty daughter. But Katie was all set to marry HENRY BROWN, the storekeeper and sheep rancher who had taken over Jackson's sheep during the war and had been quietly defrauding him ever since; and when Jackson announced that he was going to marry her, everyone laughed at him—except old MILO FERGUSON, an apostate who was Henry's helper in the store, to whom Moroni had also appeared. Katie's mother, BERYL JENSEN, tricked the bishop into believing he had received a heavenly message telling him Jackson couldn't marry Katie unless he settled the Trouble, an old feud between the inhabitants of the valley, led by YOUNG MERRILL LITTLEWALL and REED CARTER, which centered around the building of a new meetinghouse.

Then NEPHI SMITH'S daughter, ANITA, intimated that Jackson was responsible for her illegitimate child, and Nephi (who had no idea the real culprit was Henry) demanded a wedding. The next morning NED HOLT, Henry's unwilling partner in crime, tried to give Jackson a lot of money—to clear his conscience so he could marry BEULAH HESS. Jackson refused the money but accepted Holt's recipe for "coffee." Milo disappeared from the valley. Then Jackson discovered a packet containing $25,000 on his kitchen shelf, and Henry found that his own secret cache had been looted. Young Merrill Littlewall, Reed Carter and SID WORTH, hoping to find hidden treasure,

Order Form

money.

"Sure we lost it. I kept a list of the serial numbers." The little man produced the list.

Jackson went inside and checked the list against half a dozen bills. Funniest thing he ever had happen to him. The money mysteriously appearing, Henry making out as if it was his, but refusing to take it, and now these two strangers showing up to identify it. He figured there was something about it all he didn't understand. He took the money out and gave it to the stranger. "Here you go. I'm sure glad to get rid of this stuff."

The little man's eyes narrowed suspiciously. He'd expected at least an argument. This local yokel was either plenty dumb or plenty deep. "Thanks, friend. You're an honest man."

"I don't want what ain't mine, is all. How'd the stuff get in my place in the first place, is what I can't figure out."

A deep one, the little man concluded: a deep one playing dumb. Couldn't come out and admit, of

(Continued on page 48)

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TOWARD PEACE IN LABOR

BY ROBERT A. TAFT

U. S. SENATOR FROM OHIO

The coauthor of the much disputed Labor-Management Relations Act reports on its first few months of operation. He points out that strikes already have been reduced and that the act has helped promote justice between employer and employee

LAST September an enterprising new company purchased a few LST ships from the government. It planned to carry loaded truck trailers from New York City to Albany. Since up to 50 trailers might be loaded on an LST, the new company was able to make a very attractive proposition to New York shippers. It meant a saving on gasoline, wear and tear on their trucks and the time of 50 drivers. The shippers readily took advantage of it.

It looked like a profitable business until the Teamsters Union demanded that the shippers pay its members "stand-by time" for the full time it took to ship the trailers to their destination. There would be no saving to the shippers if they had to pay both the new company and the teamsters for carrying their freight to Albany. The ships lay idle and the Trailership Company found itself stopped before it had started.

The Longshoremen's Union had counted on the new Trailership venture to supply work for some of its members. It promptly struck the port of Albany, refusing to permit any ship in that port to be moved. The object of the strike was to force the shippers to use the new trailerships. Large quantities of perishable food, much of which was destined for European consumption, could not be moved.

The shippers immediately filed charges with the National Labor Relations Board alleging a secondary boycott on the part of the longshoremen and a feather-bedding practice on the part of the teamsters. The board first proceeded against the longshoremen and at once obtained a restraining order in the federal district court. The strike was over and the port opened the following day. The board then prepared its complaint against the teamsters. That union, however, realizing that the board meant business, rescinded its demand for "stand-in pay." The converted LST ships started to haul trailers from New York City to Albany.

Prior to June 22, 1947, no legal remedy existed for the shippers, the Trailership Company, or any other business confronted with similar difficulties. On that date the Labor-Management Relations Act was passed over President Truman's veto. Perhaps the most carefully drawn of any of its provisions were those outlawing the secondary boycott. This case is by no means an isolated instance of the operation of the new law.

In Pennsylvania, the Rural Motor Express Company operated as a connecting carrier between two large interstate terminals. This small company's employees refused to join a union of truck drivers. The union then resorted to the tactic used so successfully before passage of the new law. The drivers at the connecting terminals refused to handle the goods carried by Rural Motor Express.

The shippers had to divert their shipments by a longer route, and Rural Motor Express had no business. It filed a charge with NLRB. The drivers' union did not wait for the issuance of a formal complaint against it.

The boycott was stopped and it agreed in writing not to reinstitute it. Rural Motor Express is again operating as a connecting carrier.

Teamsters Picket Hatters

In New York City during the October strike at American Railway Express, a group of hat manufacturers hired independent truckers to haul their products to terminals outside New York City for shipment to their customers. The Teamsters Union sent pickets into the hatters' district of the city, who "suggested" to the independent truckers that they not load the hatters' products. The hatters' association filed charges with NLRB and instructed their lawyers to file a suit for damages under another section of the new law. The NLRB sent investigators into the district, and the pickets were removed before nightfall.

Are unions calling off their secondary boycotts and jurisdictional strikes because of possible court injunctions or cease and desist orders obtained by NLRB, or because the new law gives the injured party a right to sue and collect damages out of union treasuries grown rich by wartime dues? The unions aren't saying, but neither remedy would exist but for the Labor-Management Relations Act of 1947.

Hundreds of examples of such boycotts were presented to the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare. Each of them imposed unjust hardships on innocent third parties. No witness appeared before our committee to defend this racketeering practice. Perhaps the best proof of the act's effectiveness is in the infrequency of such disputes in the news today. Where they have occurred, the filing of a charge with the NLRB, and the commencement of its investigations, has usually resulted in their elimination.

The Taft-Hartley law was passed over the President's veto by a vote of 431 to 83 in the House of Representatives, and 68 to 25 in the Senate. Not only did practically all the Republicans vote for the law, but more than a majority of the Democrats in Congress voted to override the veto of the Democratic President. This public opinion has been reflected in the attitude of many labor union members. I have countless letters from them, and many of them have come to see me personally to say that they approve the law because it protects them against the arbitrary actions and orders of those who control the unions.

Of course, after the bill was passed, there were plenty of protests, as witness these samples in my mail: "Today (May 13, 1947, the day the bill first passed the Senate) is just as much an infamy as Pearl Harbor."

"I am 100 per cent against your slave labor bill."

The authors of the act were accused of attempting "to take away from workers" all the gains and rights they have won in the last 10 or 12 years.

But all labor letters were not hostile when the bill was passed, and today I hear many commendations. For example: "The majority of the rank and file of labor indorses the Taft-Hartley Act . . ." The law is described in another letter as "a guardian of the basic rights of every American." In personal conversation union men have spoken of the new law to me as Labor's Bill of Rights. And so on.

The greater part of the new law's provisions have only been in effect since August 22d, but it is already possible to assess their value. Hardly a day goes by without proving how wrong the law's opponents were in their dire predictions as to its effect. In order that the Congress might be kept informed on the day-to-day operation of the new law, we created a Study Committee and charged it with the responsibility of watching its administration. As a member of that committee, I have been able to observe how the new law has been meeting its objectives.

Public Is Better Protected

I think it is fair to say that nearly all of the many amendments made to existing labor laws by the new act have worked satisfactorily to promote justice between employers and employees and between labor union leaders and their members. At the same time greater protection has been given to the public, and the number of strikes has decreased.

The committee has requested anyone who feels aggrieved to appear before it, state the case and suggest amendments, but at this time we see no reason for recommending amendments to the 1948 session.

The Wagner Act made it easy for employees to obtain representation by a union. They merely voted for the union at a government-conducted election. If the union proved unsatisfactory, however, the only way for the employees to get rid of it was to vote in another union. The NLRB refused to recognize a petition for "no" union. We were assured by the union leaders that it was only the employers who ever wanted to discharge the union as bargaining agent, but we nevertheless provided that when 30 per cent of the employees informed the NLRB that they no longer desired the union to represent them, an election would be held.

Apparently the union leaders were wrong. Statistical releases by NLRB at the end of the first 60 days of operation under the new statute disclosed that 18 per cent of the petitions for elections were filed by employees to obtain decertification of the union that had been representing them.

After twice reversing itself on the issue, the NLRB on December 6, 1945, ordered the Packard Motor Car Company to bargain with a union of its

(Continued on page 38)

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BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL

BY CHARLES B. CHILD

From the hidden motives of desperate people, Inspector Chafik of the C.I.D. proceeds by subtle degrees to the solution of another Oriental mystery

THE morning breeze from the Tigris still refreshed the city of Baghdad when Inspector Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department, a neat little man in a crisp linen suit, entered his office and glanced at the clock on the wall beneath the picture of the boy king Faisal.

"I am two minutes late; it is a bad omen," he reproved himself. Hearing the sound of his own voice, he made a gesture of annoyance, carefully dusted his chair with a cloth which he took from a drawer, and sat down just as there came a discreet tap on the door.

A gaunt, uniformed man entered and curved the fingers of his right hand to his forehead in a salaam. He said, "Sir, have I permission to wish you good morning?"

Chafik answered, "Permission depends on what you bring me, Abdullah." His flat dun-colored eyes warmed with a smile as he looked affectionately at the wooden face of his assistant. "Are there any bodies?" he asked.

"Sir, we are without bodies." Sergeant Abdullah had the manner of a shopkeeper whose choicest goods were out of stock. He put a bundle of files on the desk, and opening one, announced: "The night's reports from the police posts." He began to read in a harsh, expressionless voice.

The accounts of stabbings, robberies, drunkenness and domestic differences flowed like the depressing brown waters of the Tigris. Chafik was moved to say, "May God forgive these foolish people," but his interest was purely routine until the sergeant turned up the last of the blue forms and began, "Nassah Quarter. Complaint by Mohammed Hamdi against Najib Faray. At twenty-one ten hours—"

The Inspector interrupted, "These men are known to me. I had hoped . . . Proceed, Abdullah."

"Sir, it appears that Faray forced an entry into the house of Mr. Hamdi and used threatening language. He was removed by the servants and Mr. Hamdi then called the police post and asked protection. He stated his life was in danger—"

"He has sworn to the complaint?"

"No. The *mufawwadh* in command of the post requested him to reconsider and adds as a personal note that both men are in love with a certain lady."

"She is Mara, the daughter of Said Balahdi," murmured Chafik, placing the tips of his fingers together. "I have been honored by an occasional invitation to that house. What action is being taken by the officer?"

"Sir, he intends to approach the father of the girl and ask him to use his influence with Mr. Hamdi, the complainant. If the charge is sworn to, it may cause scandal harmful to the lady."

"The officer shows discretion." Inspector Chafik lighted a cigarette and blew on the end to make it smolder evenly. "Faray is young and the girl loves him. He has a clean record with us. That of Mohammed Hamdi is not so good. His political history is bad and he is suspected of smuggling activities across the Syrian border. Yet Mr. Balahdi, so highly respected, is associated with him in business and has now chosen him as son-in-law. The engagement contract will shortly be announced. There you have part of the story behind the incident."

Sergeant Abdullah said severely, "The decision of a father on matters of love is final, and the young man should know it."

Chafik bowed his sleek head. "You are right," he said. Then he added in his most silky voice, "It is remiss of me, my dear Abdullah, but I have not asked you if your daughters are well. The so-delightful Ayesha and Miriam! They bloom? What joy they must bring you—"

The door closed behind the stiff back of the sergeant, and the little Inspector turned to other work. But his thoughts were phantoms and, lifting his strange eyes to the clock, he said, "Yes, it is always a bad day when I arrive late."

He read steadily through reports for two hours. The mounting heat of the day failed to disturb him, and the noises of the busy street below his window blended into a familiar background. When eight cigarette stubs were neatly arranged on the ash tray at his elbow he stood up and reached for his *sidarah*, knowing it was time to leave the office for the café where he casually met special agents.

At that moment the telephone rang. The Inspector lifted the instrument between thumb and forefinger. "Chafik J. Chafik, C.I.D."

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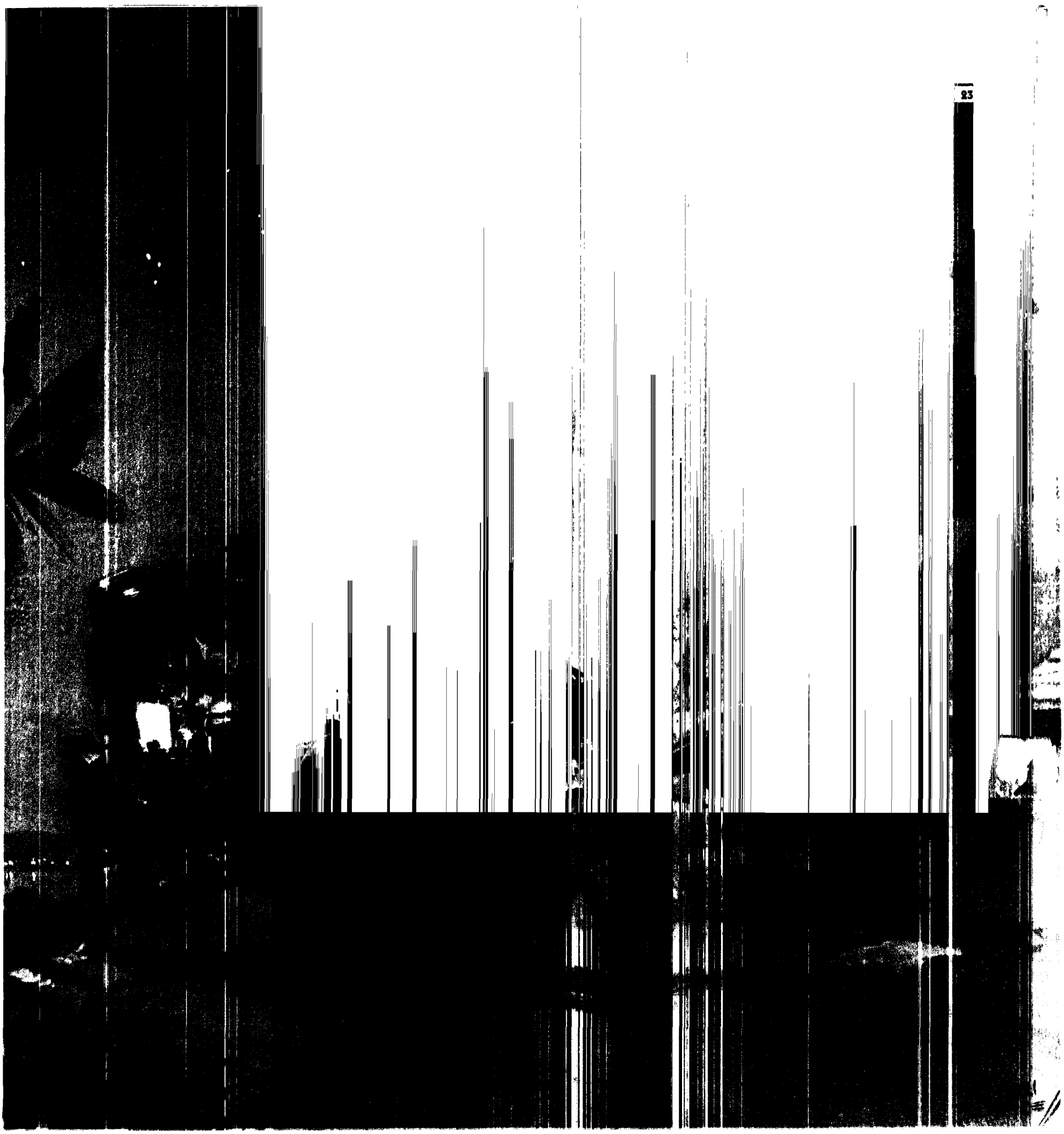

A troubled voice answered, "Nassah police post. This is the *mufawwadh*. A serious thing has happened, and I thought it wise—"

"This matter is based on your report?"

"Yes, Inspector. I went to see Mr. Balahdi, the father of the girl who seems to be, if I may use the phrase, the bone of contention between the two men, but when I began to explain what had happened last night he collapsed. I sent for a doctor who found the gentleman's condition grave. He had suffered a stroke."

Chafik said, "I am indeed horrified, but his health has been precarious for some time . . . That is not all your news, Jamali?"

"It grows worse. I cannot find Mohammed Hamdi."

"You talked with him last night—"

"Yes, but he left his house afterward," said the station officer. "The servants heard his car return about midnight. It is in the garage, but of the man himself there is no trace. His bed was not slept in. He failed to keep an important business engagement this morning. He did not appear to swear to the complaint. Therefore---"

"The grasshopper," said Chafik, "is designed to jump, but the human mind is only bruised by such a display of energy. Let us briefly forget the foolish young man, Najib Faray, and his wild threats. Why did Mr. Hamdi go out?"

"It was a dark night. She arrived at ten thirty in a carriage, swathed in the usual chadur worn in the streets"

"He has a pavilion up the river and visits there several nights a week. He was there last night."

"You state a fact?"

"Yes, Inspector. There is a police telephone opposite and a man always

(Continued on page 43)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

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PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Until recently when he bought an electric razor, Garner had never shaved himself—always had his Uvalde barbers do the job

JOHN N. GARNER'S STORY

BY BASCOM N. TIMMONS

"I would oppose a third term for Roosevelt," said John Garner, "even if I approved every act of his Administration. No man should exercise the great powers of the Presidency more than two four-year terms"

III

JOHN NANCE GARNER abhorred even the idea of a third term for any President of the United States.

It was strictly an academic abhorrence at the time I first heard him discuss it; he had no idea the issue would arise.

On any matter of public policy, Garner always had an explicit judgment, not merely a casual notion. On the tenure of federal officeholders his opinion was fixed and positive. He told me his views in one of those Sunday-evening gatherings at his hotel apartment in Washington which were sometimes heterogeneous, sometimes homogeneous and sometimes very intimate affairs.

"I believe in life tenure for judges with retirement provisions adequate to induce withdrawal from the bench of judges of advanced age, or disability," he said.

"I favor long service for members of the legislative branch, their constituencies willing. The two-year term for representatives and six-year term for senators give their constituencies a chance to retire them or continue them on the records they have made. In a body as numerous as a legislative one, only in extended incumbency can a man gain leadership and be in position to render the greatest service.

"I believe in rotation in the office of President. The four-year term cannot be improved on. No poor President ought to stay more than four years and the best of Presidents should not hold on more than two four-year terms. A President, any President, weak or strong, is in position to exercise great power. No man should exercise the great powers of the Presidency too long. My idea of a President is that of a citizen of ripe experience and sound patriotism who would fill this most powerful office in all the world for four or eight years and then go back and be a citizen just as George Washington did."

Garner realized as any student of politics does that a good politician in the White House can always bring about his own renomination. He said to me:

"You can't beat the head of the party in the White House for renomination if he wants renomination. There may be opposition to his renomination, even the majority of his party may think it unwise. But how under our present system of nomination is the opposition going to be effective? He is the head of the federal hierarchy, and thousands of appointive and well-paid job holders look to him for their own continuance in office. National, state and perhaps even county officeholders ride into office on the strength of the head of the ticket.

"Heads of party machines can oppose him only at their own political peril. In these days of federal aid and subsidies it is easy to put relief, farm benefits and other government largess in places where they will do the most political good.

"The President of the United States has a sounding board and vehicles for making public opinion such as is available to no other official on earth. The whole people voting in an election may defeat him, but for the renomination in his party there is just one effective check against him and that is self-restraint of the President himself."

The second term was at its midway point before Garner paid any attention at all to possible Presidential candidates in 1940. Roosevelt had

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told him immediately after the 1937 inauguration he never intended to be a candidate again for any public office and had reiterated this intention at the Victory Dinner of the Democratic party on March 4, 1937. Garner took this as the final word on the matter.

The Vice-President's first discussion with anyone on the direct question of whether Roosevelt might or might not run again was with Harry L. Hopkins. Hopkins brought the subject up on a visit to Garner's office.

"Hopkins brought up the question of a third term for Roosevelt and I told him if it was a possibility, I was strictly against it," the Vice-President said. "Hopkins said he was too, and he didn't think Roosevelt had any idea of running.

"Then Hopkins said, 'I would like to be President of the United States sometime.' I asked him to tell me something of his background. He related that his father was a harness maker and told me of his youthful struggle to get ahead. I said, 'Harry, you have a right to aspire to any office in this land, including the highest one. That is what our institutions and our way of life guarantee. You've got the following. I don't think so much of some of it, but you've got it.' "

When Garner related this conversation to me I asked him:

"Did you tell Hopkins you would support him?"

"No," he replied, "but he might be better than Roosevelt on spending. He wouldn't have much influence with Congress. Roosevelt is persuasive and is a hard man to resist. He has a disarming approach and a way with Congress."

A Secretary's Opinion

Afterward, Garner told me Marvin McIntyre, one of F.D.R.'s secretaries, had told him he was sure Roosevelt had no intention of seeking a third term. Garner did not know whether McIntyre spoke from knowledge or conjecture but he thought Hopkins spoke from knowledge and he put full credence in it.

The old spending issue over which Roosevelt and Garner had been at loggerheads became evident again in February when Roosevelt wished to launch a spending drive greater in magnitude than ever before.

"There are still 3,000,000 people on relief rolls," the Vice-President said. "Big money outlays have not brought recovery. I think overgovernment, too, has been a major factor in the failure of the country to recover. The best contribution the government can make toward combating either inflation or deflation is to spend as little as possible."

Nevertheless, with his relations with Congress at an all-time low, Roosevelt suddenly swung all his strength behind the lend-spend, pump-priming, planned-inflation program

In its final form it provided loans up to a limit of $2,390,000,000, and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was to be authorized to issue notes, debentures, bonds or other obligations of a maturity not exceeding thirty years. No one was left out of the planned-inflation largess.

But when the plan finally appeared one feature of it attracted more attention than the recommended money outlay. The President said in a letter for the Senate Appropriations Committee:

"There seems to be no reason why there should not be adopted as a permanent policy of government the development and maintenance of a revolving fund fed from the earnings of these government investments and used to finance new projects at times when there is need of extra stimulus of employment."

Garner saw in this bill a spender's paradise, with provisions for bypassing Congressional appropriations committees, the budget and the Treasury—a socialization of credit.

"This bill in some particulars is the worst that has come up here. It gives the President discretion to spend billions where he wants to, how he wants to and when he wants to. It is another step away from the constitutional government and toward personal government. No money ought to be spent except that which Congress appropriates every year."

The lend-spend proposal lost ground steadily, and the House finally kicked it out 193 to 167.

In April, Roosevelt took notice of the widespread reports that there were strong differences between himself and the Vice-President over recovery methods. Edgy and irritated, the President told a press conference that recently published stories of a dispute with the Vice-President were made out of whole cloth.

What actually had taken place was that Garner a few weeks before had said that there had been so many recovery methods that the nation never got a chance to recuperate and come back to health. He then recited the parable of the cattle.

"Down in our country," he said, "when cattle are grazing and taking on fat we don't scare them. We ought to have as much consideration for human beings as we do for cattle."

Garner never knew how the gist of this quotation which disturbed Roosevelt so much got into circulation. When newspapermen asked Garner about it, he took the same attitude he had taken in public discussion since he became Vice-President. He had nothing to say.

Garner's political star rose in 1939 as the President's hold over Congress sank into impotency. He was the man the tourists wanted to see at the Capitol. He was the man the politicians wanted to see. He had risen to a place as a legislative factor reached by only two other men in modern times, the two great Speakers, Thomas B. Reed and Joseph G. Cannon. He was the symbol of opposition to the course Roosevelt was taking.

The Vice-President by now was receiving hundreds of letters each week telling him he was the hope of the country, urging that he stand for the Presidential nomination.

Actually, support for Garner for President began to manifest itself in 1938. In September of that year the Texas State Democratic convention unanimously endorsed him as Roosevelt's successor.

In December, 1938, a state-wide gathering of Texas Democrats launched a Garner-in-1940 boom at his birthplace at Detroit, Texas.

Polls Reveal His Popularity

By January, 1939, Garner was getting pretty hot as a Presidential candidate. All the polls were showing him leading if Roosevelt did not run. As Garner was adhering to the policy he announced on becoming Vice-President and was making no statements of any kind, some of my colleagues in the press gallery asked me if I knew what his attitudes were. I talked to him about it at the first opportunity.

When I did I asked him the direct question whether he would take the nomination if it came to him. He replied:

"I don't want to be President. I didn't want to be in 1932 and I don't want to now. I did not ask anyone to support me in 1932 and I will not be in the position of asking anyone to seek a delegate for me now and I hope no one does. But to answer your question directly: It is all right to talk about General Sherman's statement that he would not accept a nomination as President if it was offered or serve if elected.

"There was more in his letter to Blaine than that. It is the great classic statement on why men who are soldiers by education and nature and fitted to render great service to their country in military matters are not schooled in the practice in which civil communities should be governed, why a military man should refuse the office and why no civilian who has the qualifications for the office can refuse it.

"The Presidency is the hardest job in the world and the highest honor and greatest obligation that can come to any American. If you have not connived in or abetted any effort in your behalf, if you really do not care for the office, and the nomination comes to you because your party and your country think you fitted for its duties, it is your duty to accept and serve. But I don't think I will be nominated and I don't want to be."

Garner said that he felt at the time that the nomination was between Hull, Farley and himself and that, left to its natural inclinations, the party would nominate one of them. But he said he would like to see Jesse Jones considered rather than himself.

"If I had the matter in my hands and nothing but the good of the country and the success of the Democratic party to consider, I would choose between Hull, Jones and Farley for our Presidential candidate."

Of Hull he said, "I think Cordell would make a good President. Roosevelt would be more likely to support him than anyone who could get the nomination. I could support Hull with enthusiasm."

Of Jones he said, "Jesse Jones I put at the top of the list of all administrative officials during my time in Washington. More than anyone I have known he rises above red tape. Yet he does things according to law. He has a head full of sense and the confidence of the country. I think he would poll more independent votes than any other candidate we could nominate."

Of Farley he said, "Farley is the greatest political organizer I have ever seen. There would be opposition to

(Continued on page 70)

The men with whom he had played baseball 50 years before, formed a Garner-for-President club in 1940. Garner played shortstop for the Possum Trot team, which used to clean up all comers in the area along the Texas-Oklahoma boundary line

WILLIAM LANGLEY

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DARK RED FOR LOVE

BY JACK SHER

"Look, hon, the lipstick on the glasses. She uses the same shade of red I use"

THEY stood on the screened-in porch of their summer home watching as the car their departing guests were driving crept through the dusk down the mountain road toward the main highway. It passed the place a quarter of a mile below them, and the glow of the taillight disappeared like a crushed spark.

Francis Sorin relaxed then, returned to the group of chairs still set in the intimate circle of a few moments before and picked up his empty glass. His wife, Betty, remained standing, and Sorin noticed that her drink was the only one left unfinished. He reached down beside the chair where she had been sitting and picked up her glass.

"Do you want the rest of this?" he asked.

She half turned her head toward him, a thoughtful smile on her face. "No, hon," she said. "Isn't she a queer one?"

Sorin finished his wife's drink before he answered.

"Miriam?" he said. "In what way?"

"What an unhappy woman!" his wife said, turning now to face him, her gray, deep-set eyes glowing, as though she had made an important discovery. "Frustrated, restless. All in a quiet way of course, but a storm is brewing in that one."

He listened uncomfortably, as his wife went on to describe the apparent symptoms of the tortured, frenetic state of their recently departed guest. She lingered over fragments of the week-end conversation, recalling phrases spoken by Miriam Lewson that she was certain had a special meaning and revealed deeply buried things that would go on fermenting, churning, building up to an inevitable and devastating climax of self-destructive emotion.

"You have some imagination," Sorin said in a tone intended to stop his wife's talk. "I didn't see any of that."

"You wouldn't, hon." She smiled, happily. "These are things it takes one woman to see in another." She paused. "Has she always been like that?"

"Always like what?" he said impatiently.

"Miserable, unhappy, seething inside. I know she's covering something up," his wife said. "I just feel it. She's very pretty, too, you know."

"Is she?"

"Beautiful coloring." His wife went on. "Those high cheekbones and that interesting slant to her eyes—Oriental, sort of. You know, I rather like her. Poor thing."

She was silent for several moments, standing with her back to him, a small, straight figure, poised and confident. His eyes moved out beyond her to the growing darkness, and he began to feel relaxed again.

"I must see her again," she said, suddenly, her voice very clear and determined as it broke the stillness. "She needs help, that girl. I'm sure I can do something for her. She needs someone desperately."

"Why don't you let people run their own lives?" Sorin said sharply. And then, because he knew it was hopeless, he added, not unkindly, "Betty, why can't you ever mind your own business?"

"It's too dull," she said gaily. "You know, one of the things that's tormenting that woman is the way her husband dominates her. Not outwardly, of course, but I can feel it."

"Jim Lewson couldn't dominate a stick," he said flatly. "And I wish you wouldn't go on like this."

"Oh, come now," she said, turning to face him again, her eyes teasing. "You love it. And I like to figure people out. Even miserable people like Miriam Lewson."

"You like to meddle in other people's lives," he corrected her. "And sometimes it hasn't turned out too well for them."

"Well, look," she said, insistently, "anyone can see the Lewsons aren't happy together."

"I wish you hadn't asked them up here for the week end," Sorin said. "You shouldn't have asked them."

"But I thought you wanted them," his wife cried. "After all, they're *your* friends. I didn't go to art school with them—*you* did. When we first met you used to talk about them all the time. And then when I ran into Jim on the street, I thought it would be nice to have them up. Why didn't you object then, when I told you they were coming?"

"*After* you had invited them?" he said angrily.

"Well, we could have gotten out of it. Listen, hon," she added placatingly, "it's over, they're gone, let's not quarrel about it."

"Let's not," her husband agreed.

AUTOMATICALLY, they began to clean up the porch, arranging chairs, emptying ash trays, picking up newspapers and magazines. It was quite dark now and Francis Sorin switched on the light: the naked bulb threw a harsh, depressing glare. Outside, the wings of insects beat incessantly against the screens. Betty Sorin hummed contentedly, speculatively, as she moved briskly about the porch, and Sorin tried to identify the tune, to take his mind off the people they had been discussing.

The humming stopped suddenly. Sorin glanced at Betty. She had relaxed on a chair, and was holding two glasses, one in each hand, turning them against the light, an amused, almost tender look on her face. He looked away, his eyes moving about the porch. Everything was now in order. His hand moved toward the light switch.

"Don't turn it out, yet," she said. "Look, hon, the lipstick on the glasses. She uses the same shade of lipstick I use. I never noticed that before."

"She does?" he said indifferently.

"Yes," his wife said, lowering the glasses. "Dark red. Remember what you used to say about it? 'Dark red for love.' "

"I thought you weren't going to talk about her any more," he said with sudden harshness.

"I wasn't talking about her." She said. "I was talking about us."

"I'm sorry," he said quickly. "Are you through? Shall I turn off the light now?"

"Okay," she said, her eyes sweeping the porch, "that's it."

He heard her moving toward him in the darkness. He could not see her, but he knew she had switched one of the glasses and was now carrying both of them in one hand; they clinked together, making a small, tinkling, warning noise in the stillness. And then he felt her arm around his waist, and they walked on into the dark living room.

He moved away from her then and walked carefully across the room toward a lamp.

"Francis," Betty said, "you don't really mind if I see her again, do you?"

He stopped and did not answer at once. He stood with his eyes closed, seeing, in the darkness, the deep red curve of Miriam Lewson's mouth. He felt a sudden pity for his wife, but it was mixed with irony, because he knew that it was useless to try to stop her prying. She always had to find out everything, and now her insatiable curiosity would lead her inevitably to the same discovery that he and Miriam had made too late, that they had always loved each other and always would. Betty would realize then that he no longer loved her—in fact, had never really loved her. Her compulsion to interfere in other people's lives would end by destroying her own, but there was nothing he could do to stop her.

"Of course not," he said, resignedly. "See her, by all means."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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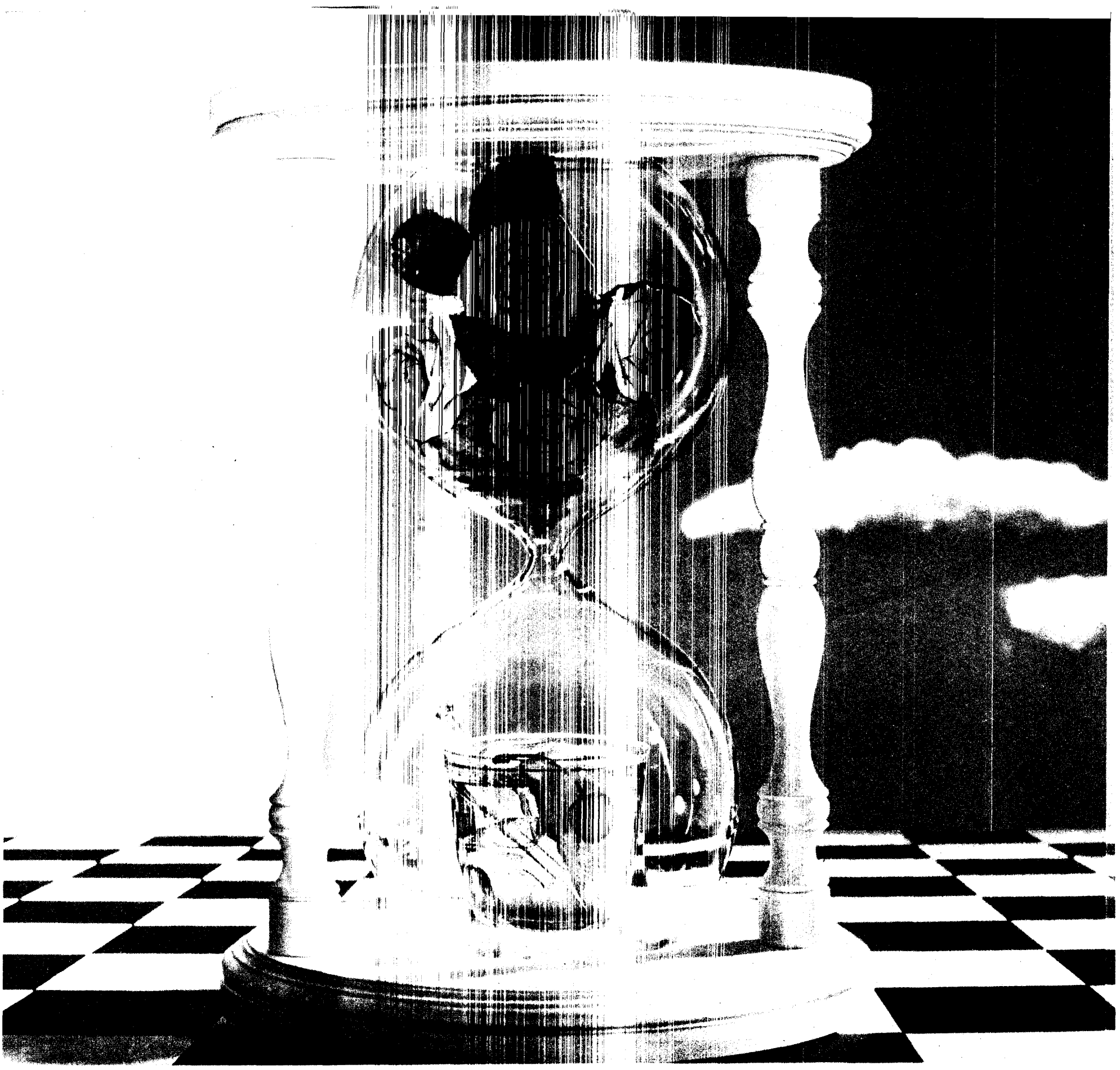

Drink of the hour

THIS hourglass can't, of course, tell you when cocktail time arrives . . .

But it does offer a very good suggestion for that particular hour—namely, that you ask at your favorite bar for a Four Roses Old Fashioned.

Many people tell us there is no other drink quite so soul-satisfying and heart-warming. And *that*, we believe, is because there is no other whiskey with the distinctive flavor and mellow smoothness of Four Roses.

So, when cocktail time comes for *you* today, why not make a Four Roses Old Fashioned your "drink of the hour"?

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Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

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AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

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LATE CITY EDITION
Snow, ending during this afternoon. Fair tomorrow.
Temperature Range Today-Max., 40; Min., 25
Temperatures Yesterday-Max., 33; Min.
Full U. S. Weather Bureau Report,
JEAN SPEISER

This bronze Triton is up to his neck in New York's Blizzard of '47

WHETHER MAN

BY KYLE CRICHTON

New Yorkers are still bragging about the Blizzard of '47 and simultaneously cursing the Weather Bureau for announcing it as "occasional snow." It just proves that the man with a corn or a rheumatic leg can predict weather better than the scientists

THERE is the story of the employee of the Weather Bureau in New York City who became ill, felt faint and saw white spots before his eyes. It was hours before he realized he was taking part in the Great Blizzard of 1947.

He still wasn't sure of it when he started home, entered what he thought was the subway and spent the night in a snowdrift. His wife tried to get in touch with him all night but not to rescue him; she merely wanted to warn him against coming home, because of the neighbors.

They had taken the weatherman at his word. On Christmas Day, the 25th, he had said flatly: "Mostly sunny and cold today, followed by considerable cloudiness tonight." Aunt Ella was over from Secaucus for Christmas dinner, everybody looked at his gifts and gave fake cries of elation, and everybody ate too much and wished he hadn't. Next day, the 26th, the weatherman said: "Cloudy today with occasional snow ending during the afternoon, followed by a partial clearing." Instead of that, somebody yanked the tailgate of a cloud, snow fell with a thud and New York was covered with 25.8 inches in 12 hours. Aunt Ella's car was stalled in front of the house, she would now stay four extra horrible days, and the neighbors were out of food, out of oil and out of temper.

In all respects this seems to have been the greatest blow ever suffered by the profession of meteorology. Residents of New York who had hitherto prided themselves on their adherence to science became convinced that only through astrology, looking at the entrails of sheep, or savage incantations could they hope to survive. The weather predictions were listed in the newspapers under comics, and just to make the case waterproof, the weatherman issued daily bulletins which provided a full week of miraculous misinformation. If he said snow, it rained; if he said rain, it sleeted; if he said cloudy, the sun burned people to the buff.

The quarrel between the weatherman and the populace of New York was complicated by outcries from old-timers, who protested that 1947 had merely been a dull, insensate, heavy snowfall and not a blizzard. The classical blizzard, they pronounced, was still the Blizzard of 1888 when the temperature was 10 below, the wind had a velocity of 60 miles an hour and people weren't merely discomfited but dead. Anybody who considered the storm of 1947 a blizzard, they said, was a parvenu and perhaps a nature faker.

This prompted the formulation of the Law of Increasing Intensity, which stated that each blizzard produced a crop of bores more deadly than the last. Commuters on Long Island who had spent 18 hours on train between New York and Port Washington merely pretended to listen to victims on the Pulaski Skyway. The man who took six hours getting from Thirty-fifth to Eighty-sixth Street was merely told he was a fool to have started. The stories grew excruciatingly long, general anger increased and landlords of oil-burning apartments spent the daylight hours hidden in the broom closet.

The newspapers were filled with letters to the editors from happy citizens who could hardly wait to tunnel through to the post office. They stated their views of weather prognostications with asperity. Joseph A. Kyle of Mt. Bethel, Pennsylvania, announced that through the years he had found the Weather Bureau 90 per cent wrong and had long based his predictions on the action of his goats.

Before rain or snow, wrote Mr. Kyle, his goats refused to touch a drop of water for 24 hours. This was generally held to be interesting but not particularly helpful for city dwellers. It was discovered that the last goat on Manhattan Island had been used at an Elks Club initiation in 1927 and had been dispatched immediately thereafter to an abattoir.

How Blizzard Fooled Prophets

In an endeavor to quell the uprising Benjamin A. Parry, chief meteorologist of the New York Weather Bureau, answered a few questions for a reporter and offered an explanation of the failure of the bureau to warn the city. "We first noticed the storm as a wavelike formation over Alabama at 1:30 A.M. on December 24th, and had it under observation all along. If it had followed its natural course, we would have had only a little snow as predicted. It moved out to sea at 1:30 A.M. on December 25th, south of Jacksonville, Florida, then curved north, picked up speed, moving northeast to Hatteras, then north and east. At all times New York was on the western side.

"If it had continued in the same direction it would have gone so far out to sea that our precipitation would have been very light. However, the storm slowed up in this area—we didn't know just what made it slow up, except that it was some result of the distribution of the air pressure over the area. The slowing up gave time for precipitation to fall, and the winds from the ocean, burdened with moisture, gave an ideal condition for the formation of snow."

Intense consideration was given this statement, and in due course a prolonged hoot went up from the canyons of Broadway. What storm, cried the mocking voices, what snowstorm with any thought for its integrity would be caught going out to sea at Hatteras? A gale, yes; but what would be the percentage for a snowstorm? Aside from falling on the bemused and grimy heads of a few unappreciative National Maritime Union members, what benefit would the storm get out of it?

Could it tie up the Atlantic as it tied up Times Square? Could it stall thousands of motorcars and provide alibis for thousands of husbands who only slightly deserved such a break? "If it had followed its natural course—" our eye, Mr. Parry. A snowstorm may be many things but it is not demented. Going out to sea at Hatteras, indeed!

Since the discussion obviously had reached a serious stage, the New York Times took up the matter editorially. "How good is weather forecasting?" asked the Times and answered, "Better than many suppose, yet not good enough." It placed the blame on Congress for failure to appropriate money enough to meet pressing meteorological needs and on the Weather Bureau, which "has not been scientifically aggressive enough."

The great innovations in weather predictions in the last half century have come not from the United States but from Europe—from such men as Teisserenc de Bort, Richard Assmann and the two Bjerkneses of Norway.

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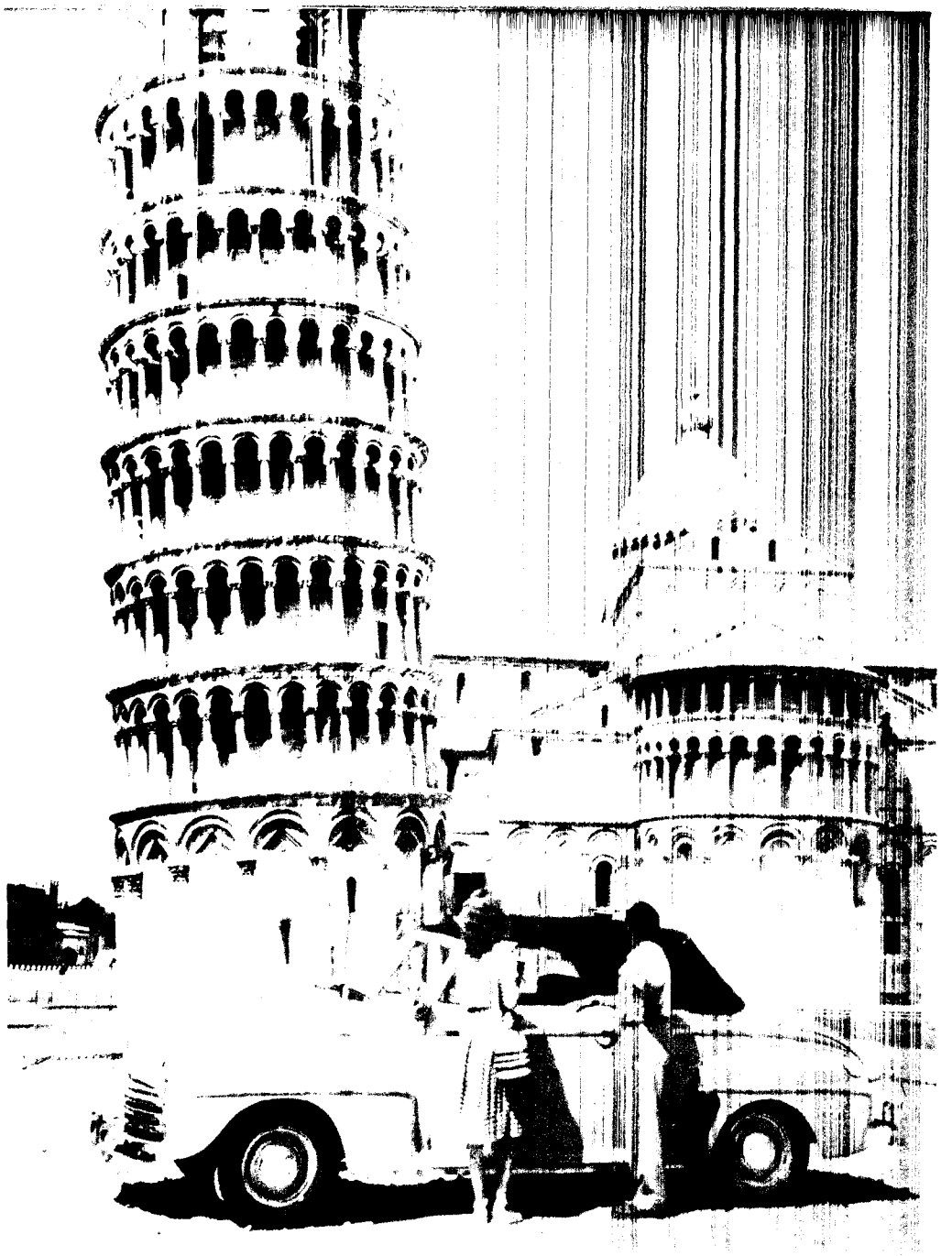
Ford's out Front

ON A TRIP ABROAD

The ace photo team of Miller and Stephens "did" Europe in a new Ford Convertible for Pan American Airways. Here's their story:

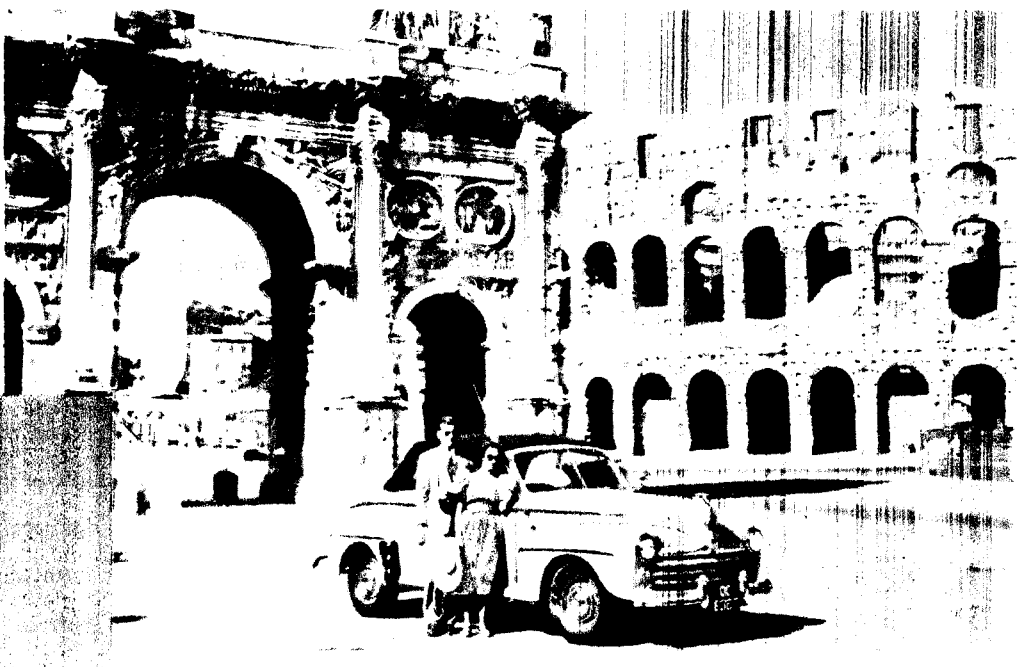
"Hoops Inn, our first picture location in England, boasts a thatched roof. Quite different from the roof on our Ford. Ours goes up or down at just the touch of a button!"

"Remember Hannibal? Well, he never crossed the Alps with a 100 horsepower V-8 engine like we did. Our Ford really did its stuff at Chamonix. And our 'King-size' brakes . . . wonderful!"

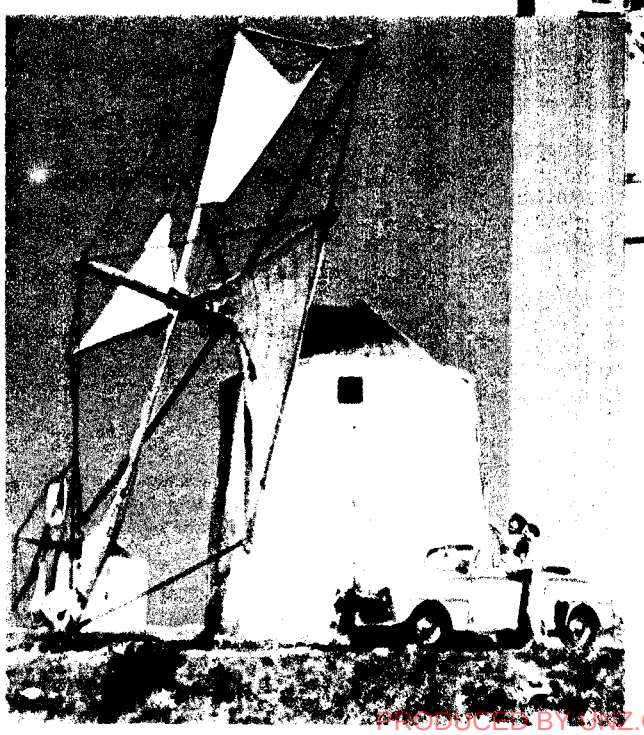


"Good old Galileo! He used the Leaning Tower of Pisa as a 'proving ground' for his theories on acceleration of falling things. Our Ford could have taught him a thing or two about acceleration . . . *uphill* acceleration!"

"A wedding in Spain, like this one in Lageterra, is strictly a full-color affair, for both bride and groom! Too bad they didn't have a beautiful Ford like ours for their honeymoon trip!"

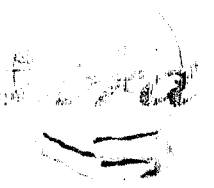


"Guess again! This picture wasn't made in Holland. It's Portugal! And the windmills run like a breeze—just like our Ford over these Portuguese Plains. Our Ford's beauty stopped traffic wherever we went!"



"A Latin textbook was as close as we'd ever come to the Arch of Augustus. It was impressive . . . but we agreed that no Roman Emperor ever drove through it in a 'chariot' like ours!"

Listen to the Ford Theater over NBC stations Sunday afternoon 5 to 6 P.M., E.S.T.

There's a  in your future

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"The formulation and recording of forecasts are imperfect because there is not time enough to consider all the variables. The task can be accomplished only by some of the calculating machines of which we have heard so much of late—machines that will solve in five minutes problems which would ordinarily keep a crew of mathematicians busy for weeks."

Well, it seems the Bureau of Standards has been working on the thing and is having giant new electronic "brains" built which, according to Dr. Edward U. Condon, director of the bureau, will make possible long-range forecasts of storms such as have been sweeping the nation recently.

This is all very well but it will take a mastodonic electronic brain to bring back New Yorkers' belief in weather forecasts. They have been shocked and shattered. Citizens who hate the very sight of a cow have been sending for copies of the Farmers Almanac, which predicted a hard winter and was laughed at by meteorologists. The retreat from science has proceeded at such a pace that L. Mason of New York could demand that the Weather Bureau immediately cast aside its gadgets and hire a man with a pet corn, rheumatism or an old injury. If he could read the sky it would be even better, wrote Mr. Mason to the Herald Tribune. "Many looked at the moon late Christmas night and predicted snow," he added in an aggrieved tone.

When in Washington recently trying to get information on possible climatic changes, we were told forcefully by the U.S. Weather Bureau executives that no man in his right mind would venture to predict what the weather would be more than a week ahead. That seems to have been an exaggeration. The New York branch suffered a disaster on December 26th but was right on the job handing out prophecy on January 1st. This was as follows: "Cloudy and milder, with rain beginning this afternoon. Highest temperature in low 40s. Partial clearing and windy tomorrow."

Another Forecast Goes Haywire

What followed was the damnedest sleet storm in the history of man. Trees fell all over New Jersey, snoopy housewives on party lines were cut off in the middle of their neighbors' juiciest conversations, railroads surrendered, busses floundered, backfired piteously and quit, lights went out, furnaces died, suburban matrons got seriously marooned on their way to Macy's to exchange their Christmas gifts. Ten days later thousands of families in North Jersey were still without heat, light or power. The Weather Bureau people barricaded themselves on the top floors of the Whitehall Building in New York and prepared to sell their lives dearly.

This was a needless precaution because the populace by this time regarded the bureau as a slightly tinged cadaver marking time till the meat wagon arrived. An honest street cleaner might parade with pride, but it would be years in New York before anybody again admitted working for the Weather Bureau.

And this was particularly hard because the meteorologists had been living an uncertain existence for months. Not only was Nature double-crossing them steadily but artificial elements had entered to harass them. At the time of the Maine forest fires there was an outcry in Congress that the Weather Bureau was withholding moisture out of stubbornness and perversity. "What about artificial rain making?" demanded the solons indignantly.

The bureau was secretly convinced that the dry-ice method of rain making was effective only when the clouds were about to precipitate moisture in a natural way, but they were forced into installing an elaborate testing range in Ohio, where experiments in rain making could be charted and analyzed. Dr. Irving Langmuir of the General Electric laboratories had announced another method of rain making in which moisture was produced by dropping water into clouds. Nobody proposed anything for snow-stopping.

The ramifications of this tinkering with weather were endless and none of them seemed likely to please the Weather Bureau personnel. If ordinary predictions are proved baseless by perverse Nature, what will happen when some bushwhacking aviator produces rain in sections of Yokel County where no rain was supposed to fall? And how will people in the neighboring county of Buncombe take it when Yokel intercepts a cloud Buncombe was relying upon? There have already been reports of cloud pirates, and the policing of the air will be another chore dumped on the U.N. or somebody in the near future.

CAREER GIRL

More often than not,
One is forced to conclude,
She pursues a career
When she isn't pursued.
—Richard Armour

A cloud is a shiftin' thing. If we're going to have pitched battles in the stratosphere and rain dropping where it wasn't predicted, the Weather Bureau may as well give up, if it hasn't already. They had attempted to examine the actions of a Florida hurricane in the fall and got nothing for their effort but a threatened lawsuit by a Jacksonville man who said if they hadn't monkeyed with the elements the hurricane would have missed him.

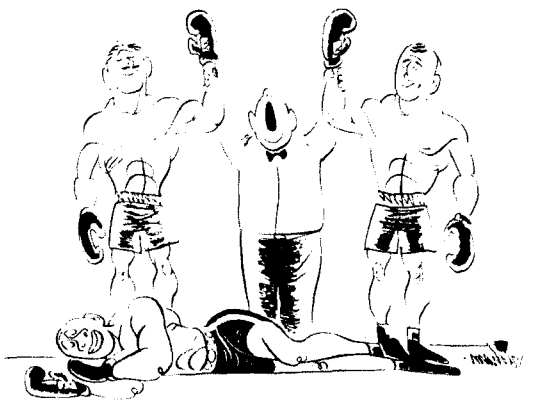
The real trouble is that the Weather Bureau people have yelled, "Wolf," so often that when someday they announce a hurricane, everybody will immediately go out for a stroll and be blown into parts of Vermont. The London Weather Bureau, according to information from Christopher Morley, has solved the problem by having no opinion whatever. They merely say "interference" when they want to warn of a storm. If the storm fails to come, they can explain that there was interference with the interference.

This leaves us approximately nowhere. The man with the rheumatic leg will be all right, and the gentleman who gazes at the moon may be safe, but they have no means of communication. Since there is nothing else to do, the newspapers will continue to print the weather forecasts accompanied by the usual weather maps filled with hurrying lines, dark areas and a general air of mystification. This is a national problem fully as important as the hoof-and-mouth disease, but there is little possibility anything will be done about it. Since we no longer trust the Weather Bureau, and our own psychic instincts are flabby, we shall probably end as obsolete as the dinosaur.

In the interest of self-preservation we have considered taking up moon-gazing, but this would be difficult from an apartment house, and policemen invariably take a dim view of citizens who go about with their heads in the air falling into manholes. We are doomed and can only make the best of it, but we cannot help feeling sorry for the weatherman. No weatherman starts his career from the cradle. He studies hard, works hard and eventually gets nothing but reproof for his activity.

It can be said without denial that a weatherman is not born, but flayed.

THE END



HANK KETCHAM

SPORTING ODDS

Billy Jones, a formidable Negro heavyweight, was boxing in Lima, Peru, in 1936, and had won so easily against local contenders that the fans lost interest. To entice customers into the arena, the promoters matched him against two heavyweights on the same night—Mauro Galusso of Uruguay and Peruvian Peter Jackson. Everything went true to form at first, with Galusso on the canvas in the second round of the first bout. But before the count of ten, Galusso rallied wearily for a final try. As Jones closed in for the kill, Galusso let go a desperate swing which miraculously clicked and threw Jones out of the world for a count of ten.

Jones finally staggered to his feet and started for his dressing room. But the crowd would have none of that—they'd come for two bouts and they were going to see two bouts. So the groggy Jones went in again and Peter Jackson quickly put him back to sleep.

—Ed Aguirre, Lima, Peru

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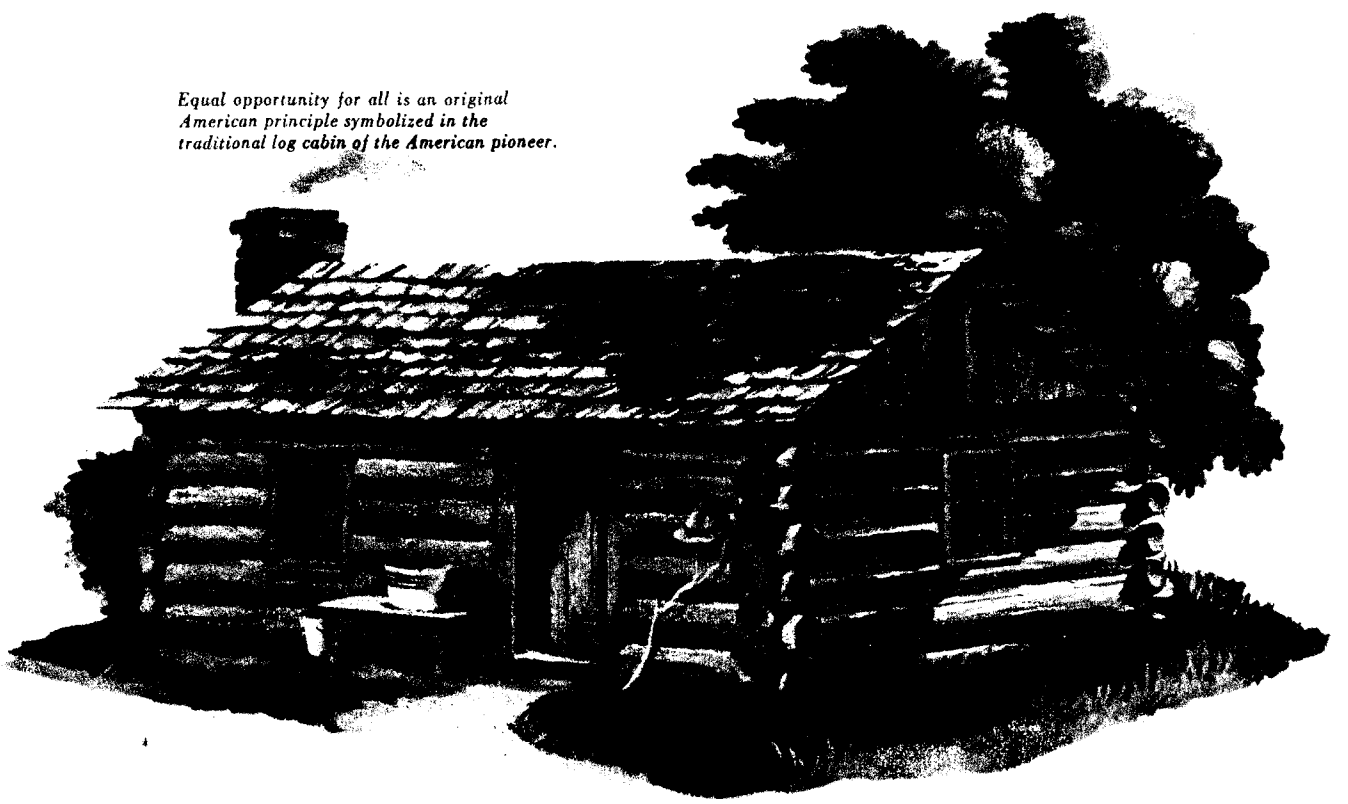

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JEFF COONGATE AND THE STOLEN CRONY

Continued from page 11

concerned the game warden almost exclusively. Zack read it with pining heart:

"Deer old friend an pard, there is grate news, as Steve Ireland is goin down to Boston to the Sportsman Show with State delligation, so you can see, Zack ole frend, we are free to roam an hunt, with nary warden to bother us. I mist you Zack. There is plenty beaver, so please come home again. All is forgiven. Yr frend and faithful pal.

"Thos. J. Coongate, esq."

Zack moaned with longing. Steve Ireland in Boston! Mopang Forest free, and he and old Jeff together again, with a little fire twinkling in the cedars, and liver broiling on a stick. Zack's giant frame trembled with nostalgia. But he remembered the driftpins, and stiffened.

Sarah, meanwhile, watched her husband in alarm. In a month, he had lost fourteen pounds. He was down to two hundred and ten on George's bathroom scales. Moreover, he had developed a hatred for George, and had recently remarked:

"I never seen a man before that looked so much like his own goldfish. Same expression in his eyes."

It was her anxiety for George's safety, as well as Zack's health, that finally drove Sarah to suggest a change.

"Zack—honey—why don't you take a trip home to Mopang? That is, I mean, jest to see how our cabin is winterin'? There might be mice."

Zack's eyes instantly brightened then glazed. "No!" was the hoarse reply. "Not till Jeff comes after me, a-beggin' an' a-crawlin'!"

INEVITABLY, not long after his last letter, the one-eyed poacher did come. The moment of meeting was heart-rending, the blows of reunion fierce with pent-up emotion.

"Jeff! Oh, Jeff! It's you—at last!"

"Zack! You dismal ole hellbird. Did you miss me?"

"*Miss* you! Why, Jeff, if you only—" Zack's mouth tightened, as he remembered his grievance. "No," he said, darkly. "I didn't."

The one-eyed poacher was undismayed. He had anticipated Zack's reaction with hairline accuracy, and was prepared.

"Then you ain't comin' home with me?" he asked, sniffling.

"No. I like it right here. It's warm, an' pleasant, an' Sarah's brother—George—has got some han'some goldfish."

Uncle Jeff cast his one eye poignantly downward. His great shoulders drooped in hopeless grief. "Well, Zack," he said, moving toward the door, "I'll jest go on back—alone—to the—silent forrists of our days—together."

So moved was Jeff by his own acting that he even managed to squeeze out a crocodile tear the size of a grape. A stillness fell like a curtain between the two estranged comrades. Their loneliness wrung Sarah's heart.

"Zack—go on home with Mr. Coongate. Jest for a few days."

"No," said Zack, his throat knotted. "Hell with him! But—all the same, he don't have to leave right now. He can stay an' set a spell."

"I ain't got the time, Zack," said Jeff. "Fact is, I want to git on back to the Sportsman's Show. I spent an hour there, before I come here."

"You did?" said Zack, listlessly.

"Yes. An' say! I seen Steve Ireland over there, too! It give him a frightful start."

"It must of. It would have scared me."

"Zack!" cried Sarah. "Whyn't you go over to the Sportsman's Show with Mr. Coongate? Seems the least you could do. An' you're so restless. You'd ought to git out more."

"Well—I expect I might do that," Zack agreed.

Uncle Jeff concealed his triumph. He had won his battle. Once Zack glimpsed the Sportsman's Show, the mopping up would be a mere formality, as Jeff well knew.

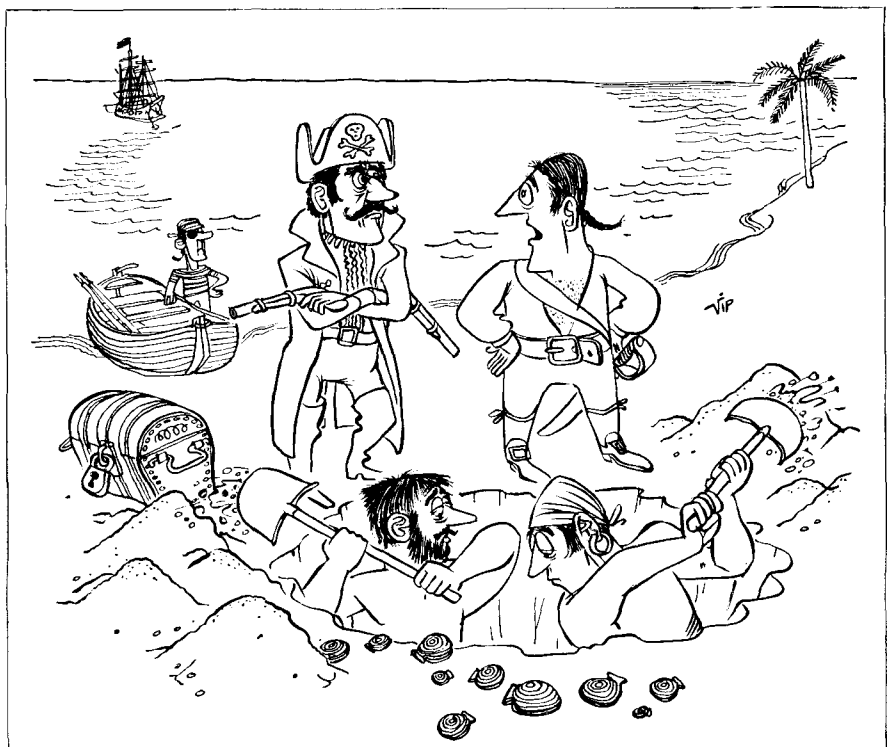
The mopping up took place less than ten minutes after they entered the Mechanics Building. Even Zack's Homeric stubbornness could not resist the beauties which awaited there.

Mopang had moved indoors! Masonry rivers, teeming with trout and salmon; beaver houses, with beaver placidly chewing poplar; moose, deer and bear cautiously eying the two poachers from huge pine-decked cages; trappers' shacks adorned with mink and fox skins; casting contests in the great, indoor pool; and—crowning touch—the place was alive with game wardens. Mopang, in the bursting glory of spring!

"Heaven!" gasped Zack. "Paradise!"

"'Tis nice, ain't it?" Jeff murmured.

It was too much for Zack. He swayed, tottered and, like a gigantic oak, fell.



"How about getting the rest of the fellows and having a clambake?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"Oh, Jeff, I suffered dreadful all this time. I set there, day by day, a-dreamin' of me an' you off on Sunkhaze Stream trappin'. Oh, Jeff, it's been terrible. Let's go home—the two of us. They's a night train."

"There's an *afternoon* train," said Jeff.

"We'll take it! Won't we, Jeff?"

In an avalanche of friendship, they strolled toward an exit. Before reaching it, they wandered arm in arm behind a cardboard forest, and in privacy drank from a bottle of rum, which Jeff had thoughtfully brought along. Nothing was said of the other rum, or the driftpins. The moment was too tender. They drank again, and wandered on—straight into the arms of destiny.

In a birch-bark booth, some Indians were skillfully cleaning pickerel before a gathering crowd. One of the Indians was especially deft. A prize of five dollars was offered to anyone who could clean one fish to the Indian's two. As one, the comrades shouldered their way to the railing. Onlookers, impressed by the one-eyed poacher's magnificent bearing, gave way and stared.

Said Jeff Coongate to the Indian, "Hand me a fish."

With the fish delicately balanced in his hand, Jeff asked "Is they any extry prize for cleanin' two fish to *your* one?"

The Indian shrugged. The crowd grew. And a talent scout from Show Management alerted himself.

"Amos," said the showman to the Indian, "you can offer this man ten."

"Ten ain't enough," said Uncle Jeff, handing the fish back.

THE gentleman from Show Management took a closer look at the one-eyed poacher, and knew he had struck gold. "Make it twenty," he said to the Indian.

Jeff whipped out his knife and passed it to Zack. "Jest whet her up a mite," he said, imperiously.

As Zack passed the knife back to Jeff, he felt the first, icy twinge of dread. Always, before any audience of more than one, Jeff Coongate became an actor. Within Zack's bruised and battered memory, no good had ever come of it. He feared the worst as Jeff took the pickerel, zipped off the scales, and cleaned it in approximately eleven seconds. Jeff had dressed his second fish, and started on his third before the Indian had completed his first.

The crowd at the booth whispered admiringly. Uncle Jeff daintily wiped his hands, and obliged a small boy with his autograph. It was then that Show Management tapped him on the shoulder.

"Would you mind stepping into the front office?"

"You got anything to say to me, say it right here," said the one-eyed poacher, coolly.

"Your twenty dollars," said the man.

In his first rush of public acclaim, Uncle Jeff had forgotten the prize money. He recovered quickly

"Come on, Zack."

In the front office, overlooking Huntington Avenue, an enchanted Show Management interviewed the outlaw of Mopang Forest, while Zack Bourne waited despondently in the foyer.

When Jeff emerged, Zack spoke up worriedly, "Let's go over to the North Station an' buy our tickets, Jeff. We'd ought to git aboard early, to git seats."

"There has been," said Jeff, loftily, "a slight change in plans. We're takin' the *night* train. I got to go on this afternoon, at three o'clock."

"Go on?" said Zack, his stomach tightening. "Go on *what?* The waggin?"

"The stage—pra-tickly, you might say, the stage. I am entered in the shootin' match. The shootin' gallery's downstairs. See you aroun' show time, Zack. I got to go down now, an' practice. And—uh—here's two dollars for whettin' my knife."

Zack swallowed his dismay. On the bright side, there were advantages in taking the night train, instead of the afternoon train. They would arrive in Mopang in the crisp February dawn, the unsullied snow squeaking under their moccasins, and a whole day ahead of them.

Zack bought tickets on the night train. Instead of returning to the Sportsman's Show—he had seen Jeff's shooting and been beaten by it many times—he went home to Sarah, and optimistically packed his suitcase.

Jeff didn't show up till long after supper. He carried a newspaper, and wore the look of a prophet.

"I got our tickets, Jeff!" cried Zack. "Tomorrow we'll be thar!"

Jeff sat down by a light, opened the paper, and raised his hand for silence. "If you'll jest be still a moment, Zack, I'll glance over my press."

"Your what?"

There was no reply. Jeff was reading the publicity release from the Sportsman's Show, as edited by an evening paper.

"The afternoon's surprise attraction at Mechanics Building was the offhand shooting of an old woodsman from the wilds of Maine. Thomas Jefferson Coongate, of points far north, made a near-perfect score to defeat guides and other crack riflemen from New England States. Interviewed directly after the match, the veteran marksman, who has but one eye, is alleged to have remarked: 'If I'd of used my own rifle, I could of done it in the dark.'

"The Show Management announces that Coongate has consented to remain in Boston another day in order to compete in the logrolling contest tomorrow night at 8:30. A full gallery is expected, as 'the one-eyed poacher's' popularity soars."

Uncle Jeff read the piece twice to himself, and once aloud. Zack was not only speechless, but defeated.

"We got tickets on the night train, tonight," he managed to say.

"We'll go tomorrow night, after I win the logrollin'."

Zack wilted lower in his chair. He was mute, while Jeff paced regally up and down the apartment.

Sarah said tremulously, "You boys'll have such a nice, friendly time, goin' off home together, but do please be careful."

Her words had no effect on Uncle Jeff. Jeff was adrift in the mysterious world which Zack had always feared, but never understood. Zack knew the symptoms—the distant and dreamful manner, the lofty stare, the superior sweep of arm. . . .

ZACK witnessed the logrolling contest, praying that Jim Birch would win and put an end to his comrade's folly. But Jeff won, and in celebrating his victory, they had missed the night train by several hours.

Zack now lay late in bed. In his head, bells were clanging, and his tongue felt like a dried quince. But even in his misery, he remembered that something beautiful would happen today. Mopang! Yes! It was true. They were going home in the afternoon. Zack loved the hand

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which now clutched his shoulder, and the voice which said:

"It's noon, Zack! Wake up. We got to make plans."

"No—we're all set, Jeff. Don't you remember us packin' last night? We put the rum on top, where we can git to it quick, on the train."

"We ain't takin' any train. An' I have forswore the drinkin' of rum, an' sech. Got to keep in condition."

Zack sat bolt upright and forced his eyes open. He thought he was having a nightmare. He had experienced many dreadful things when emerging from the vapors, but never anything like this.

Jeff Coongate—was it really Jeff?—stood before him in wild, gaudy raiment. The wilted blue jeans, once held up by a single suspender, had been supplanted by tight-fitting crimson jodhpurs. The shirt was green satin. The old, frayed moccasins had been replaced by yellow, high-heeled riding boots which added two inches to Jeff's already impressive height. The sweeping, silvery mustaches had been treated with a lacquer which gave them an unholy sheen. But these were as nothing to the final, grim refinement—the symbol of disaster, which Zack had learned to fear.

"Oh, Lord! A new glass eye!" Zack fell moaning upon his pillow. "Not takin' train," he continued, in muffled voice. "Not drinkin' rum! Condition! What condition you figger you're in, now—in that rig?"

"I had ref'rince to my physical condition," remarked Jeff, with a pleased glance at the mirror. "I am now in trainin' for the wood-choppin' contest. It comes on the big night of the show—Governors' Night—five days from now."

"Five *days* from now?"

"All the governors of New Englan' will be thar to see me. An' the Fish and Game Commissioners. *An'* the game wardens—all of 'em."

"Game wardens?" Zack rolled over on his back. "Why would a game warden want to see you chop wood?"

"It jest so happens that my opponent is Stumpy Coldwillow. He was once a game warden, an' the blemish remains upon him. I shall humble him in public."

It was only too clear that Jeff's vocabulary had changed, along with his manner and his clothes. Zack choked, and at last became intelligible. "You mean Stumpy Coldwillow, from Boomchain Junction?"

"The same."

"You lost your mind? Stumpy'll cover you with chips."

"I shall best him. The fact that he was once a game warden will guide my ax, an' stren'then my arm."

UTTERLY despondent, Zack braced himself for the worst, which he knew was still to come. Was there no way he could bring Jeff back to him? He thought of kidnaping him and carrying him off, bound, to Mopang. Considering Jeff's size, strength and resourcefulness in combat, it didn't seem practical. Things were growing hourly more desperate.

When Show Management learned from Jeff that Stumpy Coldwillow had once been a game warden, Show Publicity had a field day. "Poacher and Warden in Ax Duel," "Governors to View Grudge Battle," and "Feeling Tense as Chop Night Nears" were but a few of the sprightly headlines. Uncle Jeff was quoted as saying: "I could beat the likes of him with a grub hoe."

Zack Bourne, ever more thoughtful and despondent, endured the rumless days of training. As the fateful night drew near, Jeff's confidence became insufferable. He radiated self-approval, and took on temperament in large chunks. Now the proud possessor of an Exhibitor's Pass, he spent most of his time at Mechanics Building exhibiting himself. He freely gave autographs and interviews. He struck poses for delighted photographers.

Uncle Jeff felt that his stage career was assured. It was right and just. This tempting fork in the road of life had come, at long last, to reward his years of hardship, privation and pursuit by game wardens. He had been for years an actor thwarted, his only audience Zack, and Zack wasn't enough—didn't bring out the genius in him. The applause from the galleries the past few nights had fired his veins like draughts of Old Sabre Tooth!

Uncle Jeff selected and tested a new ax every day, or oftener. He was like a virtuoso trying out the violins of Cremona. He also sought out mirrors, and, peering into them, dwelt at length on a future of touring the Sportsman's Show Circuit: Springfield, Hartford, Philadelphia, New York — Madison Square Garden! *Jeff Coongate,* said imaginary lights, *in person!* Underneath this, in much smaller lights, he generously pictured Zack Bourne's name.

"This," he confided to Zack, "is jest merely the first phase. Then they's the radio, an' Hollywood!"

Zack was beyond all protest. In the desolate, dragging days, he whetted axes,

"I think so too, but my folks think I play beautifully!"

COLLIER'S — BILL PORCELLI

and became a kind of lackey to Jeff, who issued orders in a lordly manner, and talked only of his public. Quite clearly, old Jeff was so stage-struck that he seemed to have discounted Stumpy Coldwillow's prowess as an axman.

"Dang it, Jeff. Stumpy was top man for the Border Lumber Company, once."

"A triflin' honor."

"He won the prize at the Mopang Fair one year."

"Small-time," said Uncle Jeff, preening his mustaches. "A big house'll tighten him up."

"But s'posin' Stumpy wins," said Zack, "with all them people lookin' on? S'posin' they was to see your downfall, committed by an ex-game warden? What then, Jeff?"

Uncle Jeff swept aside the thought of such humiliation. But the fact was that his confidence was not as case-hardened as it seemed. Defeat would end his career, his dream of sleeping in real beds, in hotels, while touring the cities, with Zack attending his every need. No! Defeat, especially by Stumpy Coldwillow, was unthinkable. His future, his whole reputation as actor, gentleman and poacher, was at stake.

"Victory," he said, "will be mine!"

Zack thought he detected a shaky note in his old friend's voice. He became certain of it one night as, with Sarah, he lay in bed listening to the sounds in Jeff's room across the hall. Zack rose to one elbow, his mind anxious, as he heard Jeff's restless muttering. Poor ole cuss, he thought. The torments is upon him.

Zack's concern deepened as the night wore on, and the muttering continued. Was old Jeff dreaming aloud of wandering to strange places, there to tread the boards? Had he forgotten, in the dazzle of acclaim, that he was born to the forests of Mopang, and the little, leaping rivers? Hadn't he made the long, lonely journey to Boston to bring him, Zack, home? Jeff seemed to have forgotten home, and the scent of wood smoke. What had happened to their friendship, to the memories of hard, cold trails, and freezing nights, when they had huddled together, blanketless?

Zack groaned in his bed, and Sarah rested a comforting hand on his gaunt shoulder.

"There, there, honey. It's all right. You're jest dreamin'."

"It ain't all right. An' I ain't dreamin'. It's Jeff that's dreamin'. Poor ole feller's changed, like he's sick. I can't bear it. I got to plot an' scheme to git him home to Mopang, Sarah. He come to take me, but I'm a-goin' to take him! He's my friend, an' I aim to help him."

"How you goin' to take Mr. Coongate home, if he don't want to go?"

"He does want to go. But he don't know it. I'm a-goin' to show him."

"How, honey?"

"How?" cried Zack, who had been racking his brain for days. "How do I know that? Can't you go to sleep, so I can think? It hurts me to hear that ole tomcat in there, stalkin' an' mutterin'. Hear him? He's sufferin'. I'm a-goin' to get up, an' go to him."

IN HIS underwear, Zack entered the spare room to find the lights on, and Jeff up in full regalia. The one-eyed poacher's bearing took the wind from Zack's sails. Apparently Jeff was far from needing sympathy.

"You look," said Zack, "like you'd won already."

"I have. A great, morril victory."

"You, morril? Since when?"

"I have struggled alone here, with myself, through the dark hours—an' conquered."

Jeff assumed an air hitherto unknown to Zack. It was, in fact, almost saintlike, as he began his explanation.

"This afternoon, in a hardware store," he said, "I made a small purchase. Here it is!" In his fingers, he twirled a ten-inch spike. The light slowly dawned upon Zack, and he listened, aghast, as Jeff continued.

"I says to myself"—here Jeff spun the spike into the air, and deftly caught it—"I says, 'Now, if Zack was to take this spike jest before the contest, an' drive it slanchways into the underside of Stumpy Coldwillow's timber'—see?"

Zack saw, and was heavy of heart. Would his old friend stoop so low? The spike would ruin the chances of the keenest axman! "Jeff! You couldn't do a thing like that!"

"No, not even to a game warden. Didn't I jest tell you I'd won a morril victory?"

The saintly expression again flared in Jeff's eye. He held the spike in his upturned palms, chest-high. While Zack watched, spellbound, the great wrists corded, the shoulders bunched, the gnarled fists rolled inward against each other. The spike, folded head to point, dropped from Jeff's hands to the carpet, as useless as a bent gun barrel.

Zack sat in a chair, limp. "I knowed you didn't mean it, Jeff."

"No. It was a passin' thought. It had passed, jest before you come in. There it lays, no longer to tempt me."

Zack's ears were unhearing, his eyes half closed. Deep in thought, he stared at the bent and useless spike.

"When the great night comes," said Jeff, "I will beat Stumpy fair an' square. We—you an' me—Zack, will then go on to greater fames."

"Huh?" Zack was thinking about spikes, nice, new straight ones. Jeff must be saved from himself!

"I will beat Stumpy," persisted the one-eyed poacher, "because my heart is

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pure. Guess I'll try me a new ax, tomorrow. Today's don't hang good."

"Beat Stumpy?" murmured Zack, as if hypnotized. "Maybe."

His spirits buoyed by new hope, Zack existed almost happily until the afternoon of the day of the contest. But shortly after Jeff entered, he received a blow which knocked him into a new low of despair.

"This," said Jeff, who carried something across his shoulder, "is my new ax. It's my final choice."

"Thank God!" said Zack, tired from grinding, filing and whetting. But when he saw the mammoth blade in Jeff's hands, he knew his gratitude was premature.

The one-eyed poacher at last had found a weapon to his liking. It seemed to fit a giant's dreams. Here was no ordinary ax—Peavey, or Snow and Neally, poll or double-bit—with which he had heretofore felt homey. No! Once owned by some far-wandering timber-topping Goliath, this mighty tool had turned up in a Scollay Square hock shop. Uncle Jeff had feasted his eye upon this costume piece, and snatched it up for a dollar and forty cents. He was extremely proud of his discovery.

But to Zack Bourne, the ax resembled a guillotine mounted on a wagon tongue. The afternoon of the contest, with only hours to go, and all his careful scheming gone for naught. This dismal implement, he believed, would sink through a spike almost of its own weight.

"She's a little dull, but she's got heft."

"Heft?" echoed Zack, hollowly. "So's an anvil."

"Here's a new file. File her up nice. Then the whetstone. I want her so she'll shave the fuzz off a peach."

Zack desolately filed, and felt the rasping in his soul. . . .

GOVERNORS' Night at the Sportsman's Show! It seemed to Zack Bourne, as Jeff Coongate mounted the platform, that his friend was beyond help. It even seemed to the nerve-shattered Zack that Jeff's strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure. His weighty blade would carve the —but it couldn't!

Zack felt a little better as Stumpy Coldwillow climbed nimbly to the platform beside Jeff. Stumpy was packed like a cotton bale, and as tough as a yearling bear. Yet, to Zack's tortured mind, there was doubt. With Jeff's terrible ax, he might overcome anything—just hack right on through, like cheese.

Stumpy Coldwillow glared at his tall, aloof opponent. The gallery rippled with delight as the one-eyed poacher lifted a cool, green-satined shoulder in response. The house lights dimmed. Poacher and ex-warden were spotted, the lights glancing from their ax blades, as they stood eying each other.

Towering, bare-headed, poised, Jeff looked invincible.

Flash bulbs exploded. "Ladeez an' gentlemen: The feature of the evening—"

Zack Bourne but half heard the rest of it. The bunting beneath the governors' balcony, the presence of many biased game wardens, the murmur of the crowd, the suspense, and the figure of his old friend, calm before the multitude, confused him. But he did hear the starter's gun. And he saw Stumpy Coldwillow's ax flash downward, heard it sink into the timber like a hatchet in a pumpkin.

To the gallery's thrilled pleasure, the one-eyed poacher disdainfully gave his opponent a head start. Righteous and serene he stood, one foot on his timber, ax blade grounded, hand gracefully caressing the helve. Motionless, Jeff didn't even glance at Stumpy's arcing blade. Instead, in the spotlight, he achieved an attitude of heroic loneliness. He was a living symbol of a man apart, an uncompromising martyr to the cause of himself.

Suddenly, dramatically, Jeff broke the spell. Bowing to the assembled crowd, he spat on his hands, caught up his ax and raised it high. His first blow sank three inches into the timber, and the crowd let forth a roar.

In the first twenty seconds, Jeff made up for Stumpy's lead. For another ten seconds they held even. Stumpy's blows came faster. But Jeff's longer arc, with his tremendous reach of arm, gave the ax handle a whiplike power that drove the heavy blade deeper. At the halfway mark, the crowd was on its feet, yelling wildly. At that moment, to Zack Bourne, who sat tense in the crowded auditorium, the campfires of Mopang had never seemed so dim. He didn't dare watch, and he didn't dare look away.

"Who's ahead now?" he asked a man beside him.

"The old guy—the poacher—no! *NO!*"

"What?" Zack roared the question to make himself heard in the tumult.

"Stumpy's leading again, the ex-warden. The old guy's tiring. Can't stand the pace."

Zack's heart was split down the middle. He leaped to his feet, and heard himself bellowing encouragement to Jeff. The crowd had whimsically shifted to Stumpy Coldwillow's side. The man beside Zack hollered, "Go it, Stumpy! You got him! He's all done!"

Zack clutched the man by the arm, snarling, "Close your mouth, or I'll pick out your gizzard!"

Then he turned again to watch the end. Jeff had slowed badly. A grim look crossed his face—that of a man meeting superhuman obstacles. He seemed to be chopping endlessly in one place. The grim look changed to one of inspired determination. There was a thud. Stumpy Coldwillow's timber dropped in two pieces. The one-eyed poacher's weapon whistled in one last, terrific blow. He, too, had severed his timber. But the blow was too late. The ex-game warden had won. Fame was dead. . . .

Underneath a snow-arched cedar by a stream in Mopang Forest, they sat apart in the creeping mists of morning. Tea brewed in a tin can over a tiny fire. Their gloveless fingers were blue and numb, their shoulders hunched, their eyes turned from each other. Jeff was dressed now as he used to be dressed—in his tattered swamp clothes. But to Zack this was little satisfaction. Jeff had only mentioned the wood-chopping tragedy once. It had been on the train.

"Zack," he had said, "you have ended my career. You have broken me. I want you jest to realize it. Broken me."

Now, hopeful that the smoke of their little fire would in some way soften Jeff's heart, Zack said: "Have some tea, Jeff?"

"I'll tend to my own tea, when I'm ready."

"I'll put some rum in, Jeff. I saved some—jest for you."

"I don't care for any."

ZACK could no longer stand the hurt silence, the saddened eye. Desperate for forgiveness, he sought to bring the fight into the open.

"Dang it, Jeff! You could of claimed a foul!"

"A man of my reputation claim a foul? On a game warden? Besides, Stumpy didn't put that spike in my timber. You did! You!"

"Me?" said Zack, squirming. "Me put a spike in your timber?"

"Don't lie to me, Zack. On top of all you done to me, I couldn't bear it."

"I ain't lyin'!"

"Oh, I s'pose it was jest a knot in the timber that took out them nicks in my ax, like slices of melon?"

"I never said it was a knot, Jeff."

There was a meekness in Zack's voice, and a weary echo of guilt that fell enlighteningly on the one-eyed poacher's ear. He turned to Zack, and on his face a slow smile spread like benevolent dawn.

"Zack—ole pard—why didn't you tell me before?"

"I was a-feared you'd never forgive me."

"Forgive you? For payin' my ax, an' stren'th of arm, the fines' imaginable compliment? Why, Zack Bourne, it's jest simply beautiful!"

"You ain't mad any more, Jeff?"

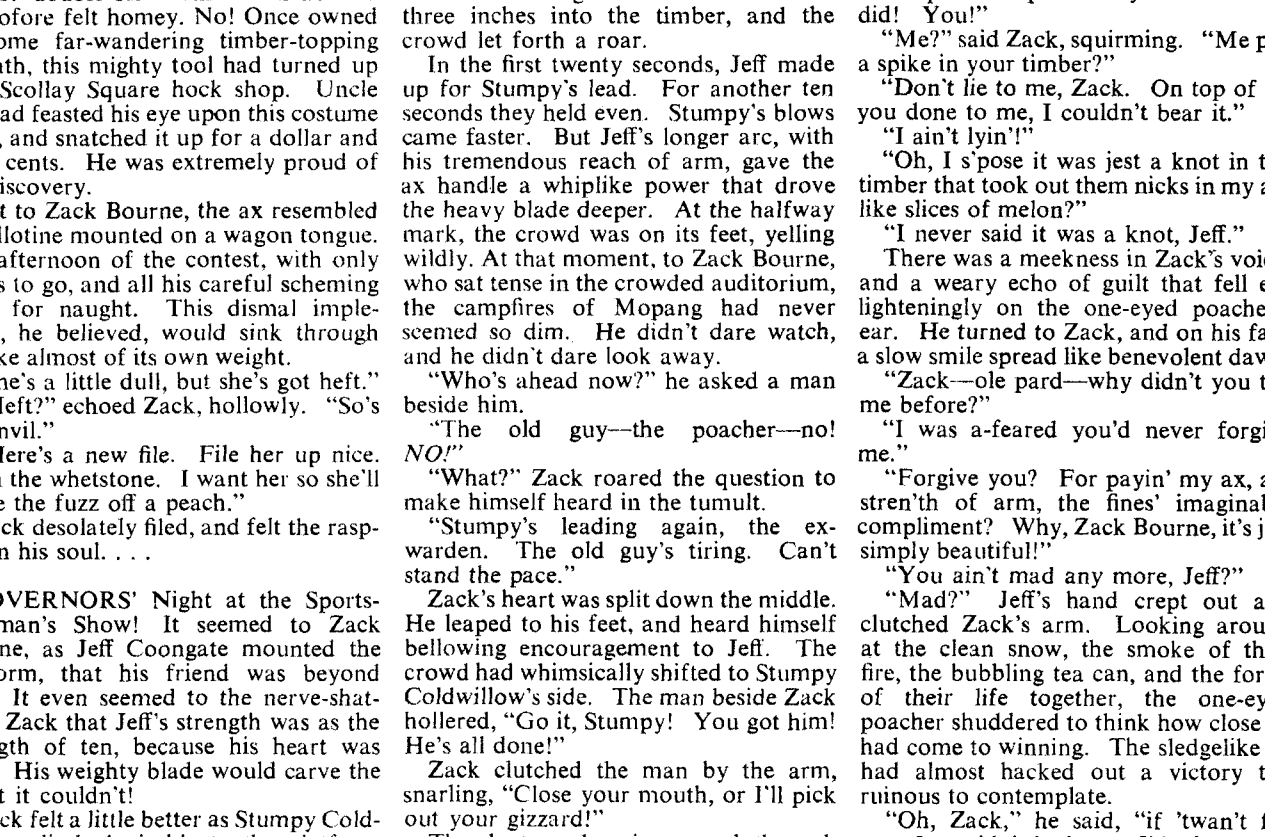
"Mad?" Jeff's hand crept out and clutched Zack's arm. Looking around at the clean snow, the smoke of their fire, the bubbling tea can, and the forest of their life together, the one-eyed poacher shuddered to think how close he had come to winning. The sledgelike ax had almost hacked out a victory too ruinous to contemplate.

"Oh, Zack," he said, "if 'twan't for you, I wouldn't be here. I'd of gone on to destruction in the cities, draggin' you down with me. But, Zack! How did you do it?"

"How?" said Zack, happily. "How? Well, 'twan't easy, Jeff. But when I seen, an' hefted that danged ax, I knowed I had to. I got that little stage carpenter that likes trout fishin', and promised him I'd guide him on a trip, free, if he'd help. We went out jest at dark to the freight platform back of the buildin', where the timbers was layin', with your initials on one, an' Stumpy's on the other. We took his augur, an' bored, an' then drove 'em in, an' filled over all nice with plastic wood. We put in two of 'em!"

"Two of 'em! That's even more beautifuller than ever, Zack. Makes it perfick. I din't realize my own stren'th. But you did. Them driftpins! Oh, them lovely driftpins! Pass the rum!"

THE END



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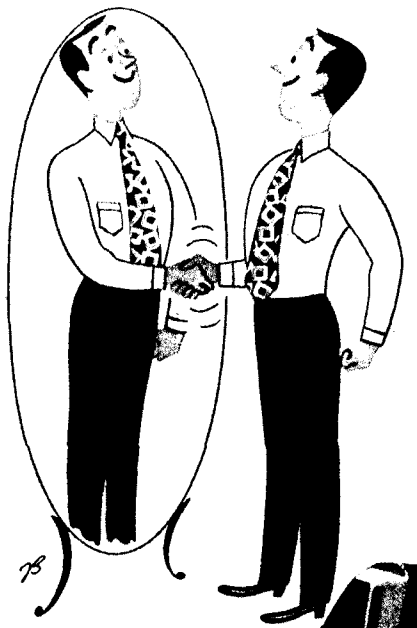

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MIRROR MOTIFS

TOWARD PEACE IN LABOR

Continued from page 21

foremen, and a new source of dues dollars became available to the unions. Union after union rushed into the field in a national campaign to organize supervisory employees.

Foremen are, of course, management's representative on the production line. In addition to their duties of supervision, they occupy a key position in labor-management relations. They communicate management policies to the worker and in turn inform management of the worker's problems and grievances. Their unionization had the effect of aligning them directly with the workers they were paid to supervise.

This was especially true when they joined the same union as that to which their production employees belonged.

Adverse Effect on Production

The ultimate result of such a policy would be the socialization of industry. Not only would such a result bring a stop to the further investment of capital in productive plants, but it would have an immediate effect on the discipline of employees and, therefore, on the production so necessary for our prosperity and for the welfare of the workers themselves.

One example testified to before our committee was the experience of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation. After its mine supervisors were organized by the United Mine Workers, disciplinary slips issued by the underground foremen fell off by two thirds and the accident rate in each mine doubled. The new law neither prevents foremen from organizing nor an employer from bargaining with their organization. But in relieving the employer from the governmental compulsion of bargaining with them, the law removes the provisions of the Wagner Act which required a foreman to serve two employers. The foreman is responsible to the employer and not to the men whom he supervises.

We were told that by taking away the government's protection of foremen's unions, we would encourage such employees to strike. The only strike of any importance involving supervisory employees in recent months was the one at the Ford Motor Car Company. That strike started before passage of the new law when the company declined to renew its contract with the foremen's union. The strike ended soon after the Congress voted to override the President's veto.

During recent years there has been an increasing demand by unions that employers contribute to a welfare fund. While many of such funds have had a laudable purpose, the need for some control to insure participation by the employees for whose benefit they were intended soon became apparent. The new law provides such protection by requiring that they be trust funds administered jointly by the employer and the union, with annual audits. Payments from such funds are further strictly limited to such purposes as medical care, pensions and disability and sickness benefits.

All of the dire predictions that the act would destroy welfare funds have been completely disapproved. The only difference is that the rights of the individual employee in the benefits of the fund are now guaranteed.

In a number of ways the new law attempted to restore an equality of bargaining power between unions and employers. Under the Wagner Act only the employer was required to bargain in good faith and sign a contract covering the terms of an agreement when reached. That duty now exists on both sides of the bargaining table.

Unions were also made subject to suit in the federal courts for violation of their contracts. Care was taken to protect union members from any personal liability. Judgments may only be collected from the union treasuries. The only argument advanced against this provision was that it subjected unions to harassment by suits. Of course this was always a specious argument. There has been no harassment by lawsuits.

A good deal of fear has been expressed that the law is being by-passed by contracts which exempt the unions from liability. Such a fear rises out of misunderstanding of the purpose of the law and of the contracts which have been made. Of course a contract which entirely exempts the union from any responsibility at all is not a contract. A union which insists on such a clause is engaging in an unfair labor practice and the employer may file charges with the board. On the other hand, I see no reason why a union should not protect itself against liability for which it is, in fact, not responsible, such as that caused by insurgent members entering into a wildcat strike.

There has been one extremely important development attributable to this provision. While seeking to exempt themselves from direct liability, they have undertaken expressly to do all they can to prevent the unauthorized "wildcat" strikes which have so much delayed the development of greatly needed postwar production. In return for the employer's promise to exempt the union from suit for violations of contract over which the union has no control, unions have agreed to take definite steps to end wildcat strikes.

For example, the International Harvester contract with UAW-C.I.O. and the Murray Body Corporation contract with that union both provide that in the event of a strike unauthorized by the union, it will immediately so state in writing on the company's bulletin boards and direct the strikers to return to work.

Too Many Duties for the Board

Under the Wagner Act the NLRB acted in a capacity of prosecutor, judge and reviewing court. Its field lawyers tried the cases, its trial examiners heard them and made recommendations, and the board itself reviewed the evidence and issued its orders. That such a many-sided role was productive of great abuse was clearly evident from the testimony presented before our committee year after year.

The new law created a General Counsel appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and gave him responsibility for the prosecution of cases. The board now functions like a court.

The new law makes no attempt to regulate the internal affairs of unions except as they may affect the right of a workman to secure and hold a job. A union may still refuse membership for any reason it chooses or expel a member without governmental restraint. However, it cannot require the employer to discharge the worker denied or expelled from membership even if it has a union-shop contract unless the reason for such denial or expulsion was nonpayment of initiation fees or dues.

I am still receiving a considerable volume of mail from individuals all over the country who have been discharged pursuant to closed and union-shop contracts. Many of their cases are pathetic. They are from people who have been expelled from the union for "conduct unbecoming a union member." Opposition to any plan of the union leader, supporting the unsuccessful candidate for union office, requesting an accounting of union

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funds, supporting a political party which the union has decided to oppose, turning out more production than the standard set by the union, and criticism of the government of Soviet Russia are among the many instances of "conduct unbecoming a union member."

Investigation of such complaints discloses that the discharges were pursuant to contracts entered into prior to the passage of the new law. The law, of course, did not affect existing contracts. But none of these reasons can cost a worker his job after those contracts have expired. A closed shop cannot be renewed or now entered into. A union-shop contract must first be authorized by a majority vote of the employees to be affected by it.

At the present time a determined stand is being made by some unions which have enjoyed the closed shop in the past, against any modification in their status. A printers' union has refused to bargain at all because no contract can legally provide for a closed shop. As a matter of fact, these same unions could by vote of their members provide for a union shop and they would get practically every protection for their union which they desire.

The closed shop has been prohibited by the Railroad Labor Law for many years, but the railroad labor unions are among the strongest in the country. Suggestions have been made that a closed shop should be permitted by vote of the members, but I feel that this is a question of principle on which I, at least, would not be willing to compromise. A closed shop in a few industries has not done great harm, although it has undoubtedly limited apprentices and cut down the number of men available in the particular trades to a point which is contrary to the public interest, particularly when an increase in production is desirable.

If, under authorization of law, the closed shop continued to expand to cover most of American labor it would be a serious detriment to the freedom of the American people. A man no longer could start work in that particular occupation to which he was best suited unless some labor union was willing to admit him into the charmed circle. It would tend gradually to freeze employment just as did the guilds of the medieval cities, a condition which accounted largely for their decline in importance.

Many states have prohibited the closed shop by initiative or by statute. As long as we provide an effective substitute in the union shop without the restrictions on freedom, I do not believe we should compromise on the closed-shop question. I might say, however, that I don't think Congress intended that this provision extend to local building-trade unions whose work is, in fact, intrastate in character. The status of such unions ought to be left to the state law.

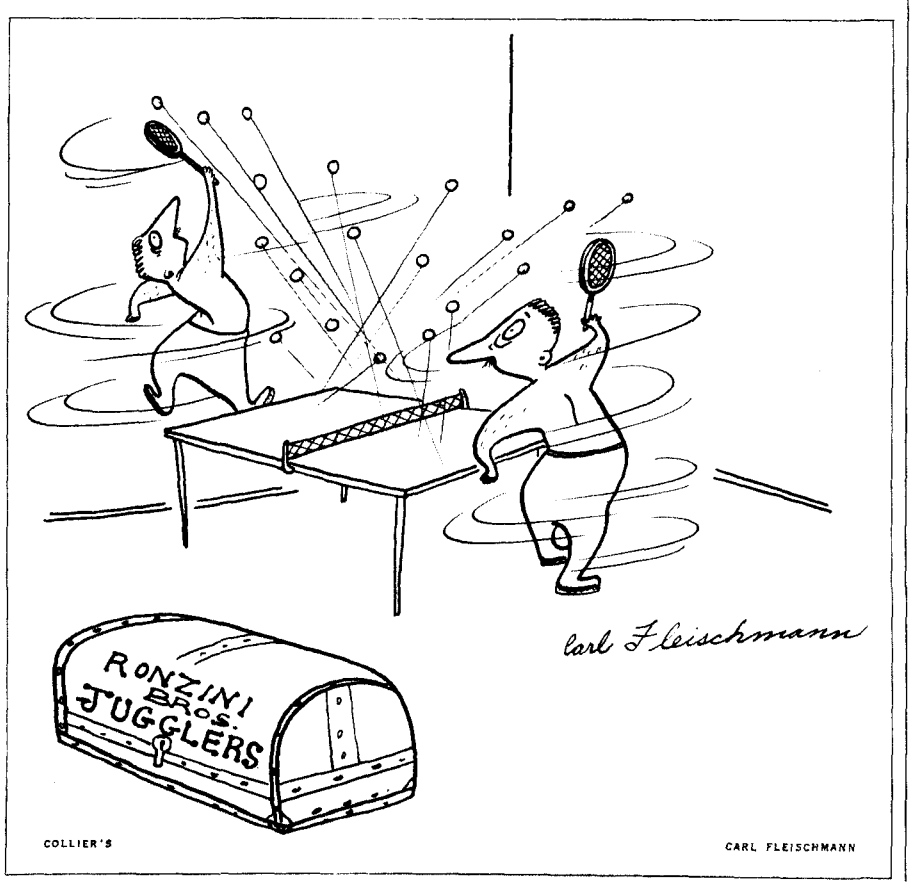
Conditions to Safeguard Democracy

The Wagner Act provided many benefits for labor unions and not one of these benefits has been taken away by the new law. Congress has, however, conditioned the enjoyment of these benefits by requiring union officers to file certain information before they may seek the services of NLRB. It was believed that democracy in unions could best be achieved by making it possible for union members to learn how and by whom their unions were being run. Thus, unions are now required to make a detailed statement of the procedures used in the conduct of their affairs to the Secretary of Labor, and also furnish a financial statement to each member.

A third requirement which has received much attention in the press is the one making it necessary for union officers to make non-Communist affidavits. Unions having officers who cannot sign such affidavits are handicapped and many of their members are suffering hardships. They cannot go to the government or the courts to obtain reinstatement and back pay when they are discharged for union activity.

The answer for them is obvious. Get rid of such officers. That is exactly what has happened already in a few cases. I am told by my Canadian friends that a number of the Communist officers of labor unions driven out of the United States have come into Canada, and are trying to get into the unions there.

Little attention has been given to that portion of the act establishing an independent Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service. The old U.S. Conciliation Service was a part of the Department of Labor. When a strike occurred, either the union or the employer frequently requested that a conciliator be sent in to help them work out a settlement. The conciliator usually first tried to find out the issues by talking privately to each



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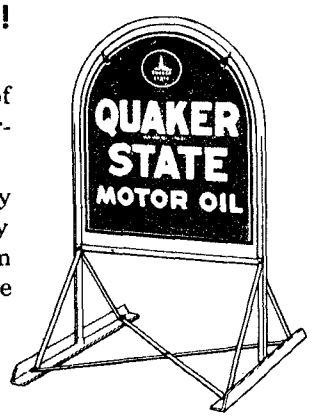

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side. He would then try to arrange a meeting of the parties and suggest middle grounds upon which they could agree.

The successful conciliator was one who could obtain the confidence of both the employer and the union. That is the only way for him to learn the real issues causing the strike. Since the Department of Labor was expressly created to advance the cause of unions, conciliators coming from that department were frequently handicapped by the belief on the part of employers that they would not act impartially.

The new law gives them an independent status in an agency headed by a director appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. To advise and assist the director, a panel of 12 members is created. To this panel the President must appoint six persons outstanding in the field of management and six outstanding persons in the field of labor.

The new law stresses the duties of the service in the prevention of disputes. Mr. Ching, the newly appointed director, expressed very well the intent of Congress when he recently stated that he wished to be judged not by the number of fires he put out, but by the infrequency of fires which occurred.

Objections Are Not Specific

The C.I.O. called it a "wreck labor bill," a "ripper law to get unions," "treason," "crucifixion," and "butcher shop legislation." The A.F. of L. has referred to it as "evil," "vicious," "offensive," "infamous" and "reprehensible." They have threatened to spend millions of dollars to defeat every senator and congressman who voted for it. Of course, they do not specify the particular matters to which they object because if they did, their arguments could be easily answered and the union members themselves would be even more in favor of the specific provisions of the act.

Eighty per cent of the unfair-labor-practice charges filed with NLRB since the new law went into effect are against employers under the sections retained from the Wagner Act. This demonstrates very clearly the ridiculousness of the charge that labor has been emasculated. It also indicates that employers are not rushing in to take advantage of the new rights given them. There has been no harassment of unions by lawsuits. On November 1st, there had been less than 20 suits brought against unions in all of the United States since passage of the new law.

The union leader whose interest is in promoting the interest of his members has found nothing in the law to interfere with his proper and normal method of negotiating with the employer for them. There have been a number of contracts of high importance to the unions entered into since passage of the new law. A study of such contracts does not show that the employees have lost anything. Every union newspaper stresses new gains for their members. For example, newspapers of the United Rubber Workers, C.I.O., announcing the new contracts in the rubber industry carried this headline: "Master Contract Wins Many Gains."

"You can't legislate labor relations," the labor leaders told our committee. The same statement was repeated by many of the so-called experts who testified before us this year and in prior years. It became a sort of axiom advanced to meet the public demand for curbs of the many union abuses of power.

Of course, this overlooked the fact that labor relations had not been legislated in the Clayton Act, the Norris-La Guardia Act and the Wagner Act. The only difficulty was that these laws operated only against the employer, and for practical purposes were construed to protect labor union leaders against action by anyone designed to prevent excesses in their demands or their actions. Naturally, extremists among the labor unions took advantage of the special privileges given by these laws, and even the more reasonable leaders had to follow them or lose their positions. Organized labor became a big business without the responsibilities placed by law on all corporations and employers.

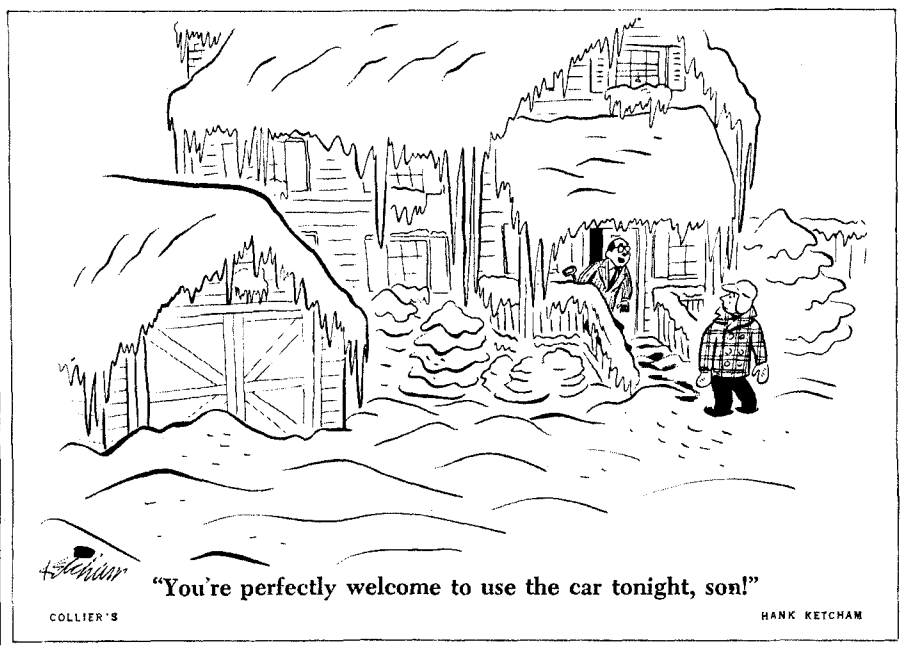
The arbitrary power asserted by many labor union leaders created a strong public resentment against their action, which was reflected in the overwhelming demand for revision of the labor laws.

The Labor-Management Relations Act of 1947 has been in effect but a short time. It has been a period of comparative industrial peace. I am not enough of an optimist to believe that such is a permanent state of affairs. Most of the contracts expire during the next six months.

It must be remembered that the new act in no way interferes with the right of men to strike for better hours, wages or working conditions. It is based entirely on free collective bargaining which means that if an agreement cannot be reached there may be no work done.

Most of the public seem to feel that strikes should be prohibited by law. They do not realize that if strikes are prohibited some method must be found to fix a fair wage, by arbitration or otherwise. That means that in the long run the government must appoint the arbitrators and must finally assume the responsibility of fixing a wage pattern. If the government fixes wages, the argument for fixing prices cannot be fairly met. If prices are fixed it means rationing and a complete control of distribution. That is the end of a free economy.

THE END



"You're perfectly welcome to use the car tonight, son!"

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BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL

Continued from page 23

stationed to relay messages to the suburban patrol. He saw Mr. Hamdi arrive shortly after ten o'clock. The rest of his information touches on an indiscreet matter—"

"There was a woman?"

"She arrived at ten thirty in a carriage and was admitted."

"And her description?"

"It was a dark night. The constable merely says he saw a woman swathed in the usual *chadur* worn in the streets."

Chafik was silent. Then he said, "What else?"

"At eleven thirty Mr. Hamdi's car drove away."

"Was the woman a passenger?"

"No, Inspector. There was only Mr. Hamdi. The constable had to leave his post with a message, and the woman probably left when he was away. The pavilion is now empty. I sent a man to investigate, thinking Mr. Hamdi might have returned later without the car."

"You say the car is in the garage at his main house?"

"I saw it myself. The garage is at the back and approached by a side road. It is possible that somebody was waiting—"

"My dear Jamali, you will bruise yourself." Chafik drummed the desk and watched the stone of his ring become a crimson pool as it caught the light. Recalled from his thoughts by the voice of the station officer he said, "Please continue your inquiries." He cradled the telephone and reached into the tray for the report of the complaint against Najib Faray, his drab eyes darkened by regret. "The loom is in motion," he announced to the empty office. "A weaving begins. . . ."

LATER in the day, Chafik drove to the house of Said Balahdi. It was a modern building of yellow brick set among wide lawns and fine shade trees. At the back was the river, shallow at this time of the year and dotted with islands covered by the restful green of cucumber vines. The district was residential and remote from the noise and odors of the crowded city.

Chafik heard the muffled wailing of women as he entered. He said to the butler, an old gray man, "If it is convenient I will offer my condolences to Miss Balahdi. How is your master?"

"He has recovered from the coma, sir, but he cannot speak. He—" The servant lifted his hands, palms outward, in a gesture of helplessness, and added, "The doctor says he is paralyzed. There is no hope."

"With God there is always hope." Chafik turned to a slender girl, quietly dressed in the Western style, who came down the broad stairs. Mara Balahdi was beautiful, but now her pale face contrasted too sharply with her black hair, and the great eyes mirrored tragedy. Chafik said gently, "I am here as your father's friend. If there is anything I can do—"

The girl answered, "Nothing can be done. He suffers. And I am to blame. Myself and Najib. And Mohammed Hamdi." She drew herself up and added hysterically, "He is the guilty one! He has brought my father to this!"

"Please!" Chafik led her to a room and sat opposite and patted her hand as he continued, "It is good to talk. Now tell me why you blame yourself and I will show you there is no blame."

Mara Balahdi answered, "If I had obeyed my father he would not have been stricken. You know whom he chose for my husband, but I was ungrateful and because I love Najib—"

Chafik said, "Even the scientists who imagine they control the power of the atom do not claim to control the power of love."

"—I love Najib," Mara went on. "I have loved him nearly two years. I thought Father approved, for he was kind and let him come to the house. But when, last year, Father went into business with Mohammed Hamdi, he changed. The influence of that man is evil." She stopped and looked at Chafik wildly. "What power has he over my father? Why is everything he asks given him? First our little river pavilion which was my dead mother's joy, and where as a child I was so happy. And then—then—"

"The engagement?"

"Yes, Inspector. Father told me I was to marry Mohammed. He turned Najib from the house. He was harsh. A man so kind, perhaps spoiling me because I was the only child, became harsh. What has been done to him?"

"I am a detective. The questions you ask should be answered by a mufti wise in the ways of God. But this I say, Mara bint al Balahdi, nothing you have told me is reason to blame yourself for your father's sickness."

SHE looked at him a long time, finding comfort and then killing it with remorse. Her voice grew stronger as she said, "Listen and judge, you who are my father's friend. Last night Najib came here. He was mad with grief. He begged my father not to sign the marriage contract. He told terrible things about Mohammed Hamdi—of his women, of what he does with the river pavilion. And then he ran raging from the house."

Chafik moved uneasily. He thought: This is what I should not hear. I came as a friend, but my ears are police ears. . . .

"And when he had gone," Mara went on bitterly, "I shouted at Father. I cried that I would rather die than marry the man he had chosen for me. And then I also ran from the house."

"Where did you go?"

"I took a carriage. I drove around. Oh, I do not know where I went! But I came at last to the home of my aunt and stayed there until they brought me the news this morning. That is how I struck down my father. Myself and Najib. For when the *mufawwadh* came and told of the scene at Hamdi's house—"

"Enough," said Chafik. "I beg of you, enough!" He stood up and swung his clasped hands, his head bowed and his lips moving. The girl forgot her torment and looked at him in wonder as she heard him say in a hollow voice, "She was in a carriage at that hour . . ."

"I was decent," she protested. "I wore a *chadur* and my face was covered by a fold of it."

"The number of the carriage?"

"I do not know. I stopped it in the street. What is wrong with you, Inspector?"

He answered, "A man in my profession is haunted by ugly thoughts. But you have troubles enough, little Mara. Has Hamdi been here today?"

"No, and I am glad. Make him stay away."

Chafik said, "I will try." He wondered how long the news of the man's disappearance could be kept from the girl. Then he asked, trying to be casual but hating himself because the question was a thread he must weave into the pattern, "And have you seen Najib?"

"I need him. I have even telephoned his home, but nobody has seen him." Her great eyes filled with tears. "He may have done something foolish."

The little man said hastily, "I will get news of him. If he is distraught he possibly walks aimlessly." . . .

Somewhere in the house a bell began to ring and there followed a hammering on the main door. The butler in white gown

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and red sash crossed the hall, running on tired old feet. He said as he opened the door, "Are you without shame to make such noise in a place of sorrow?" but was pushed aside as a young man entered violently.

He was of small build, with delicate hands and feet and a thin, handsome face. The proud, rather defiant, set of his head was typical of the Iraqi of good family, but the neatness was gone, the well-cut clothes bedraggled, his hair a tangle. As he ran toward the girl with hands outstretched the eagerness of his love was a flame warming the gloomy house.

Mara cried, "Your clothes, your appearance! Oh, Najib, what have you done with yourself?"

"I walked," the young man answered. "I walked all night, thinking, planning, hoping—" He saw the Inspector and shouted angrily, "So you look for me even here?"

Chafik said, "It would be wise to control yourself."

"Your police stopped me in the street and told me to report to headquarters. What have I done?"

"There are questions to ask and they will come best from me." The little man reached for cigarettes and then let the case slide back into his pocket. He looked at the two young people sadly, seeing the shadows gathering around them, the weaving shadows which shaped to a vile pattern. He said, "Last night you were very foolish. You entered the house of Mohammed Hamdi and threatened him."

Najib Faray answered, "I wish I had killed him."

"Please!" Chafik made a movement of protest. "What did you tell Mr. Balahdi when you came here?" he asked.

"I told him the man he had chosen for Mara's husband was a philanderer and entertained kept women in the pavilion up the river. I told him that Hamdi would be there with a woman that very night, one called Yamile who lives at the Cabaret Hotel. I told him the rendezvous was fixed for ten thirty."

"How did you learn this?"

"You are not the only detective in Baghdad." The young man was somewhat contemptuous. "I watched until I learned the truth and then told Mr. Balahdi with the hope he would break the engagement. But he became angry and drove me from the house."

The girl interrupted, "Inspector, why do you ask these questions?"

He answered, "I must add to your sorrow. Mohammed Hamdi has not been seen since he returned from the pavilion." And to Faray he said, "You understand? You threatened him. He asked for police protection. He has disappeared. May the All-Merciful, the Compassionate grant your movements can be traced and found harmless."

NAJIB put his arm around the girl. It was, Chafik reflected, an improper action and as a friend of the family he should object, but he saw it as the forming of a united front against himself, and thought: Now they hate me . . . Aloud he said, "It is the duty of a policeman to protect the innocent. I wish you would trust me."

The girl said, "Your voice drips honey, but each drop is poison." She looked at him with loathing.

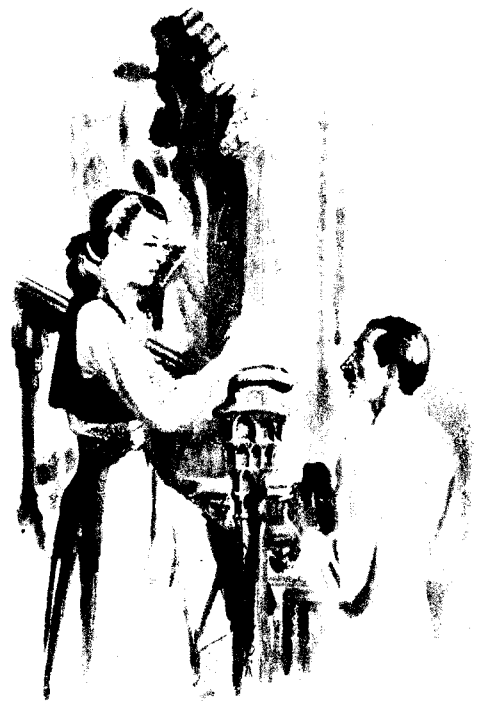
Faray said in a curt voice, "It is useless to tell you I have done nothing to Hamdi. I walked. I crossed the river to the Karradat side and followed the bank for miles. Only the Bedouin live over there and they are a shiftless people whose evidence is worthless. Therefore I am without an alibi and at your disposal."

"Arrests are not made on my orders but by direction of the Chief Inspector." Chafik shrugged. "Hamdi may return," he said. "Please do not let hate root in your hearts. There is already too much hate in this world."

As he left the room Mara Balahdi called after him, "Go look at my father. Then you will know why, if you take Najib from me, I must hate you. He is all I have now—" She began to cry.

Chafik climbed the stairs. He told himself that an executioner mounting the scaffold to await his victim must know the feelings that oppressed him. He voiced the thought, "The hunters of men are detested by men—" and thrust his hands savagely into his pockets as he went along the corridor to the sickroom.

A nurse met him and put a finger to her lips. He walked tiptoe over the thick carpet, noting the rich furnishings and the worldly comforts that now gave no pleasure to Said Balahdi. When he reached the bed and saw the man who lay motionless under the coverlet, horror put a cold hand to the nape of his neck.



"I wish you would trust me," he said. The girl looked at him with loathing. "Your voice drips honey, but each drop is poison," she said

The body of Balahdi was dead. Only the eyes lived. They looked out of a finely drawn, clean-shaven face which was covered with a gray film of sweat. The pin-pointed pupils struggled frantically like wild creatures behind bars and an unintelligible murmur came from the parted lips.

Chafik asked, "Can he hear?"

The nurse said, "He hears." She was hardened to her profession but turned quickly from the bed.

The Inspector took Balahdi's hand and felt a faint movement, a clawing of the fingers which added new horror. In a quiet voice the Inspector said, "Friend, let there be peace in your mind." The eyes focused on him and he said again, "Be at peace. God will lead me to the truth." The murmuring of the dying man became louder and then changed to a sigh as the dreadful eyes closed.

The nurse said, "I have never seen them close before. You have given him rest. Please go now. . . ."

When Inspector Chafik reached his office in the headquarters building at the corner of Faisal Square, he sank wearily into his chair and rang for Sergeant Abdullah. He asked, "What news?"

"Sir," answered the gaunt man, "we are still without trace of Hamdi. He has certainly disappeared. We are now dragging the river near his house and as the water is low the presence of a body should soon be discovered."

"I do not like this talk of bodies." Chafik's voice was harsh. "Has Corporal Yacoub completed his work on Mr. Hamdi's car?"

"He found fingerprints on the wheel which we compared with our records and identified as those of the missing man. There are also smudges from gloved hands, but they mean nothing. A man drives sometimes with gloves and sometimes without."

"And Faray?"

"Sir, there is proof that he crossed the river to the Karradat side shortly after midnight, but we have not traced his earlier movements—"

"Put more men on the job. What of the carriage driver who took the passenger to the pavilion?"

"He is here. Also the woman from the Cabaret Hotel about whom you telephoned. The driver has seen her but does not recognize her as the passenger. He is an old man, sodden with drink, and therefore unreliable as a witness. All he knows is that he took a woman muffled in a *chadur* to that address. He picked her up in the Nassah Quarter—"

CHAFIK'S hand shook as he lighted a cigarette. He said bitterly, "There is no good news. Hamdi's woman would have taken the carriage from the hotel. Bring her to me."

They brought in a woman with a bold painted face. She was dressed in bright clothes covered by an outdoor robe of black, and her heavy perfume caused the little man to put a handkerchief to his nose. The shrill sound of her voice grated on his ears and he said, "The shriek of a parrot is more pleasant. You call yourself Yamile?"

"It is my true name—"

"I have your true name on my records and it is not Yamile. You are mistress to Mohammed Hamdi?"

"I am a decent woman. I—"

He stood up and slapped her face. "Time is too short for me to be courteous to you. Last night you went to a pavilion up the river to keep an appointment with your lover?"

The frightened woman whispered, "I did not go. It was canceled. I have proof I did not leave the hotel."

"Such witnesses as you can produce are worthless. When was the rendezvous canceled?"

"A man called me before ten o'clock. He said Mr. Hamdi would not be able to meet me because he had had to go to Mosul on unexpected business."

"What kind of voice was it?—Perhaps that of a young man?"

"Men's voices are all the same to me."

"But not their purses," Chafik said savagely. "Go, woman called Yamile. And remember that when I want you my hand will take you. There is no hiding from me in this world—or from Hell in the next."

She fled, and Chafik opened the window and fanned the air with a paper to drive out the clinging perfume. Sitting at his desk he smoked, but got no relief from the haunting memory of tormented eves and the pattern of his own weaving.

He announced, "Faray is without an alibi. There is a case against Mara . . . If

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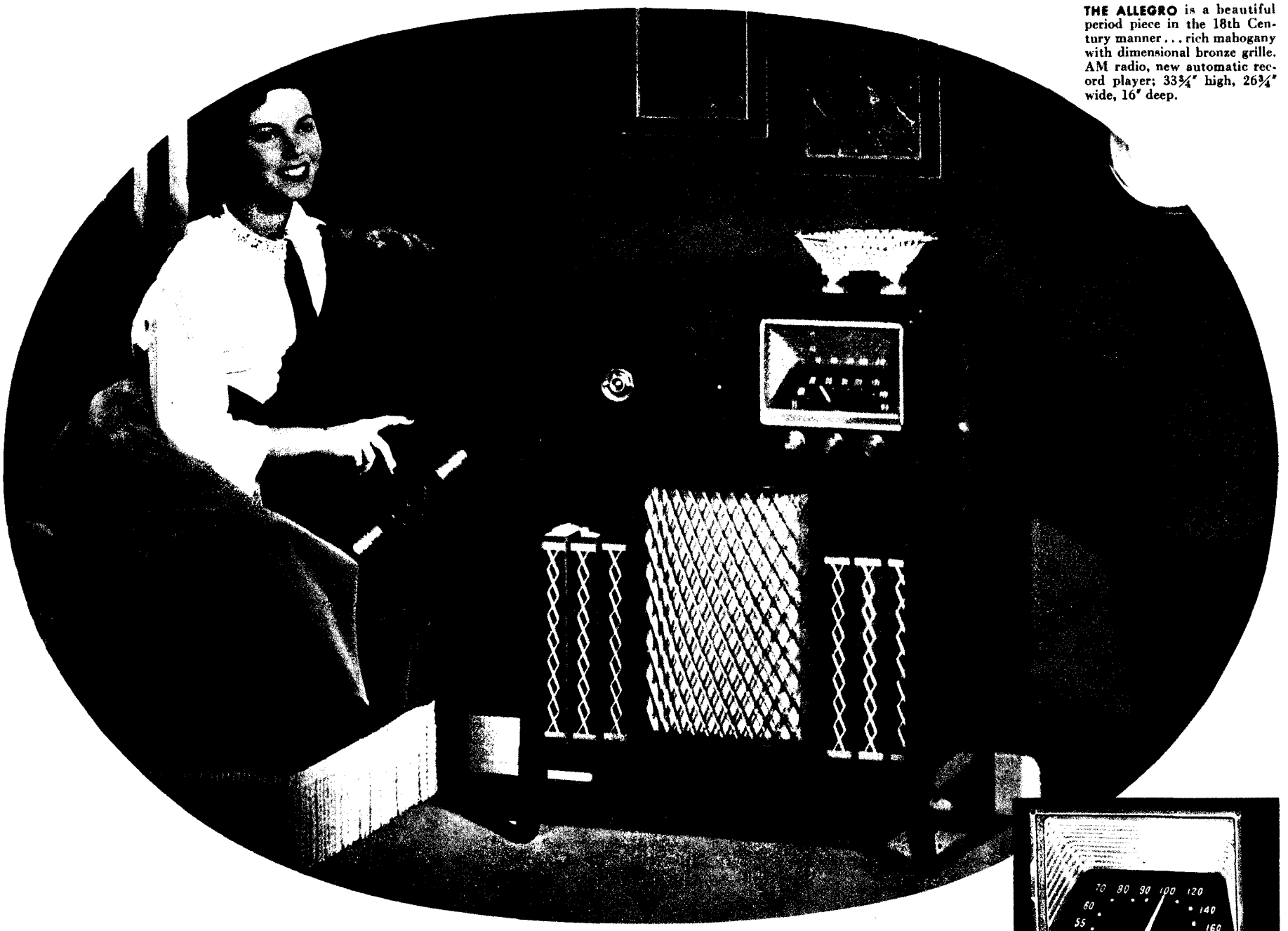

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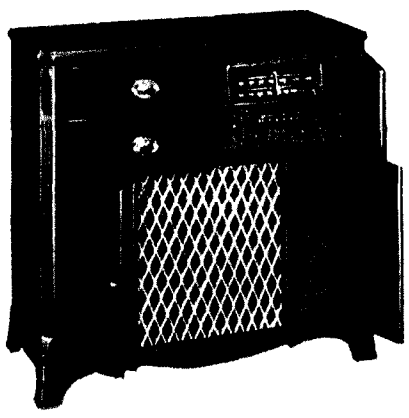

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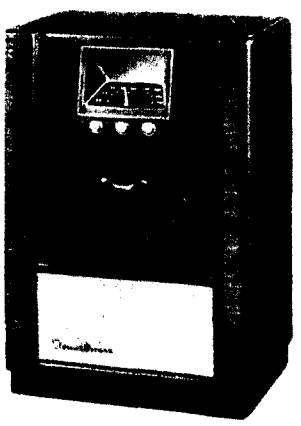

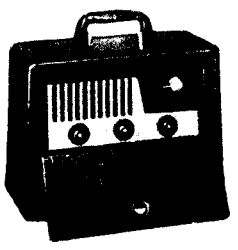

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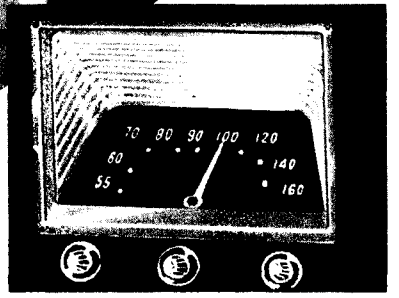

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the woman Yamile had only gone to the pavilion . . . If Hamdi had not been seen to leave. . . ."

His hands, which had been covering his face, fell suddenly to the desk. He stared at the window illuminated by the golden light of late afternoon and heard the shrill whistle of birds swooping through the cooling air. "If Hamdi had not been seen to leave . . ." he repeated, and reached for the telephone and called the Nassah police post.

Chafik said brusquely to the *mufawwadh*, "Give me the constable who was stationed outside the river pavilion last night." When the man was on the wire the Inspector said, "You reported you saw a woman enter the Hamdi place but it was too dark to recognize her."

"That is correct, sir. It was a very dark night—"

"Then how did you recognize Hamdi when he left?"

"Sir, I—" The constable was nervous and Chafik could hear his heavy breathing. "It was a man who came out," he said finally. "Who else would it have been, sir, except the one who went in?"

"The jumping grasshopper has no sense of direction," Chafik said and cut the call. He sat for several minutes with the dead instrument to his ear and then, with a finger that appeared to be lead, so heavily did it move, he dialed another number and asked for Mara Balahdi.

When he greeted the girl she answered coldly, "Is your heart all stone?"

"I beg of you to have a moment's faith in me and answer a question—"

"Your questions are traps."

"Tell me if a *chadur* is missing from your house—"

He heard the girl gasp. The following silence was long, but eventually her voice came faintly, "I do not understand the question, but it is true one of my outdoor robes is missing."

"Since when?"

"Since last night. It was reported to me by the sewing woman when I returned this morning and I thought—Inspector Chafik, why did you ask that question?"

"There was a gap in my pattern. It needed a thread. A black thread." The little man shivered slightly but his voice was gentle as he added, "Little Mara, you will need more courage soon. If Najib is in the house please keep him there."

WHEN he had replaced the receiver he went to the window and looked down on a street thronged with shabby carriages and ramshackle taxis. The sky was turning pink as the flaming sun dropped to the flat horizon, and from the cafés of Baghdad rose the racket of phonographs greeting the evening with wailing melodies.

Chafik touched the bell. He said to Sergeant Abdullah who appeared as abruptly as a jinni, "Bring men and equipment. We are going to find Mohammed Hamdi.". . .

They stood in the grounds of the summer house by the river. The land had once been cultivated as a citrus grove but was now neglected. Night had come and powerful lights illuminated the masonry of a cistern once used for irrigation purposes and almost hidden by the tangle of undergrowth.

Chafik, weary from the long search, flicked the ash from his cigarette and said, "The cover of this cistern has recently been disturbed. Raise it." He turned his back as a man with an iron bar levered up the heavy trap.

Lights were focused and Sergeant Abdullah was heard to say, "By God and by God!" His gaunt face became animated as he peered into the dark pit partly filled with stagnant water. He ordered, "Bring the poles."

They used bamboo rods fashioned with hooks; the men grunted as they strained at their work. The sweet smell of the grove gave place to a foul odor as a shapeless bundle was dragged out and dropped with a dull wet thud to the ground.

Abdullah said, "Sir, your reasoning was without fault. I beg to report a body."

The little Inspector looked at the remains of Mohammed Hamdi. He saw on the thick neck the marks of fingers which had compressed the throat. "He was unpleasant in life," he remarked, "and his appearance has not improved with death. Remove the garment that is wrapped around him."

It was a black robe of heavy silk fashioned with a hood. Chafik said, "There is the 'woman' who arrived here last night."

The sergeant interrupted, "Sir, truly I have a wooden head! Now the facts are all clear. A woman's garment swathed around a man of slight build is an effective disguise. It was he who called Yamile and told her not to come to the pavilion. It was he who came in her place, knowing that Hamdi was here. And then he killed him, and having disposed of the body and the robe, left as a man and drove the car back to the garage, thereby creating a false trail which only your crystal mind found faulty. He—"

Chafik asked, "Who is this 'he' you condemn to the scaffold?"

"Sir, who else but Najib Faray?"

"Then let us go and find him." Inspector Chafik turned from the body of Mohammed Hamdi and walked quickly to his car, the sodden *chadur* draped over one arm. . . .

He came to the house of Said Balahdi, a place of grief in a setting of aromatic trees and sweet-smelling night flowers. The lanterns of the stars hanging from the velvety sky mocked him with their gaiety and Chafik said as the butler opened the door, "Such nights were made for pleasure, not death . . ." He entered flanked by Abdullah and another officer and silently held out the robe to Mara.

The girl said, "It is my *chadur*. Where—"

"Is Najib here?"

"Did you expect him to run away?"

"Your hate is a knife," Chafik said, "and my heart is not stone." He looked at the young man who had followed the girl into the hallway. "What I have to say I will say in the presence of Mr. Balahdi and you both."

"You wish to torture my father?"

"I wish to bring him peace."

They climbed the stairs and entered the room where shaded lights showed the motionless form on the bed. The sweat was heavy on the man's face, and the desperate eyes still struggled for freedom. To Chafik the nurse whispered, "He will not last the night. He has rested a little but now the horror has returned."

The Inspector sat by the bed and took Balahdi's hand. He said, "Friend, I have good news." The eyes focused and the muttering stopped.

Chafik went on, "Here is a woman's outer robe which was worn last night as a disguise by the man who went to the river pavilion and killed Mohammed Hamdi. That man had good reason to kill him." There was no sound in the room after he paused, and when he began again his voice ran on the feet of echoes around the walls. He said, "There is blackmail in this case. The record of Hamdi is known to me, and an honest man like yourself, finding he had been tricked into shady business, might be afraid to denounce his partner. But that partner might have threatened to denounce him—"

THE man on the bed began to mutter again and when he was silent the Inspector continued, "Hamdi is dead, so we need not investigate the blackmail. It is sufficient that he had you in his power and, as the final blow, demanded your daughter . . . Mr. Balahdi, last night when Mara ran from the house your love for her overcame your fear of disgrace. It was you who wore the *chadur*, made the telephone call to the woman Yamile, and went to the pavilion on the information given you by Najib. There are two facts which knot the final threads in this pattern. Only you could have taken the robe. Only you, who once owned the river place, knew of the disused cistern in the garden."

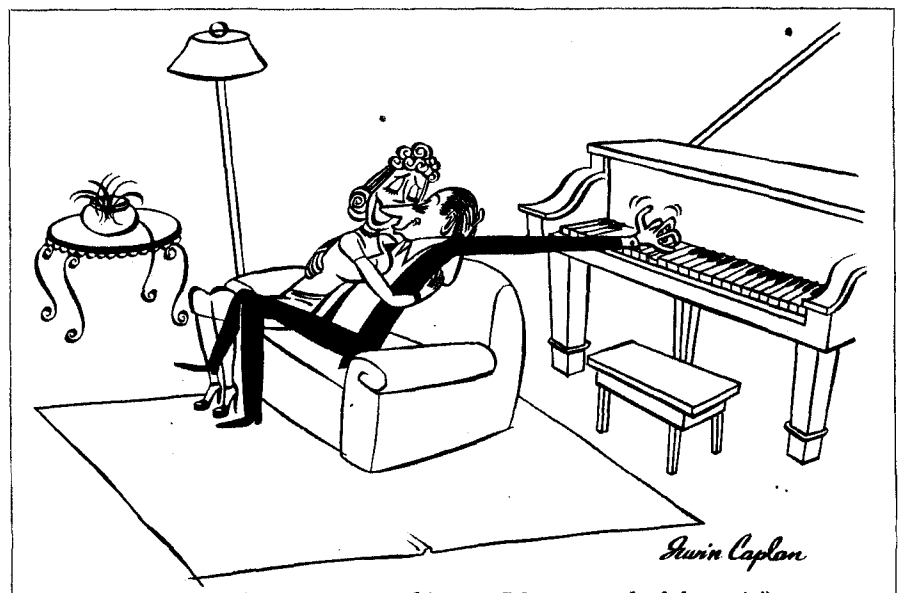
There were beads of perspiration on Chafik's forehead as he went on, "You killed, but you were punished more horribly than any man has been punished. When the *mufawwadh* came to you with the tale of Najib threatening Hamdi, you realized the young man would be suspected. The shock struck you down . . . And you have been lying here trying to confess, unable to move, unable to talk, seeing the net close around the innocent, tortured—tortured—"

The little man rose to his feet and leaned over the bed. His voice was almost musical as he said; "There are no witnesses here. I have confessed for you, friend, but try to nod your head as signature. Try! Try! It is all over now, Said Balahdi, and only peace awaits you."

The head of the dying man moved. His eyes shone with an inner joy as they met those of his accuser with gratitude, with a benediction. . . .

When Inspector Chafik left the house he said to the gay lantern of the stars, "In time the young people will cease to hate me." He walked through the perfumed garden to his car, but stopped again to say with wonder in his voice, "It is not every day that God uses a hunter of men as the instrument of His mercy. . . ."

THE END



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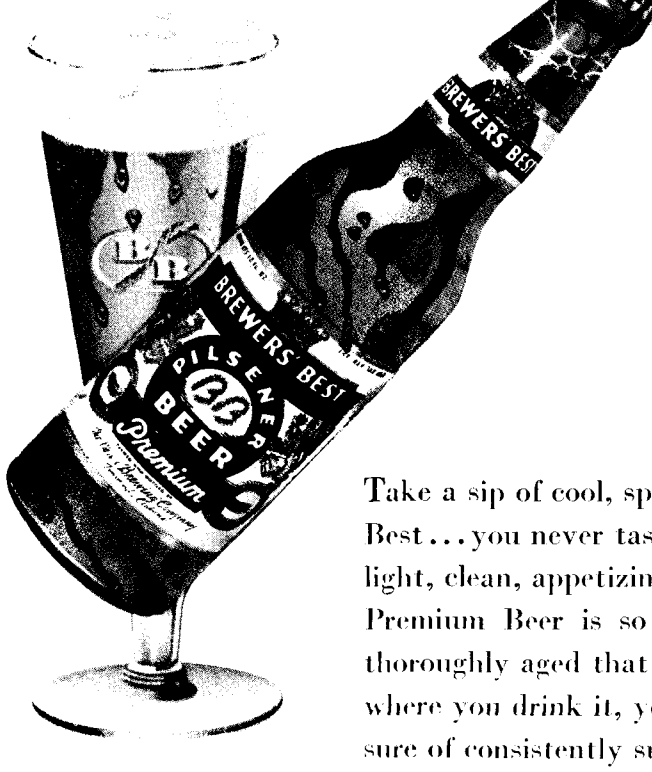

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THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

Continued from page 20

course, that he'd pinched it from Henry. "Well, friend, it beats me. But as long as we got it back, why worry?"

"That's how I figure."

"Well, let's go," the big man said from the car.

The little man turned to him. "Say, how about it?"

"How about what?"

"Here's some talent you don't find lying around every day."

"You got something there."

The little man turned to Jackson. "You know damned well this isn't our money, don't you, friend?"

"You identified it."

"That's the spirit. You know damned well it's Henry's dough, but you popped off your face and put up a sign, and when we come along with the numbers there's nothing else you can do but fork it over. You're a smart monkey, friend. How'd you like to square up with Henry?"

"I ain't got nothing against Henry," Jackson protested. "Except he beat me out of some money."

The two strangers laughed. "That makes us pals," the little man said. "Hop in, and we'll talk on the way."

"Where we going?"

"The old Jonah mine."

"What for?" The Jonah had been closed down since 1916.

"Look, friend. I don't like Henry no more than you do. And I had a son of my own who went overseas and never come back." The little man took off his snapbrim hat and put it over his heart.

"That's tough, mister," Jackson said. "You don't look that old."

"I lived a clean life. While you was over there fighting for your country, Henry Brown was robbing you blind. You heard about them sheep he lost yesterday, because Ned Holt had another of his spells?"

"I heard about it."

"Twenty of them sheep are yours, friend. They're up in the old Jonah tunnel, waiting to be picked up."

"Why, that dirty crook!" Jackson said.

"I guess you just about got Henry where you want him. Hop in, friend. We can be there in a couple of hours."

IT TOOK, actually, almost three hours. Except for an occasional sheep wagon, the old road up Garrison Gulch had seen no traffic since the Jonah closed down.

"Didn't know it would take so long," Jackson said. "I got to be back."

"We'll only be there a few minutes," the little man said. "I know the man on guard. He's got no love for Henry. You talk to him and let him know who you are and what Henry's doing to you, and it's that simple. He'll walk away and we'll drop you off home and go get the sheriff."

"Kind of tough on Henry," Jackson said.

"If you break the law, friend, you got to take the consequences."

The car bumped around a turn of the gulch and the old dump came in sight, the tailing a huge pile on the mountainside. The old stamp mill was across the gulch, a crazily leaning structure half robbed away by people needing lumber. The car stopped below the tailing pile.

"I'll go up and see the guard," the little man said. "I'll holler when it's okay." He scrambled up the loose tailings with the agility of a monkey, making a considerable clatter. He reached the top, far above, and disappeared. Presently he came in view on the rim and called down. "Okay, friend!"

Jackson scrambled up the tailings. The loose rock slid underfoot, and he paused, puffing, halfway to the top. From somewhere he heard the rattle of rock, and he wondered if the guard was already taking to the brush. Just as well. He didn't particularly want to know the crook. Wonderful, he felt, how everything was working out. With those sheep in the Jonah tunnel, Henry would be a Christian. All Jackson cared about was getting what was due him. Figured he'd talk the two strangers out of going for the sheriff. He had no desire to see Henry in jail. Just put it up to him, get the books straightened out, warn him that he'd better forget about entangling Katie—yes, it was all working out. Jackson cast an eye at the sun. Along noon or a little past. Ought to be back before Nephi returned from Tooele. Something had to happen on that. He certainly couldn't marry Anita. Well, have faith.

He started up again. Certainly was a climb to the top. He was wheezing and wet with sweat when he reached it. The little man was not in view, and Jackson followed the rusty ore-car tracks to the mouth of the tunnel. It was black inside. "Hey!" he yelled.

"I have a wonderful job as a waitress. I thought I'd like to pick up some pin money teaching school"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

His voice came back hollowly from the blackness. He went back to the rim of the tailing pile.

Below, the green sedan was a quarter mile down the gulch, bumping along faster than it should have been, considering the road. Jackson saw the two men in it. One of them waved, and the car disappeared.

"I'll be go to hell," Jackson said. The little man obviously had scrambled down the other side while Jackson was climbing up. He cocked an eye at the sun. He was forty miles from home. Couldn't hope to get back, walking, before morning. By that time, there'd be no use showing up. Nephi would shoot him on sight.

Jackson sat down and got out tobacco. To hell with the Word of Wisdom and the whole shebang. He needed a smoke and he was tired of the whole deal. Nothing but trouble ever since Grandpa Skinner appeared.

"Jack!"

The voice seemed to come from nowhere. Jackson guiltily dropped his half-rolled cigarette and looked at the sky. If ever he needed a little help from beyond, this was the time.

"Y-yes?" Jackson whispered. "Yes, G-grandpa?"

"Hey, Jack!"

It didn't sound like a voice from beyond this time. He got up and looked about.

"Hey, Jack! Over here!"

Below and across the gulch a figure was waving beside the leaning structure of the old stamp mill.

"Sid! What the hell you doing here?"

"Getting a load of lumber for the concrete forms, like I said!" Sid Worth called. "Was they there when you left?"

"Who?"

"The dry farmers! They was going to start digging while I got the lumber!"

"Maybe they're there by now. Got your team?"

"My truck's inside!"

Jackson scrambled down the tailings and hurried across the gulch. "Sid, I never was so surprised to see anybody in my life."

"You sure jumped when I yelled." Sid winked. "It's okay, Jack. I know just how you feel. In your place I'd do the same thing."

"Those two jokers brought me up and run off without me!"

"Never mind, Jack. I won't say a word. Me, I wouldn't marry one of them Smith girls, neither, without a shotgun at my back."

"I've got to get back, Sid, or they'll think I run away."

"Imagine that. Anybody knows you wouldn't do a thing like that. Who was they? I seen the little guy skin up and make sure the coast was clear. Of course my truck's inside here and he didn't see it—"

"Sid, they tricked me."

"Sure they did. You really wanted to hang around and get married up to Anita."

"I'm trying to tell you! They cooked up a story about—oh, hell!" Jackson said. "Look: I don't care what you think, but I've got to get back."

"Jack, we knowed each other a long time. When I tell you you can trust me, that ought to be enough."

"Do you want me to kick your fool teeth in? I tell you those guys tricked me. Some deal with Henry to get me away so I couldn't go back."

"Go to hell, Jack, if I don't figure you're serious."

"How many times do I have to say it?"

"Then, okay, Jack, let's go."

The truck, an old one with high clearance, wasn't bothered at all by the high centers that had been such a hazard to the green sedan. Sid simply took the road as it came, and he overhauled the sedan near the mouth of the gulch. The sedan speeded recklessly.

"Keep on their tails, Sid. I want a word with those boys."

"What's the deal?"

Jackson explained, and Sid poured on the coal, crowding the rear bumper of the sedan as the two vehicles bumped along the narrow mountain road. "What I can't figure is how they got the numbers of them bills," Sid said.

Jackson had left out part of the story, the part about Henry's visit.

The sedan reached the mouth of the gulch, and with escape ahead took on a reckless burst of speed, drawing away from the old truck. There was a crash, the sedan shuddered, and as it sped on, it left a trail of oil.

"We lost 'em," Jackson said.

"Won't be long now," Sid corrected.

THE sedan sped across the sage flat. Smoke began pouring out behind. Sid chugged along complacently. The sedan was two miles in the lead when it stopped. Sid pulled alongside. The two strangers sat silently.

"You forgot me," Jackson said.

"I half believe this angel stuff," the big man muttered. He tossed the packet of money to Jackson. "We noticed you left this in the car. We was going to drop it off at your house."

"You better come clean," Jackson said. "You cooked this whole thing up with Henry, to get me away. He give you the numbers of the bills."

"Numbers?" the little man asked blankly.

"Numbers on what bills?" the big man said.

"Look, you want me to get tough?" Jackson said, his temper rising.

The two men looked at each other in amazement. "What's he talking about?" the big man asked the little man.

"Beats me," the little man said. "He asked us to drive him up to the old Jonah mine and leave him there. And now he starts in on numbers."

"So it's that way," Jackson said.

"You got the advantage of me, friend," the little man protested.

"If you'd tell us what it's all about," the big man suggested.

"All right," Sid snapped, "then why was you trying to get away with the money?"

"Money?" The little man's eyes were wide. "What money?"

"This money you just tossed to Jackson."

"Money?" the big man said. "Is there money in that package? I thought it was a sandwich or something. We was going to drop it off—"

Jackson sighed. "Let it go, Sid."

"Yeah; these guys have been questioned before."

"Okay, you two. Hop in and we'll ride you in."

"Thanks, friend," the little man said. The pair got out of the car and suddenly broke into a run across the sage flat. "But if you don't mind," a voice floated back, "we'd rather walk!"

"Then let 'em walk," Sid said, and chugged along in the old truck. When they pulled into Jackson's place a swarm of men were at work. The roof dirt had been shoveled off, the floors torn up and

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the canvas lining ripped from the log walls. A big pile of rubbish was blazing, and so was an argument between the ranchers and the dry farmers.

"Jack!" Young Merrill Littlewall cried. "You're just the man we want to see! We agreed to put in the floors. Ain't that so?"

"Well, yes."

"Not so fast!" a dry farmer cried. "We agreed to put in the basement. You shook hands on that!"

"You sure did," Sid Worth said. "What's the trouble?"

"They're trying to dig the basement!" the dry farmer cried.

"You dirty crooks!" Sid exclaimed.

Young Merrill placed a hand on Jackson's arm. "Jack, we're only trying to do a first-class job. According to the city building code, a man's got to have eighteen inches clearance under his floors. We're putting in the floors, and it's our job to excavate that clearance."

"That's right!" Reed Carter said.

"Clearance!" Sid Worth emitted a yelp of pain. "Anything under the floors is basement!"

"Not for eighteen inches, it ain't," Young Merrill argued. "It's clearance. That's the code."

"Code and be damned! This ain't no city and there ain't no code!"

"You can see we're only trying to do a good job, Jack," Young Merrill said, "if they'll let us."

"All I done is just let out the contracts," Jackson said. "I'm not bossing the job. Settle it among yourselves."

Sid asked a dry farmer, "Anything in the roof dirt?"

"Not a dime. And the ranchers didn't find nothing behind the canvas. And now the crooks are trying to beat us out of excavating the foundation!"

"You can excavate," Young Merrill said, "after we've dug the clearance. Eighteen inches."

"And who's a crook?" Reed Carter asked.

A MODEL T, its approach unnoticed in the argument, rattled up. Anita was at the wheel, old Nephi grim beside her with his .30-30 across his knees.

"All right, Jack," Nephi said. "Let's go. You're getting married up."

There was an embarrassed silence as Jackson climbed into the car. "Fixing up the house real nice," Sid Worth said brightly, "for the bride and groom."

"We're doing the fixing up," Young Merrill corrected. "The dry farmers is just fiddling with a roof and basement."

"Full basement," Sid said proudly.

"Well, isn't that nice?" Anita said.

Reed Carter said, "We're putting in a bathroom and new floors."

"And closets," Young Merrill added.

Anita beamed. "That's marvelous."

Nephi Smith was touched. "That's real good of you boys. Coming to the wedding, I suppose?"

"Well, we ain't dressed for it," Reed Carter said, glancing suspiciously at the dry farmers.

"Just come as you are. We all know everybody hereabouts. I always like a good wedding for my girls. And I ain't had one yet. Come as you are." He winked, indicating a barrel between the front and back seats, on which Jackson had perched his feet. "Got a barrel of cider along. Real shindig."

"Well," Sid Worth said, "if we *all* went." He didn't want to catch any ranchers digging that foundation while he was gone.

The wedding party made a considerable convoy. "We'll pull in at the store and invite Henry," Nephi said.

"By all means," Anita said. "Henry's got to be there."...

Henry was sitting on the porch with his chair tilted back and his feet high against a post, feeling very pleased with the world when the convoy pulled in.

"Hi, Henry," Anita said. "We're all going to the wedding."

"Jump in, Henry," Nephi invited. "Plenty of room."

"Sit right here beside me," Jackson said.

Henry's feet hit the floor with a thump, and then he grabbed his back. He leaned forward, staring at Jackson.

"You shouldn't do things like that, Henry," Anita said. "Not with your back. Not at your age."

"Well, don't sit there like a bump on a log, Henry," Nephi said. "Git in."

Henry rose, and like an automaton wobbled to the Model T.

"Some friends of yours called on me," Jackson said. "Nice fellows in a green car. Showed me the old Jonah mine. Hadn't been up there since before I went to war."

Henry got in, slumped against the cushions, and put his feet on the cider barrel.

"Sid Worth brought me back," Jackson said. "Sid was up getting some lumber for concrete forms."

Henry gazed ahead stupidly. The conviction was growing that he was fighting fate. Whatever he did was wrong. His luck had turned.

The bishop came out as the convoy pulled into his place.

"Ready, Bishop?" Nephi asked happily.

"Er—I thought we could have the ceremony in my office," the bishop suggested. He believed in a simple, private ceremony in such cases. "Just big enough for the bride and groom and witnesses."

"To hell with that, Bishop! Everybody's waiting up at my place now. Womenfolks cooking a big feed and all. This here's an occasion."

The bishop coughed. "Don't you think a quiet little ceremony—"

"Hell, no!" Nephi said flatly. "It's my own daughter, ain't it? She's got her man, ain't she? Better late than never, I say. Been worried about my Anita, but she's got her a man and that's what counts. Bring Sister Jensen along, too. And Katie."

"I'll get my Bible." The bishop went into the house. Katie and Sister Jensen were peering through the front curtains.

"We might as well all go," the bishop said. "Where's my Bible?"

"In your office. I certainly wouldn't be caught dead at such an affair," Sister Jensen said. "And I'm sure Katie has too much pride, too."

"Oh, I wouldn't miss it for a million," Katie said, rushing to her room. "Be ready in a minute, Dad!"

"Beryl," the bishop said.

"You really want me to go?" his wife asked.

"Beryl, I'm troubled. Sorely troubled." The bishop paused, glancing toward the door of Katie's room and lowering his voice. "Beryl, there's a matter I've spoken of to nobody. Young Jack Whitetop came to me the other morning—good grief, I guess it was only yesterday; so much has happened. And he spoke to me on a very serious matter."

"You mean about his visitation?"

"How did you know about that?" the bishop asked.

"Why, I—it's gossip, Waldo. Milo Ferguson claims old Moroni Skinner appeared to him, and Jackson has been acting strange. People say he had a visitation, too."

"Yes, he did. About a matter that sorely tried me. I prayed for guidance, and—Beryl, I received a message. A voice spoke to me from beyond. And now it can't happen. What am I to believe? What faith can I cling to?"

At this solemn moment, Nephi's voice came harshly: "Shake a leg, Bishop! You're holding things up!"

"Don't get your shirt off!" the bishop cried. "Beryl, I'm all at loose ends. All my life I've held faith. Through thick and thin. But now I've had a message. And things aren't working out. What can I do?"

"You're upset, poor dear," Beryl Jensen said soothingly. "What's happened and all. Poor Henry and his back. You must hold faith, Waldo. It's not for us to question the ways of the Lord. He moves in a mysterious way."

"Doggone mysterious," the bishop mumbled. "Jackson will be married off to Anita inside an hour."

BERYL JENSEN was mightily troubled, too. Her little ruse of speaking into the milk can had been a momentary impulse. Only afterward had she begun to realize the effect on her husband. She wondered if it would destroy his faith and ruin his life, and this thought brought back her resentment against Jackson. She didn't believe any part of Jackson's claim to having had a visitation. She'd been fighting fire with fire. But her husband's faith had been a rock to anchor to, and now she wondered if it were crumbling. The bishop had been a happy man, and happy men aren't too common. He'd been serene in his faith. And now her ruse threatened to shatter it all.

If she told him it was only a cheap trick on her part, what would happen? Could he ever forgive such an act? And if she didn't, what would happen? Milo Ferguson and Nephi Smith had turned apostate for less. Too, if she told him, what could he ever believe in the future? Could he, knowing, ever take anything of like nature seriously again? Would he begin doubting all visitations? Would he scoff at Joseph Smith and the golden plates?

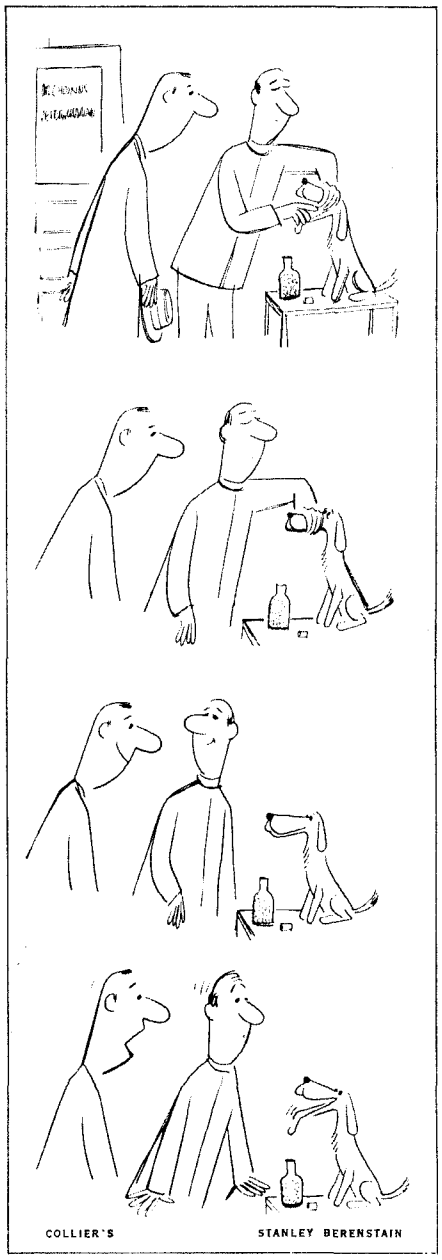
"Waldo—"

"Here's your Bible, Dad," Katie said, bursting in. "Are you ready?"

"You go out and tell them I'll be a minute."

"Okay."

"Yes, Beryl?" the bishop asked his wife.



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"Just—keep the faith, Waldo," Beryl Jensen said pleadingly. "Don't give up your faith, whatever happens." She couldn't tell him.

The bishop went out. "Well, where's your wife?" Nephi cried.

"Sister Jensen doesn't feel too well."

"All right, climb in.". . .

At the mouth of East Canyon the cars picked a way among the boulders left by the old flood, and Jackson, seeing the splintered stubs of weathered lumber and the rocklike gray humps of hardened cement, was reminded dismally of the bishop's requirements. Take some doing to settle the Trouble. Jackson felt that he had faith enough, but it seemed that the fulfillment of Grandpa Skinner's commands just couldn't be. Anita, between Katie and Nephi in the front, was as chipper as a canary, and Jackson felt like wringing her neck. Nephi was beaming. At any rate Jackson's misery had company in the rear. Henry was certainly not happy, and the bishop's face was bleak and perplexed.

The cars came out of the jumbled wash left by the flood and climbed the benchland. The Smith house was set among a grove of trees watered by a spring. Cars and rigs were in the yard, a couple of dozen kids chasing one another around, and the womenfolk had set up a big table for the wedding feast.

"What a wedding!" Nephi said fondly. "My last daughter, and I'm really doing it up brown for her."

"Dad, you're so good to me," Anita said.

There was a whoop as the convoy drove up, and everybody rushed out to shake hands with Jackson and Anita. "My boy, my boy!" Nephi's young wife said fondly, embracing Jackson. Nephi's young wife was an ample woman in her late forties, though she appeared to be ten years older, as if she were trying to close the gap between her and her husband. She clung to Jackson's neck and burst into happy tears. "We're so glad to have you in the family, Jack, my boy! I know you and Nita and little Henry will be so happy!"

"All ready, everybody?" the bishop said brusquely.

"Oh, Nita, you're not dressed yet!" her mother cried. The womenfolk bustled Anita into the house to fix up. Jackson wanted a word with Katie, for whatever good it would do, but she went in with the other women. The men got the barrel out of the car and set it on a box under a tree. The bishop sat down on the lawn and looked at his watch.

"Jackson, I'm troubled."

"Me, too."

"Here you go," Nephi said, coming from the barrel with two brimming cans which, originally, had each held a quart of motor oil.

"What is it?" the bishop asked.

"Cider."

"Sweet cider?"

"Here, take it."

The bishop took a sip. "H'm. Very refreshing."

Jackson took a swallow. The cider had a needle as big as a twentypenny spike. He felt he needed a needle, and what the bishop in his innocence didn't know wouldn't hurt him. The bishop drank his quart down thirstily and handed the can back to Nephi. "Got plenty?"

"All you can take," Nephi said in amazement. He went to the barrel and brought the can back full, handed it to the bishop and hurried away as if not to be responsible for what happened. Henry Brown, Jackson noticed, was well into his second quart; he suspected Henry might be able to take it better.

NEPHI'S young wife came out of the house toting Anita's child. "Jack, dear, I know you want to get acquainted with little Henry. Isn't he the sweetest thing? Henrykins, say hello to Daddy."

"Mrs. Smith," the bishop said. His voice was strangely loud; one eyebrow was high and the other was low. "Haven't you got the common decency to keep that brat out of sight?"

"Why, Bishop Jensen! After all, I can introduce the child to its own father!"

"The whole damned thing is in very bad taste. Keep that brat out of sight until after the ceremony. Let's try to pretend, at least, that this whole thing isn't a travesty on the holy ceremony of wedlock."

"Well, I declare!" Mrs. Smith said. Her lower lip trembled and she turned to her husband. Nephi strode over from the cider barrel.

"Here, here. What's wrong here?"

The child began to bawl. "I don't think the bishop has any lief talking to me like that and I don't care who he is!" Nephi's young wife blubbered, clutching the child to her ample bosom. "And he's frightened little Henry."

"I merely told her," the bishop said loudly, "that this whole thing is in bad taste. I merely suggested that she keep that little bastard out of sight until—"

"Little what?" Nephi bristled. "Don't you go calling no names around here!"

"I didn't call nobody no name," the bishop roared. "That's a technical term."

"Don't get technical when we're trying to have a good time. I heard you."

"A bastard," the bishop explained, "is

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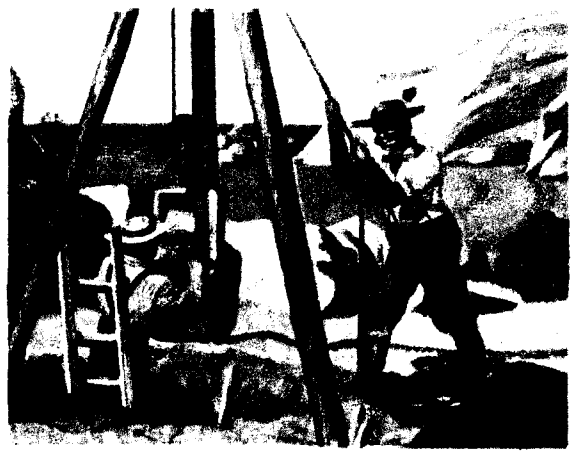
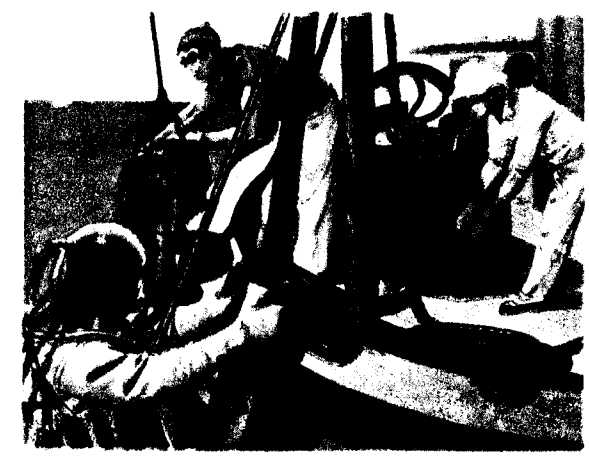


1865 **Buried treasure** . . . pirate gold! A fortune is yours if you can get it. Capt. Kidd's treasure (just one hoard of many) called adventurers to Nova Scotia as the name Corby's reached its seventh year in Canada. But the gold's still at the bottom of a pit—*or is it?*

1897 **Ancient maps,** some fake—some genuine, guide prospectors into Arizona's mysterious Superstition Mountains. Lost mines and tremendous Spanish wealth supposedly lie hidden here. The quest met both success and failure as the name Corby's reached 39 years of Canadian fame.



1936 **Fabulous riches**—millions in gold and gems—bring divers to the Caribbean. There's treasure here a stone's throw off the Florida coast. Several groups were after it as the name Corby's swung into its 78th year of renown in Canada. What they found is *their* secret.

1948 **Treasure hunting** goes on in high gear—using radar, diving bells and mine detectors. But who knows? Maybe someday you'll just stumble on a forgotten cache! Now, there's one great find (a popular priced one, too) for you near home—*it's Corby's, the light, sociable whiskey* with a grand old Canadian name. Here's a perfection blend for mixed drinks—a past master with highballs. Look for Corby's soon.

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a child without a father. That's not a name! It's what it is."

"What do you mean, a child without no father?" Nephi demanded. "Every child has got a father."

"When the father," the bishop said with strained patience, "is unknown."

"Unknown? He's sitting right there aside you big as life!"

"When," the bishop said, "he ain't married to the mother."

"What d'you think *you're* here for?" Nephi demanded.

"Go away," the bishop said. "I certainly won't get into a brawl over a technicality. Let's get the whole business over and done with."

"Since you apologized like a man, I'll accept it," Nephi said. He looked around. "Where'd my wife go? . . . Here, you," he said to one of his sons-in-law, "go on in and tell the women to keep that little bastard out of sight until after the ceremony." Nephi, his honor appeased, strode to the barrel.

The bishop sighed and took a deep swig of cider. "Jackson, this ain't working out at all. The whole damned thing's in a mess."

"Yes, sir," Jackson said, wondering if he could somehow knock the bishop's hand and spill the rest of the cider.

The bishop cocked a glassy eye. "Jack, tell me something. Did Moroni Skinner *really* appear to you?"

"Yes, he did."

"Damn it! And did he tell you to marry my Katie?"

"That's right."

The bishop set down his can of cider. It overturned. He spread his hands helplessly. "Then why is this happening?"

"Beats the hell out of me. Bishop, can I ask you a question?"

"Go ahead."

"Did you really hear a voice tell you that I was to settle the Trouble?"

"That's the worst of it. I did. I was asking for guidance and a voice spoke up just as plain as I'm talking to you now. Plainer, in fact. My tongue seems thick or something. I never should have called that kid a bastard, even if it is. I'm all upset. The voice told me that before you married Katie you'd have to settle the Trouble. Jack, that's what has me worried and puzzled. I've lived as good a life as I could. I worked for the gospel and I been the bishop here for a long time. And then at last I got a sign. A voice talked to me from beyond. And here we are. A forced marriage. Katie wouldn't marry you, after this, if you lived to be a thousand. And Apostle Black is mighty poorly, I hear. I still remember the day of the flood, and him telling us that he was inspired to say he'd dedicate our new meetinghouse. And it can't work out. A man's got to have faith. But it isn't easy, sometimes."

THE women came out of the house, twittering, with Anita. She was all dressed up, and she was a very pretty girl.

"She'll make you a good wife," the bishop said.

"How do I look?" Anita asked, turning slowly before Jackson.

"I could wring your neck."

"Now, Jackson," the bishop said.

"Okay, Bishop!" Nephi cried. "Let's git it over with."

The bishop began getting up from the grass, and lurched forward. Jackson steadied him. "Legs must have gone to sleep," the bishop muttered. Jackson deftly swung a chair into position and the bishop thankfully clutched the back of it for support. "I feel wonderful," he muttered to Jackson. "Never felt better in my born life. But my legs are wobbly."

Katie, who'd come out with Anita, glared at Jackson. "A fine thing!" she said. "This is all your fault!"

Jackson gripped the bishop's arm. "Maybe you'd better get the blood circulating." He led the bishop out among the trees.

Watching, Nephi chuckled. "Well, I'll be danged. He's human after all."

"You shouldn't have done that to him," Henry said. "He doesn't know what's the matter."

Nephi cocked an eye at Henry's drink, and smirked.

"Doctor's orders," Henry said. "My back. Doctor said an occasional stimulant—"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Henry," Anita said, "why don't you just *admit* you like a snort now and then?"

"You mealymouthed bigots make me sick," Nephi said, heading for the barrel. "I'm going to sample that so-called cider." Katie declared firmly, following.

Anita said, "Henry, don't you think it's about time to be a man?"

"I washed my hands of the whole business long ago."

"You'll stand by and see another man railroaded?"

"It's your business. You claimed he was the father. Why blame me?"

"I think I need some more cider," Henry said.

"It's wonderful," the bishop said, as he came back with Jackson. "Exercise and deep breathing. Amazing how it puts strength into a man."

"Nothing like it, Bishop. I used to walk Pa around when he needed it."

"Think I'll take another drink of that delicious cider."

"I guess you won't," Nephi cried, overhearing. "Get the marrying over with first, and then I don't care what happens to you."

Everybody gathered around, and the bishop directed Jackson and Anita to stand before him holding hands. From far off came the bleating of an automobile horn.

"Somebody's coming," Jackson said. "We better wait until they get here."

"We don't want anybody to miss out," Anita said. Her sublime faith was evidently a bit shaken.

"I guess we won't," Nephi declared. "I

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS

"Well, you always said that string and twine you've been saving would come in handy someday"

COLLIER'S

"I didn't say any such of a thing. I never said that Jackson was his father."

"You sure spread an impression."

"It was an impulse. They were riding poor Jack on a rail. He might have been injured for life. It just came to me. So I grabbed up little Henry and ran out, and it saved him. I never did say Jack was the father. I remember exactly what I said. I told him to kiss little Henry goodby. Then I said to ride all three of us out on a rail. And I distinctly said I wouldn't marry Jack Whitetop if he was the last man in the world. And I won't."

"For a girl who's lived as long as you have around your father," Henry observed, "you sure don't know Nephi."

"Is that all the faith you've got?"

"What's faith got to do with it?"

"You know very well that Jackson's grandfather appeared to him and told him he'd marry Katie Jensen. So I couldn't possibly marry him."

"I see," Henry said slowly. He shook his head. "It won't work. You won't get no place now, trying to change your mind about who's the father."

"You're such a heel, Henry. I could have forced you to marry me any day I wanted to. I've got your letters. And what about my landlady in Salt Lake? Mrs. Toolson. I could have *made* you, any day of the week. But I'm waiting, Henry. I want to be asked. I don't want any man who doesn't want me."

never invited 'em. Go ahead, Bishop."

"We are brought together here for the purpose of joining this man and this woman in the bonds of holy matrimony," the bishop said. "I wish they'd quit blowing that confounded horn. Where was I? Jackson Whitetop, repeat after me: I, Jackson, do take Anita."

"I, Jackson, do take Anita."

"Confound that horn."

"Confound that horn."

"Jackson, for goodness' sakes."

"Jackson, for goodness' sakes."

"Bishop, I want your regular ceremony," Nephi objected.

"It's that confounded horn. Getting louder and louder."

"You're cutting it short anyhow. I want your long ceremony." Nephi was shouting, because the noise of the horn had become a bellow. Henry's weapons carrier bounced into view with Milo Ferguson grimly at the wheel with a dead cigar clamped in his jaws. Beside him, clinging on desperately, was a plump, middle-aged woman, disheveled, hat awry, and covered with dust.

"Well, for goodness' sakes!" Anita said. "It's Mrs. Toolson."

Milo skidded to a stop. "Git here in time?"

"A madman. Good heavens, what a ride!" cried Mrs. Toolson. She climbed groggily from the vehicle.

"Anything refreshing?" Milo asked.

Nephi jerked a thumb at the cider barrel. Milo drifted toward it, licking dusty lips. Anita said, "Are you all right, Mrs. Toolson? It must have been a hard ride."

"Why, you're no more sick than I am, Mrs. Brown," Mrs. Toolson said. "Kidnaped, that's what. Kidnaped."

"Sick? Of course I'm not sick."

"Kidnaped. He said you were sick and calling for me. And I came clean from Salt Lake for nothing. How's little Henry?"

"Oh, he's fine."

"And your husband—Mr. Brown?"

"Huh?" Nephi yelped.

"Oh, isn't that your husband running toward the car?" Mrs. Toolson said, pointing to Henry.

HENRY was indeed in a great hurry, so great that he chose for escape the first car he came to, which was Nephi's old Model T. He leaped into it and began stomping on the starter button.

"Ain't no battery," Nephi called.

"Have I said something wrong?" Mrs. Toolson asked.

"Who is this woman?" Nephi demanded.

"Mrs. Toolson was my landlady in Salt Lake," Anita explained.

"Oh, heavens, I forgot," Mrs. Toolson said. "It was a secret marriage, and I promised not to tell."

"You're married a'ready?" Nephi said.

"Maybe I've said too much," Mrs. Toolson said. "But when I saw you here, and your husband, I supposed you'd announced it. Especially since the baby came."

"Nita, are you married to Henry?" Nephi demanded.

"Well, all except the formality of a ceremony," Anita admitted demurely. "Who else?"

Nephi bristled. "Who else? Was there others?"

"And just who are you to be talking that way about this sweet little girl?" Mrs. Toolson demanded.

"I'm only her father. Who else, I want to know!"

"A fine father you are! There was nobody else! Anita is as fine a girl as ever rented an apartment from me. I can tell you right now she was true to her husband. Home every night with a good book, unless Mr. Brown was in town."

"Henry!" Nephi called in a voice of terrible sweetness. "Oh, Henry!"

Henry climbed from the car and walked slowly to his doom.

"Anita, dear. There is one thing I've been wanting to ask you."

"Why, what is it, Henry?" Anita said, the picture of innocence.

"Will you marry me?"

"Good heavens!" Mrs. Toolson cried. "Mr. Ferguson! Mr. Ferguson!"

"What d'you want?" Milo answered from the cider barrel.

"Mr. Ferguson, I would like to leave right away, please! This is no place for a woman of principle!"

"Any time you want," Milo said.

"I'll go, too," Katie said quietly.

"Guess there's no use me hanging around no more," Jackson said.

"Oh, Henry, this is so sudden," Anita said. "I've got to have time to think it over."

"Of course she'll marry you, you fool!" Nephi said to Henry. "Damnation! And now I ain't even got a marriage license. . . . Bishop, how about changing the names?"

"As I understand the law," the bishop said, "a couple who've been living together as man and wife can go to any minister of the gospel and get married without a license. It's to save embarrassment. . . . Henry, you and Anita hold hands. That's right. Now, we are gathered here again for the purpose of joining this man and this woman—" . . .

Milo drove cautiously on the return trip. Mrs. Toolson was between him and

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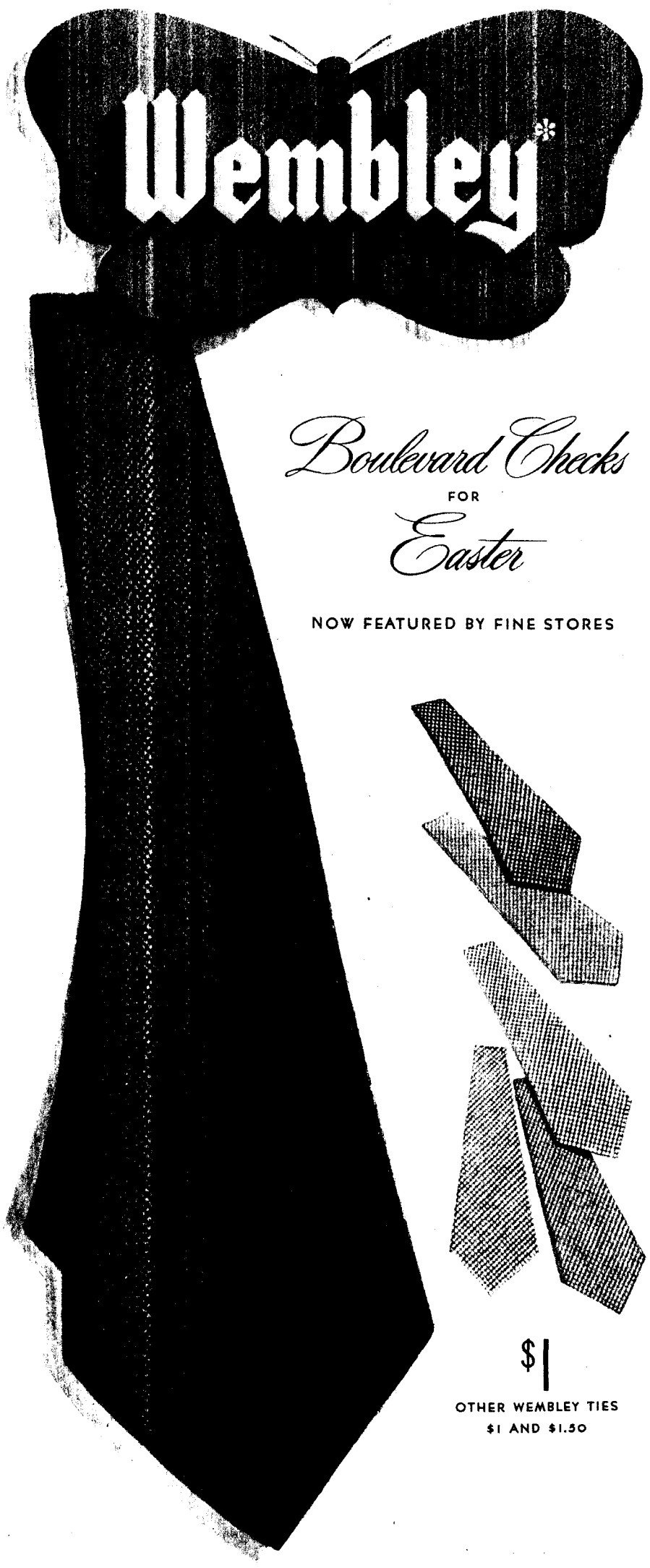

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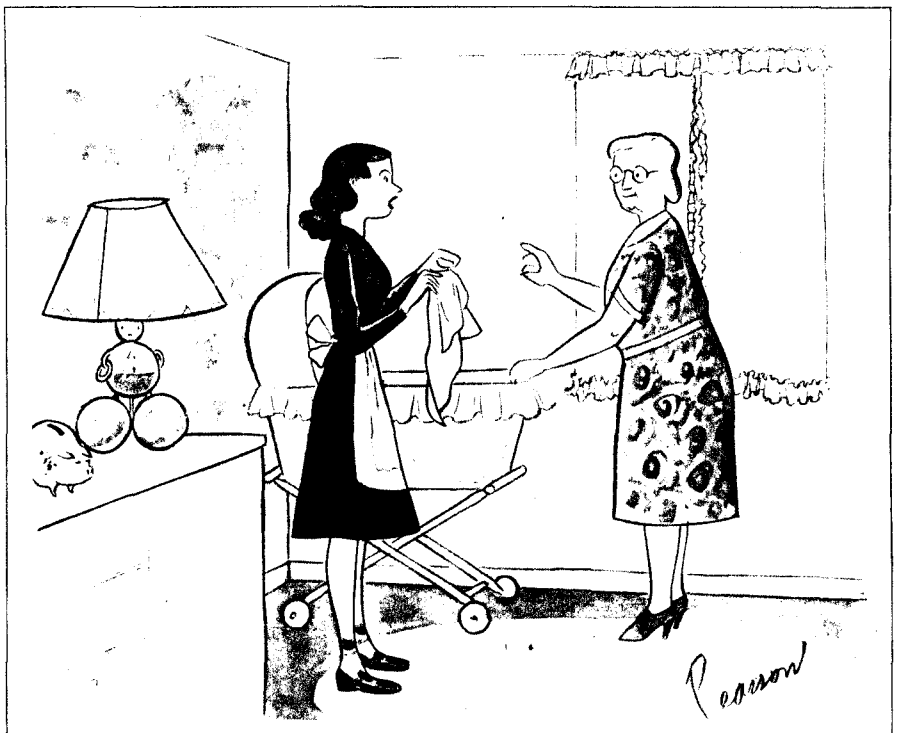

"But how can he get so wet on just four ounces of milk?"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES PEARSON

Jackson, and the single seat made it necessary for Katie to sit on Jackson's lap.

"I hope the old fool's satisfied," Milo growled.

"Nephi don't care, so long as *somebody* marries Anita," Jackson said.

"I ain't talking about Nephi. I mean Moroni Skinner, the old fool, messing around in my affairs. Danged near busted my fool neck a-saving yourn. If you need any more saving, do it yourself."

"I sure appreciate it. How'd you know where to find Mrs. Toolson?"

"I'm the postmaster, ain't I?" Milo said. "Henry and Anita was writing each other while she was in Salt Lake, and he had a awful lot of business in there for a spell. And then he sent her a special-delivery letter with a two-hundred-dollar money order, and didn't have no more business in Salt Lake. And when Anita come back she had the baby. A man can add two and two."

"My house has always had a good name," Mrs. Toolson said. "I certainly wouldn't have allowed such goings on, if I'd suspected in the slightest way. But how was I to know they weren't married?"

AT THE bishop's place, Katie hopped out. "See you later, honey," Jackson Whitetop said.

"I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!" Katie hurried inside.

"Lovers' quarrels," Mrs. Toolson said, smiling fondly at Jackson. Milo drove to the store and ushered her into Henry's spare bedroom for the night; it was too late to start back for Salt Lake.

"Milo," Jackson said as the car was going down the valley, "do you know anything about a package I found on top my sirup can this morning?"

Milo puffed furiously at his cigar. "Quit twisting my arm."

"Why did you want to do a thing like that to me?"

"It was your money. Henry owed it to you. And old Moroni Skinner appeared to me. Wouldn't be no other reason except that I was supposed to help you out. What do you know about Henry?"

"I know he's been gypping me. He admitted it."

"You squared up with him?"

"No way of proving he said it."

"I guess I'm just a nosy old coot, Jack. I keep his books for him, and they're straight. But it was damned funny to me how he's been the only man in the United States these past few years who always lost money on his sheep. And Henry couldn't saw a board straight to save his neck. He got men in to fix the house up after he took over from me. But he'd no more than moved in when he was a-hammering and sawing at nights. Took me quite a spell to figure it out. Henry was off gallivanting in Salt Lake City quite a considerable, and it give me time. Finally I found the strongbox under the floor. Then I had to get a key.

"When his back goes out he can't tie his shoes. Can't bend. Must be awful. So he'd get me to put his shoes on in the morning and I see the rawhide string on his neck. Well, Henry and me used to play a lot of cards at night, before he got converted and started chasing Katie most every night. I fixed him up some stiff drinks one night and had to put him to bed, and so pretty soon I had a key of my own like the one hanging around his neck. And after that I seen that every time Henry lost some more sheep one way or another, there'd be some new hundred-dollar bills in that strongbox."

"You're a snooping old reprobate, Milo."

"Hell, ain't got much else to do. So you see, Jack, I kind of kept rough track of things, and I know what you got a-coming. Figuring everything and a little for interest, that money's yourn, with a little extra, to boot, as a lesson to him. Pay off what he's got against you on the books, it ain't too much."

"I don't want it like that. If I've got it coming, I want it on the books."

"That's appreciation, after what I done for you!" Milo declared. "Henry ain't a-going to change no books. It would be his neck. Take it and shut up about it. Say, what's going on here?" Milo asked, as he turned into Jackson's lane. "Looks like a cyclone's hit the place."

"Fixing it up a little for me and Katie."

"Got a hard row there, boy. She's sore at you for tripping up Henry. Sort of makes a fool out of her. And you got the bishop drunk. Look, Jack, just keep that money and don't say nothing."

"I've been trying to find out who owned it. Everybody knows I've got it."

"Oh, hell!" Milo said. "Well, from now on, you can do what you please. I done enough, Moroni Skinner or no Moroni Skinner. I ain't no errand boy for no spirit. I don't believe in spirits.". . .

The happy newlyweds brought the bishop home in Nephi's Model T. Henry shook him awake and the bishop grimaced. "I think it's the heat," he said. "I feel awful."

Sister Jensen met her husband at the

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door. She hadn't been an English barmaid for nothing. "My head's whirling," the bishop groaned. "I think I'm going to be sick."

"Oh, Waldo. Here, go in the bathroom and get rid of it. I'll fix some coffee."

"Some Coffee-Near."

"Yes, Waldo." She went into the jam closet and got the can of coffee hidden for medical purposes. There was hot water on the stove and she put two cups of water into a saucepan and five heaping tablespoons of coffee. And she did some thinking. If Waldo had taken to drink because of what she'd done, the only thing to do was confess her duplicity. It might shake his faith, but the truth was always best.

WHEN the bishop returned to the kitchen his face was dead white. His wife ushered him into a chair. "Sit down. Here, drink this." The coffee was black as midnight.

"Where's Katie?"

"Never mind. She feels terrible. So humiliated. Waldo, I've got to tell you something."

"Can't it wait—the way I feel?"

"You've got to know, Waldo. I—I've deceived you."

The bishop set his coffee cup down. It clattered on the saucer. "What?"

"I deceived you, Waldo."

"I don't believe it. I can't believe it."

"I think it best to tell you everything, Waldo."

The bishop put his elbows on the table and his face in his hands. "No," he said. "The truth is always best."

"Wait a minute." He got up and shut the kitchen door. "You sure Katie's in her room? We don't want her to know."

"She already knows. Part of it."

The bishop groaned. "You might have kept it from her."

"I did it for her sake."

"For *her* sake? You mean, you *told* her for her sake."

"Well, both."

"Why did you have to tell me? I was happy." The bishop took a deep breath. "Well, who is he?"

"Who's who?"

"Who's the man?"

"What man?"

"If I'm not Katie's father, who is?"

Sister Jensen caught her breath. Her hand flew to her mouth defensively as if he'd hauled off and popped her one. "Waldo, I declare!" She burst into tears. "Waldo! I'll leave! You can't accuse me of that!"

"Well, what are you talking about?"

"I merely said I deceived you."

"That used to mean something."

"Oh, Waldo, how could you? After all these years! I've been a good wife. I've stood by you in thick and thin, and you've never trusted me!"

"Now, Beryl, that's not true. You said you deceived me, and what was I to think? It was a terrible shock. You mean you fooled me on some little thing? Tucking away money or something?"

"But it's worse than that," she sobbed. "The jam closet—it's right next to your office. I always listen when you're in there with people."

The bishop chuckled encouragingly. "Well, after all, we're man and wife. We've got no secrets between us."

"And I heard what that scalawag told you—that Jackson Whitetop. That cock-and-bull story about Moroni Skinner appearing and telling him to marry Katie. That's simply not true. If you wasn't so firm in the faith you'd know it."

"But I asked for guidance, and a voice told me it was true."

"Waldo, that was my voice."

"A voice spoke to me as plain as I'm speaking now. It said that before Jackson married Katie, he had to prove himself by settling the Trouble."

"It was my voice, Waldo."

"What? What did you say?"

"That was my voice. I was in the jam closet. I made my voice low and talked into the milk can."

"For Heaven's sake, Beryl! You shouldn't have done a thing like that. It's tampering with sacred things."

"I know it was wrong. I was only trying to protect Katie. A lazy, no-good trash like Jack Whitetop!"

"But if his grandfather appeared to him—"

"His grandfather, my foot! He got old Milo Ferguson in cahoots with him to make the story good. Imagine a real honest-to-goodness spirit appearing to an apostate like that! The whole thing's just as phony as the voice *you* heard."

The bishop finished his coffee. He was feeling better. "I'm glad you told me this."

"I guess I didn't think."

"It was the wrong thing to do, but you were a mother protecting her child. It certainly takes a load off my chest. I should have realized. I'm not worthy of a heavenly message. I'm not the type."

"If you don't think you're worthy, what about that trashy Jack Whitetop? Or that apostate and his vile cigars."

"A sheer imposition," the bishop agreed, judging the whole from the part. "That scalawag! He's obviously in cahoots with Milo. The pair of them trapped poor Henry into marrying Anita. And Jackson never so much as opened his head before Milo brought that Toolson woman. Served him right if Milo had been a little late."

"I think Henry *should* marry Anita,"

"Why, darling, how sweet!"

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Sister Jensen said. "After all. And I'm thankful for Katie. What if that beast had married her, and the mess had come out later?"

"We've got Jackson to thank for that much. Give the devil his due. But I must say," the bishop mused, "that for a cheat and a liar he's showing remarkable brass. You can't shake his confidence."

"Don't go talking that way. Show a little confidence of your own."

"Beryl, we need a rest. Do you know that we've never really had a vacation since we've been married? And Katie needs to get away from everything for a while. Why don't we take a trip?"

"Do you think we can leave things?"

"The place can get along without us. When can you be ready?"

"We haven't unpacked from this morning."

"We'll leave after supper," the bishop decided. "I'll get Ned Holt to take care of the place. We'll stop in Salt Lake for Conference, and then—Beryl, we've never made that trip we've always planned on, back to the old country."

"Oh, Waldo!"

IT HAD been a hard day. Jackson made supper over an open fire in the yard. The old stove had fallen to pieces on being moved out of the house. Or perhaps, like the bed and everything else, it had been ripped apart in the search for treasure. The skillet had a brown crust burned onto it; he recalled he'd been browning Ned Holt's concoction in it at the time the two strangers arrived, and had left it on the stove. He scraped it clean and opened a can of beans into it. Everything in the house had simply been thrown out, and he couldn't find the coffee. The coffeepot, setting among a pile of cans, was half full and he warmed it up. Luckily it contained real coffee, and he smiled, thinking the men remodeling his house were somewhat less than perfect Saints—but who isn't?

It was dark when he finished eating. Headlights of a car moved down the valley; he had no idea it was the bishop, taking Katie out of his life. He saddled a horse and rode to the bishop's to do a little courting. He learned the bad news from Ned Holt, and came back. Now, that was a crazy thing for the bishop to do, he figured. Bishop ought to know there wasn't any possible way to prevent what had to happen.

There were a few live coals in the ashes of his fire. He put on bark and chips, fanned a flame, and then got some chunks from the woodpile. He turned to the fire and saw Henry Brown standing by it, a shotgun under his arm.

"Well, Henry."

"Put some wood on the fire." Henry's voice was a curious monotone.

Jackson put three chunks on the fire. "How'd you get here? Walk?"

"Got a little business with you."

"Sure. I'd better put up my horse."

"You're going to use your horse."

"What's on your mind, Henry?"

Henry raised the shotgun slightly. "You come along with me to get my horse. It's back in the willows."

"Okay."

"And hop when I tell you!" Henry's voice was suddenly sharp.

"Just tell me. I ain't arguing."

They walked back to the willows. Henry swung on his horse.

"Now we'll go back and get yours."

They went back. Jackson swung into the saddle. "Where to?"

"You're going to take another look at the Jonah."

"I think you're crazy."

"Don't argue with me, Jack. I'm not in the mood tonight."

"There ain't no future in it, Henry."

"I guess you're right. Get going. A man can take just so much and then it don't matter."

"Look, Henry, it won't work out."

"Don't argue with me tonight! Get going! Nobody'll ever find you in an old shaft. People will think you chased off after Katie. Get moving."

Jackson swung a knee over the saddle horn. "I'd be a damned fool to take a long ride like that just to get shot."

Henry raised the gun. "You think I'm fooling?"

"Hell, no. I never seen a guy in deader earnest. But look at my side. If you're going to shoot me anyhow, I'll be damned if I'll make it easy for you. Go ahead and shoot."

Henry gripped the shotgun until his fists trembled. "I don't know why I ain't done this before."

"Well, you ain't had cause, very long," Jackson pointed out helpfully. "They'll catch you, Henry."

"Nobody has to know who did it."

"I don't think you've thought this thing through. Sure, leave me up in an old shaft of the Jonah and it might work. But I won't go. Shotgun makes a mess, Henry. Folks find blood around here, and first thing you know they smell murder. And what about Milo?"

The gun wavered. "Milo?"

"He knows more about your business than you do. What about Ned Holt? He knows about it too. And he's reformed. How long do you think it'd take the law to put two and two together? Kill me, you got to get rid of Milo and Ned Holt."

Henry lowered the gun. "Oh, God!" He'd brooded over the thing, and all his venom had centered on Jackson. Get rid of Jackson and he got rid of all his troubles. It had seemed so simple to take him to the abandoned mine.

"You're upset, Henry," Jackson said soothingly. He got off and put the coffeepot on the fire. "Why don't we talk it over?"

Henry put the shotgun in his saddle boot and swung off. "I guess I sort of lost my head. No hard feelings?"

"Forget it, Henry. Maybe I'll figure on murdering you sometime." Jackson was more relieved than he cared to show. "We all have our bad days."

Henry sat down in the dust and put his head in his hands. "Jack, I'm ruined. And, damn it, it's all your fault."

"Don't blame me if your chickens are coming home to roost. Would sooner or later anyhow. That's the worst thing about shady deals."

"Damn it, don't preach to me!"

"I'm not preaching."

"Jack, I'm done for. I've lost everything."

"A fine way to talk on your wedding night. You could do a lot worse than get Anita Smith. Okay, you're disgraced. What does that mean? People still got to buy stuff at the store to eat, and if you can meet the mail-order prices they'll get their other stuff from you, disgraced or not. You got a good ranch; you got your sheep. All you lost is your position in the church, and I don't figure you wanted that, except that Katie come with it. You ought to be damned thankful that Anita will have you."

"I guess you're right, Jack. Is the coffee hot?"

"It'll do." Jackson poured two cups.

"This is something like it," Henry said. "This tastes like the real thing. I'll make the best of things. Anita will wait until I get back from prison."

"Who's throwing you in prison?"

"Aren't you going to tell, you and Milo?"

"All I want is what's due me. You get them books unfixed. And then you better send off a quick letter to the Collector of Internal Revenue. They'll hit you with a penalty, but that's all if you tell 'em before they find it out."

"Jack, I feel a lot better. I'm glad I had this talk with you."

"Call around any time," Jackson said, "when you feel like murder."

JACKSON cocked an ear, then turned from the fire. Two very tired men came into view, limping pitifully. It was the pair who'd taken him to the Jonah in the green sedan.

"Why, hello, strangers," Jackson called. "You sure do like to walk."

"Oh, oh!" the little man groaned.

"My feet are killing me," the big man said.

"Look!" the little man said, pointing to Henry. "Look at who's here!"

"We been talking about you, Henry," the big man said.

"Now, wait a minute, men," Henry said. He got up. The big man grabbed him. The little man made a flying tackle. Henry yelled.

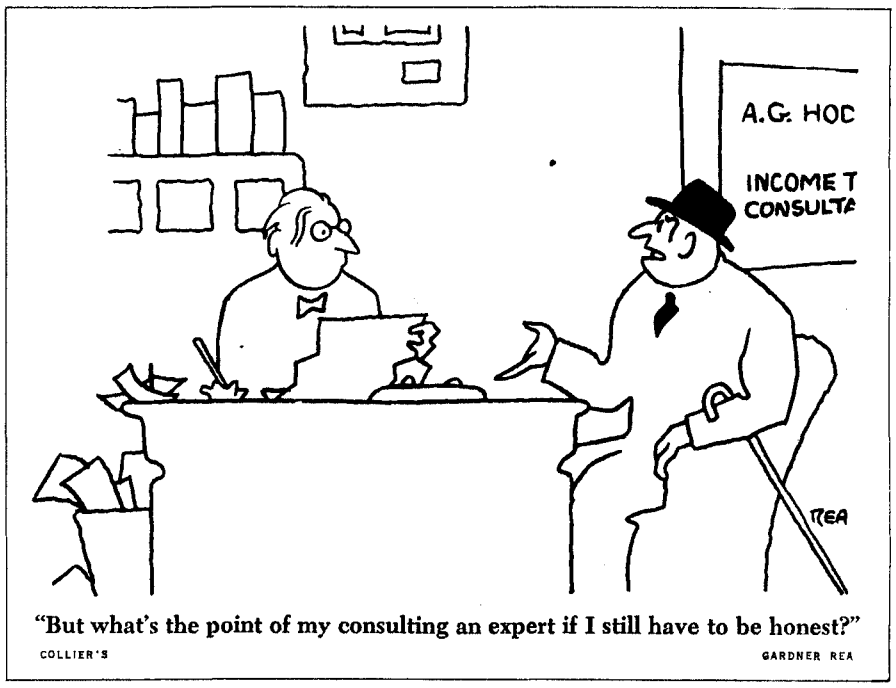
Jackson jerked the little man off and booted him in the seat of the pants. The little man sprawled in the dust. Jackson brought the heel of his riding boot onto the big man's shoe. The big man screamed and let go of Henry.

"Just for that," Jackson told the two strangers, "you can keep right on walking."

Henry's hands were clutching his back. His face was white and covered with cold sweat. "Jack, for God's sake, do me a favor. Get on your horse and go get Charlie Littleface, quick. My back's out again.". . .

By the next afternoon the remodeling crew had proved beyond doubt that there was no treasure hidden in the old house. "A lesson to us, Jack," Young Merrill Littlewall said. "Just goes to show what greed can do."

Jackson felt blue. The valley seemed empty without Katie. He'd wondered if her going was connected with his having



"But what's the point of my consulting an expert if I still have to be honest?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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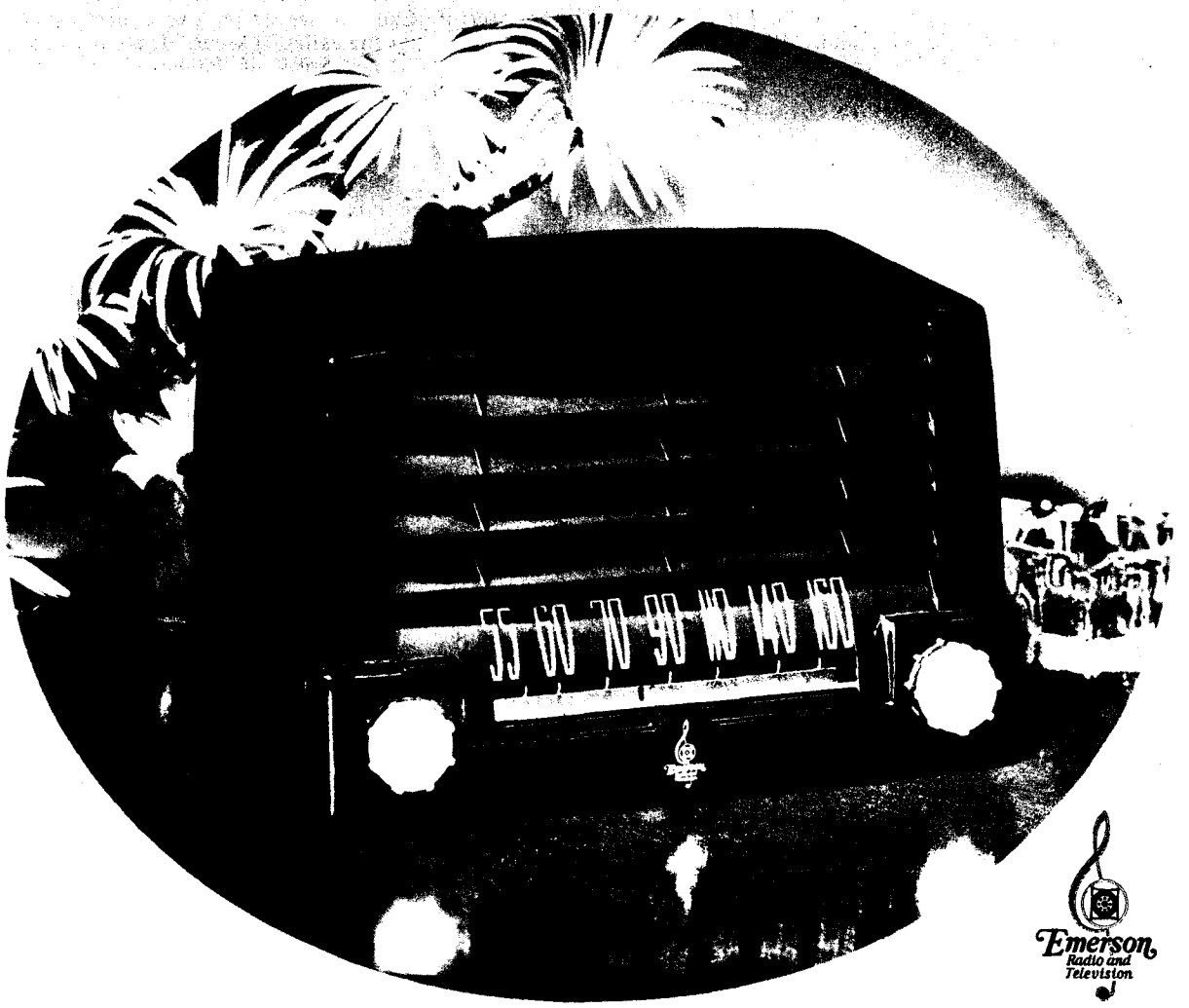

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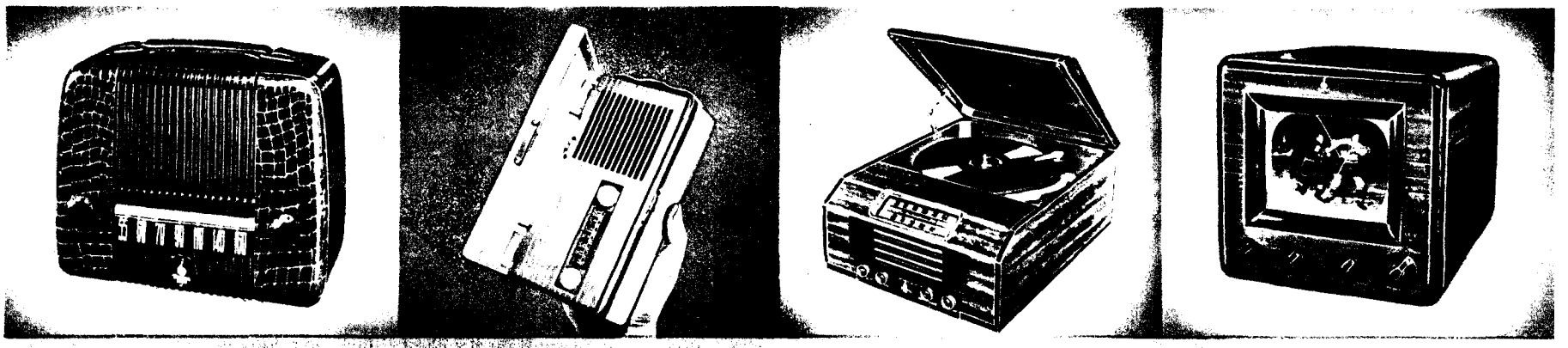

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Welcome to fireside comfort, cordiality, good taste... Just the right surroundings in which to enjoy the golden quality of Golden Wedding.
Golden Wedding
HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS
BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PA.

tried to get something for nothing. "Merrill, I won't hold you to it. I knowed there was nothing here all along."

"Oh, no you don't!" Young Merrill said quickly. "It's a bargain and we'll go through with it."

"You shook hands on it," Sid Worth pointed out. "You can't back out of it."

"No, sir," Reed Carter said. "That was the agreement. We'd fix the place up for anything we found in it. And that goes!"

"I didn't want to cause a ruckus," Jackson protested. "Sure, if you want to. Sure fine of you fellers."

"Well, I'll tell you," Young Merrill said. "It's worth it to us, Jack. Just look at what's going on. Here we got men from the south and men from the north, a-working side by side on a project. First time that's happened in years."

"Really get to know each other," Reed Carter said. "All working together with our shoulders to the same wheel."

Jackson went out to the stable for his horse, and he heard the men back at the house burst into a roar of laughter. He grinned happily. Certainly was fine of them to be able to laugh at themselves that way.

He rode down to the store, in hopes there would be a card or something from Katie. There wasn't. "Leave any forwarding address?" he asked Milo.

"Nope. Bishop he said to me just to hold all mail, he didn't want to be bothered."

"When's he coming back?"

"Said he didn't know. Wouldn't start thinking about that for a few months anyhow." Milo puffed furiously at his cigar. "It's a dirty, low-down trick. Stuff like that made me apostatize. Now look at Waldo Jensen. Bishop and all. Represents the gospel hereabouts. And what does he do? Picks up and goes, and takes Katie with him. Apostle Black's mighty low, I hear. You're supposed to settle the Trouble. You're supposed to marry Katie. And he runs out on you. What's he a-trying to do, make a liar out of your grandfather's spirit? Henry and me fixed the books up, Jack."

"How do I stand?"

"Figured you had about five hundred more head of sheep, and squaring off the books for what your dad owed, you got forty-five hundred coming in cash."

"Sounds about right. And this is his." Jackson tossed the packet of hundred-dollar bills on the counter. "Just leave what I got coming on account, and I'll draw on it."

"Henry's fixing up your income tax for you. He had power of attorney . . ." Milo's voice died. He was staring out the front window. "Well, doggone me!" he breathed.

THE bishop's car had pulled in. The bishop climbed out stiffly and came into the store. "Apostle Black came back with us," he said. "We're holding a meeting in the schoolhouse. Tell everybody who drops in to be there, Milo. Seven-thirty sharp. And I'd like a tank of gas. . . . Jack, will you take my car and go around? I'm all in. We want everybody. Apostle Black," the bishop added quietly, "is very feeble. He shouldn't have made the trip."

Jackson sat beside Katie in the front seat. She ignored him completely. Apostle Black, beside Sister Jensen in the rear, was like a wax dummy. There was no slightest sign of color in the face or lips; the hair was a dull, dead white. His eyes were closed, his chin sunk on his chest. Despite the warmth of the afternoon he was swathed in a black overcoat, with a shawl over his shoulders, as protection from the chill breath of death.

The bishop drove carefully. The pouches were deep and purple under his bloodshot eyes; he was tired. Katie gazed straight ahead.

"Stop!" The word was an explosion. The bishop jammed on the brakes. The frail gray figure in the back had come alive in a remarkable way. The eyes were open, glowingly open, dark eyes that burned. The frail figure was erect with a sudden surge of vitality.

"What is it, Brother Black?" the bishop asked anxiously.

Sister Jensen made soothing sounds. "Don't tire yourself out, Brother Black. We're almost there, now."

"I see it!" the apostle cried. "I see it rising from the valley. White and gleaming. A testimony of faith. A place of worship built for the ages." A bony finger pointed out the car window. "There it is! Can you see it? A lovely meetinghouse for the valley. I see it! There it will be!"

"The Spirit of the Lord is with you, Brother Black," the bishop said. "My land starts right over beyond that little rise. I will be happy to donate it as a site."

"Right *there!*" Apostle Black said, pointing to the little rise. "Right where that little square of white fence is. I can see it. That's where the church will be built."

"Or a few hundred yards to the south," the bishop suggested.

"Bishop Jensen, can't you see where I'm pointing?" Apostle Black asked. "You see that little square of white picket fence? Enclosing something, looks like a headstone."

"It *is* a headstone," the bishop said.

"Oh, my goodness," Sister Jensen breathed. "Brother Black, I'm sure you're awfully tired. Why don't we talk about it later?"

"Then you see the place," Apostle Black insisted. "On the little rise in that field. Where the white fence is. That is where the church will stand."

"Yes, Brother Black," the bishop said quietly. "So be it." And he drove on. The old man shrank again, pale and motionless.

Katie turned wide eyes to Jackson, who shrugged. That particular square of meadowland was the only piece of property in the entire valley which could not possibly be used as a site for the church. It belonged to Milo Ferguson. The little white fence on the rise enclosed the grave of his wife Abbie. Nothing in the world could get title of it from the apostate.

The old man was asleep when they reached the bishop's place. Sister Jensen wakened him and with Katie helped him into the house. The bishop regarded Jackson a long moment. "Brother Jackson, it's been a hard drive. I'm tired. I just want to say—" He hesitated, forming words in his mind.

Ned Holt came out of the house. "Back earlier than I figured," Ned said with considerable understatement.

The bishop nodded. "Change of plans. But we'd like you to stay on anyhow if you can. . . . Notify everybody," he said to Jackson. "We'll meet at seven-thirty."

(To be concluded next week)

Madam President

BY JAY FRANKLIN

It was a unique experience—for Miranda and for everyone else. And it might have ruined her life. But she was saved by the wisdom that is the mark of every great woman: She knew when to call on the strength of a man. Don't miss this penetrating novel of romance and intrigue in official Washington.

Beginning Next Week

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

Collier's salutes the Moose (or is it Meece?) and is glad it has helped to promote a fraternal rivalry to do good among fraternal organizations.

MARTHA SAWYERS, TAKE A BOW!

DEAR EDITOR: The Thanksgiving cover (Nov. 29th) is priceless. It had to be illustrated by a woman to achieve the despair felt at the meal's end.

MRS. D. S. DORRINGTON, Westfield, Mass.

HAIR, HAIR!

DEAR SIR: Just a few lines to say I enjoyed Pauline Bowie's The Coiffures Are Not Comic (Jan. 17th), especially the advice about not cutting long hair. I believe just what the Scripture says in I Cor. 11:15: "But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her, for her hair is given her for a covering."

My occupation is truck driving and from general observation the men like to see long hair, and generally will not give out with those pear-shaped whistles.

ROSWELL RICE, Ferndale, Mich.

JUDGMENT DAY

DEAR EDITOR: Ed Hohman (The Week's Mail, Jan. 17th) seems to be quite positive that on Judgment Day the Creator will take sides on the subject of the nude in art.

Come Judgment Day will not the Creator be inclined to inquire of Ed who designed the body, and who the clothes?

WARREN HAFFORD, Montrose, Ala.

. . . On Judgment Day I definitely intend to be there but I am going to scoot around and find out what side Ed is on, then I sure will make a beeline for the other side, but fast. CY WARDLE, Cottage Grove, Ore.

. . . I am South African by birth and have witnessed many Kaffir war dances, and have always considered them awe-inspiring—even though the dancers don't wear our idea of clothes. Now here comes Mr. Ed Hohman and passes judgment.

Actually there is a higher code of morals among the Zulu tribes in Africa than any white race in the world.

No Zulu girl walks in peril at night even though she may have few if any clothes on. Sex maniacs, if ever they occur, are put to death. Oh, Mr. Ed Hohman—live and let live, don't be so self-assured!

MRS. C. P. DUNCAN, Houston, Texas

MONKEY-IN-LAW

DEAR SIR: Collier's reached a new high in impropriety with publication of a reader's comment (Jan. 24th) that the Lawson Wood monkey cover, retouched, reminded him of his mother-in-law. A man's personal opinion of his mother-in-law is one thing, but for Collier's to give national publicity to such defamation is unthinkable. A letter of humble apology to the mother-in-law concerned would seem in order. JULES BERTIN,
Ben Avon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The mother-in-law in question, not ashamed of her ancestry, was flattered with her son-in-law's attentiveness.

ACORN MUFFINS

EDITOR COLLIER'S: Re Any Week's suggestion we eat acorns (Jan. 17th). John Muir, when traveling in Alaska, leaping chasms, enduring all sorts of hardships, lived entirely on acorn bread, and was always "fit." My father was a circuit rider (minister) in Vermont—$12 per month and "boarded round." He walked to Minnesota, bought 40 acres, nearly all swamp with a few knolls where oak trees grew. The burr oak acorns were large and sweet. The jack oak acorns were bitter. So we children sat under the burr oak and ate acorns. Our supper consisted of corn-meal mush and milk 365 days a year—so we ate acorns for variety. Those were pioneer days. Have heard my father say: "In Vermont if we had anything to eat, we ate. If we had nothing to eat, we didn't eat. But we never begged, borrowed, went in debt or went on the county."

MISS M. D. ROBIE, Dixon, Ill.

HEADS, BLOODY BUT BOWED

GENTLEMEN: I have been reading Collier's for some time now, The Week's Mail first. You sure get henpecked, don't you? Wouldn't it be a hell of a world if you pleased everyone? Keep up the good work—and good luck.

LAWRENCE VANT, Elkhorn, Wis.

CAVITIES ON WHEELS

GENTLEMEN: Responding to the plea on your editorial page for an invention to provide "sit down" facilities for dentists and barbers (Some Loads Off Some Feet, Jan. 3d), why not everything arranged merry-go-round style, on a track?

The dentist or barber would be mounted on a hobby horse with a revolving tray of instruments mounted on saddle horn; his feet comfortably ensconced in soft slippers and tucked into roomy stirrups; electric buttons attached to surcingle on either side with cord extending down the legs of the nag, so that a prod from either the right or left heel will guide the mount in the right direction at the right time.

SARELI TAYLOR, Washington, D. C.

. . . As a dentist and one of the highly useful members of society who is obliged to stand on his feet much of the time, I am grateful for your sympathy and I think it only fair that we should reciprocate in kind. Your own profession must have its vocational problems. I would suggest a steel headband with an attachment for controlling writer's cramp as a means for combating excessive patronage in writing editorials; or doesn't the suggestion appeal to you?

GEORGE H. REED, Rockland, Me.

. . . Rota-Seat represents fourteen years of intensive experimentation and research on my part. I believe that it answers your question.

DR. CARROLL JOHNSON, Cicero, Ill.

. . . We have a Barberest Stool which has been on the market for over two years. . . .

R. J. LITTLEJOHN, Greenville, S. C.

. . . Our firm has manufactured a very comfortable Health and Rest Stool for the Dental Profession since 1922.

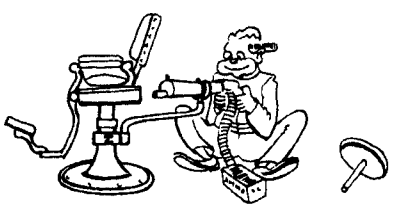
THE WEBER DENTAL MFG. CO.,
Canton, Ohio

. . . Where do you get trimmed? I know. I'll bet you think a tonsorial artist is a man who removes your tonsils.

MRS. RALPH SHIRKEY, Hastings, Mich.

. . . We wish to inform you that there is a reasonably priced seat for barbers on the market. As we are supposed to handle the advertising I guess that makes us about the lousiest advertising agency in the country. We have tried adapting the durn thing for a dentist's chair without success and the barbers don't seem to care whether they stand or sit. Perhaps the enclosed idea of further inducement (see below) would attract the fancy of the tonsorial profession.

JOHN S. DOYEL, Frederica, Dela.



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Eleven times more resistant to fading, on the average, than government standards require.

"Dry Writing"
This ink dries by vertical penetration—not by evaporation. Dries up to 3 times faster than ordinary inks. No blotter is ever needed.

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CLEANS YOUR PEN AS IT WRITES!

Ends gumming and clogging . . . protects metal and rubber parts, too. This bright, smooth-flowing ink comes in 4 permanent and 5 washable colors.

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NATIONAL GUARD

of the United States

THIS IS AMERICA

The America of cities, noisy and bustling, and of quiet country lanes — America at peace. In each of these scenes, thousands of alert, ambitious young men are doing their part to guarantee that peace with their membership in the new National Guard. Many of these young men have just turned 17 and have only recently become eligible to join the National Guard.

FIT AND READY

They are serving America — and in return, America is serving them. In the new National Guard, they find the opportunity to study and learn the things that America stands for. The National Guard sports program keeps them fit and ready. And the fellowship they find in the National Guard gives new meaning to their American heritage.

STRONG AND FREE

These members of the new National Guard know that a strong America will be a free America — a peaceful America. And they know that the few hours each week that they give of their time is an important part of the gigantic pattern for peace.

Veterans who join the new National Guard can probably obtain the rank held upon discharge. Pay for all time spent with the new National Guard is based upon the new, increased Army pay scale. For complete information, visit the National Guard headquarters in your community or write to the Adjutant General of your state.

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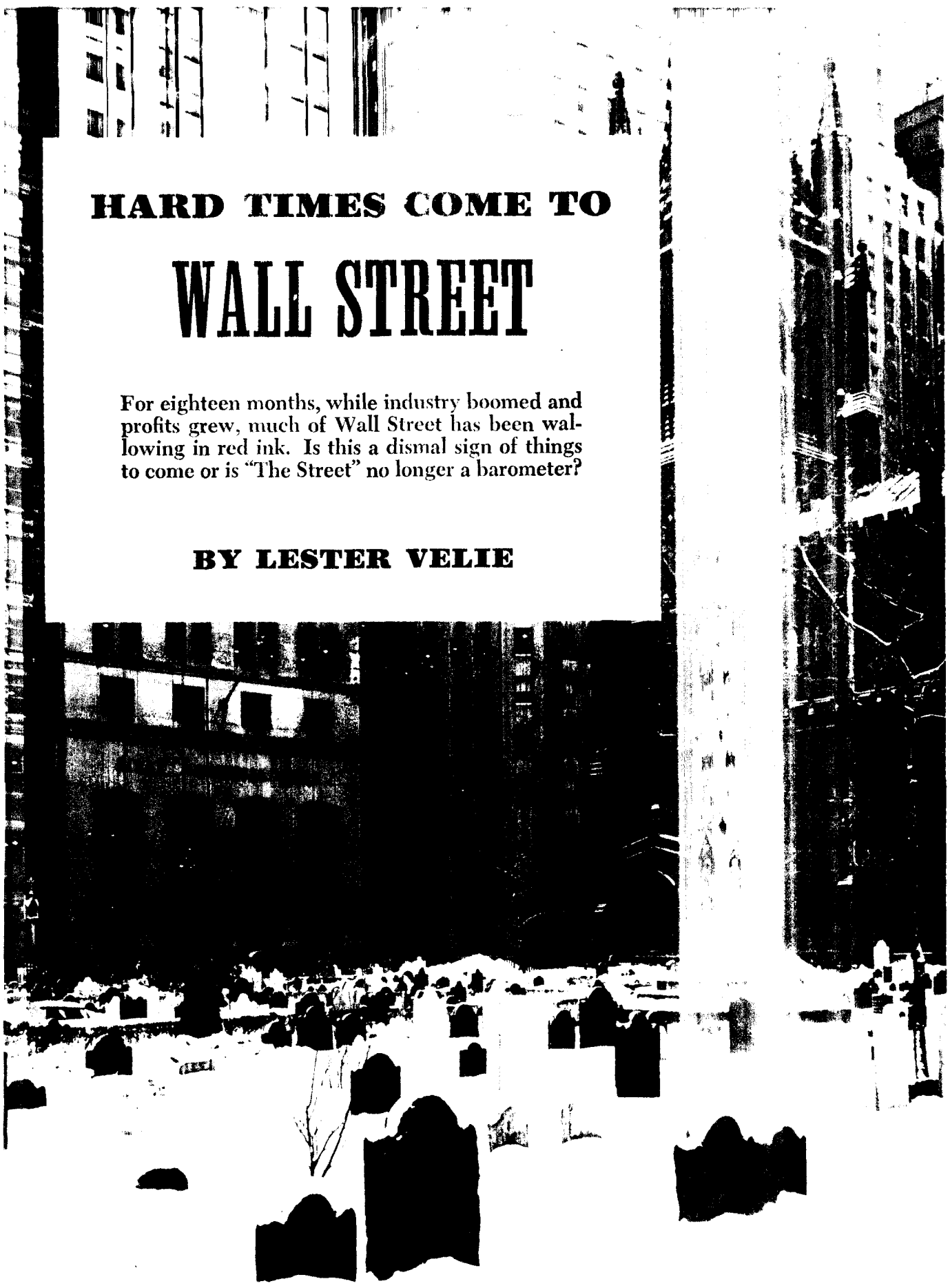
HARD TIMES COME TO WALL STREET

For eighteen months, while industry boomed and profits grew, much of Wall Street has been wallowing in red ink. Is this a dismal sign of things to come or is "The Street" no longer a barometer?

BY LESTER VELIE



At the right of the First National Bank, a canyon called Wall Street ends prophetically in Trinity Church cemetery

WALL STREET, the sunless canyon that starts at a river and ends in a cemetery, has been having another of its macabre jokes. And nobody is laughing. In the midst of a historic, roaring business boom, Wall Street has been having itself a depression.

In 1929, business and employment turned down early in the year, but Wall Street whirled madly almost to the year's end. Now business keeps whirling, but Wall Street dropped out of the happy dance over a year ago and, as this is written, has been a reluctant wallflower ever since.

There's nothing less predictable than what's going to happen to stocks and bonds, or we would have all made our fortunes by this time. So The Street may catch up with the rest of the country by the time you read this. Yet at the turn of the year, Wall Street was rounding out 16 months of hard times, a screwball period of want in the midst of plenty. No wonder the big stock and bond men couldn't figure it out. Try these on yourself:

Corporation profits are highest in history. But speculators and investors want so little to do with the prosperous corporation's securities that brokers either lost money last year or just barely made ends meet.

Prosperous America swims in a sea of black ink, but The New York Stock Exchange, reflecting brokers' hard times, was in the red for 1947, the first time in seven years.

Almost all merchants are making money. But not the merchants of debt—the investment bankers. Industry needs billions for expansion, and this should mean big opportunities for the bankers, but promising deals have turned into disasters.

Employees elsewhere gird for a third-round pay increase. But not in Wall Street where there hasn't even been a second round. Brokerage houses have trimmed staffs as much as a third, and unemployment is rising.

The price of a farm, a beefsteak, a piece of steel—anything—rises. The price of a Stock Exchange membership goes down. At last count a seat sold at $57,000—about half the price of 1946, and less than one tenth the price of 1929.

In fact, things were so dull in Wall Street, one broker quipped, "It's a cemetery market, that's what it is. Those that are in it can't get out, and those that are out of it don't want to get in."

Wall Street has long been regarded as a barometer that registers coming events. Was Wall Street's depression a forecast of things to come for the rest of the country? Or has Wall Street ceased to be a barometer?

On the tenth floor of the Exchange Building where the Big Men of The Street take their lunch at the Stock Exchange Club, there is a massive piece of copper sculpture depicting the everlasting struggle between the Bulls (the optimistic buyers of stocks) and the Bears (the pessimistic sellers).

In the statue, the Bull is having the best of it and is lording it over the Bear who is sprawled, snarling, on its back. This, to the brokers, is as it should be, and in fact expresses the fulfillment of a subconscious wish. For if the Bulls are on top, it means happy days in Wall Street. Optimistic buyers are bidding stocks up. Money is being made, at least on paper, and as the news gets around, the little people, the public, come running, and the bull market raises a real head of steam.

Conversely, when the Bears have the best of it, and pessimistic selling is forcing prices down, money is being lost in Wall Street, and the stock trading business slackens. Who wants to buy stocks when prices are falling?

Wall Street has been having a bear market ever since September, 1946. And so, in contrast to the 1929 bull market, when the Big Board chalked up 4,000,000 transactions a day, or in the bull market of 1945-46 when 2,000,000-share days were the rule—the bear market of '47 saw an average 850,000 shares traded daily. And on this, in Wall Street, you can starve.

I revisited a broker friend whom I had last seen in the bull-market days of 1946. Then his office had been a bedlam of jangling telephones and jostling customers pleading for a chance to get in on the cheap speculative issues then pouring out in great flood.

"Get me 100 Pratt's Fresh Frozen Foods at $6, I've got some rights as an old customer," one man insisted.

"You've got to get me a block of F. R. Corp. at $5.85," another shouted.

"What do you mean Air Cargo Transport, Incorporated, has been sold out? I demand a thousand shares at $2.25," still another roared.

The harried broker dashed from one phone to another, and from customer to customer.

"Just give me time," he pleaded.

That was in the spring of 1946. In January, 1948, he got his wish, a bellyful of it. Time? Nothing else but.

The same broker, his desk clean, his office innocent of customers, his telephone silent, asked if I wanted to talk about the depression in Wall Street.

"I have all the time in the world," he commented bitterly.

Now that prices were low, nobody wanted to buy. Customers could have Pratt's Fresh Frozen Foods at 25 cents now. Not interested. They could have F. R. Corp. at 75 cents. They could have Air Cargo Transport, Incorporated, at 25 cents.

These penny prices for stocks that had sold for dollars were short short stories of tragedies for little people. Some of the promotions that made their debut in a blaze of glory in 1945

(Continued on page 75)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

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Soon, it will be spring—budding out all over! Time to get out—take it all in—in color movies with Revere! There's so much beauty to catch—the magic of sun and blooming trees—the fun of children at play. It's easy to capture it all . . . for Revere is so simple to operate. You can be sure of thrilling movies from the very start. See Revere movie equipment at your dealer now! REVERE CAMERA COMPANY, CHICAGO 16

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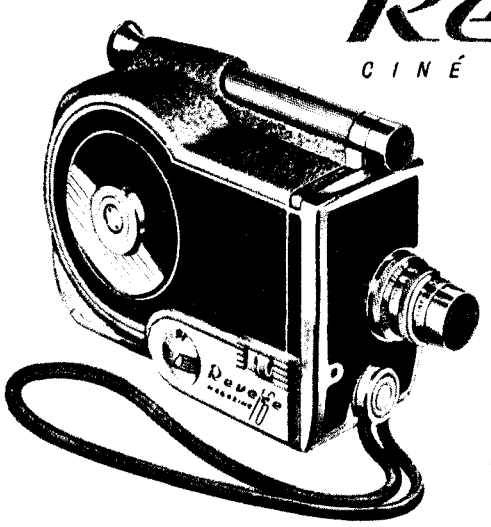

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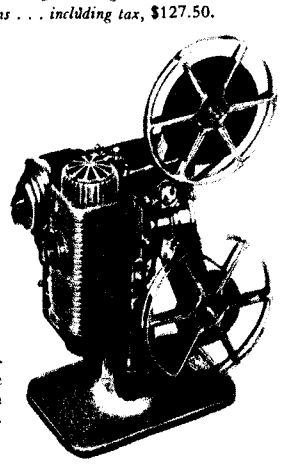
At the price of an "eight," it has rapid magazine loading . . . built-in Micromatic telescopic view-finder . . . five speeds . . . single frame exposure . . . continuous run . . . ratchet winding key . . . exposure guide . . . with F 2.5 Wollensak coated lens . . . including tax, **$127.50.**

Revere "70" Magazine Eight with F 2.8 Coated Lens . . . including tax, $127.50.

REVERE EIGHT "88" CAMERA

Five speeds with built-in view-finder; positive speed control; simple threading; simple exposure chart. With F 2.5 Wollensak Anastigmat coated lens. Including tax, **$77.50**



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Automatic re-wind (no belts); sensitive tilting control; improved gate assembly with self-adjusting film guides. With 500-watt lamp, fast 1-in. coated lens, 300-ft. reel, **$120**

BETWEEN THE BEAR AND THE DRAGON

Continued from page 13

Land reform was tried out briefly by the Kuomintang in the rich coastal province of Chekiang. It developed that the Chekiang politicians on whom the party had come to depend didn't like this. Therefore the program was never really tried again anywhere. Kuomintang officials like Vice-President Sun Fo have taken the position that their own party can never enforce land redistribution.

The basic power in China today is held by the army. Through it Generalissimo Chiang runs the country. Its officers, who are a privileged caste above civil law, are closely tied up with the old ruling class. So are the officials and party functionaries who make up the rest of the government hierarchy. The peasant is just where he was when he first attracted Sun Yat-sen's attention.

Communists Welcomed by Dr. Sun

At the invitation of Sun Yat-sen the Communist party had joined the revolution in the early twenties. It continued to take part until the revolution as a whole was successful in 1927. Then when Chiang Kai-shek began making his compromises he threw out the Communists. They took refuge in the deep mountainous Chinese interior as an armed political opposition. During the war with Japan they increased their territory and influence.

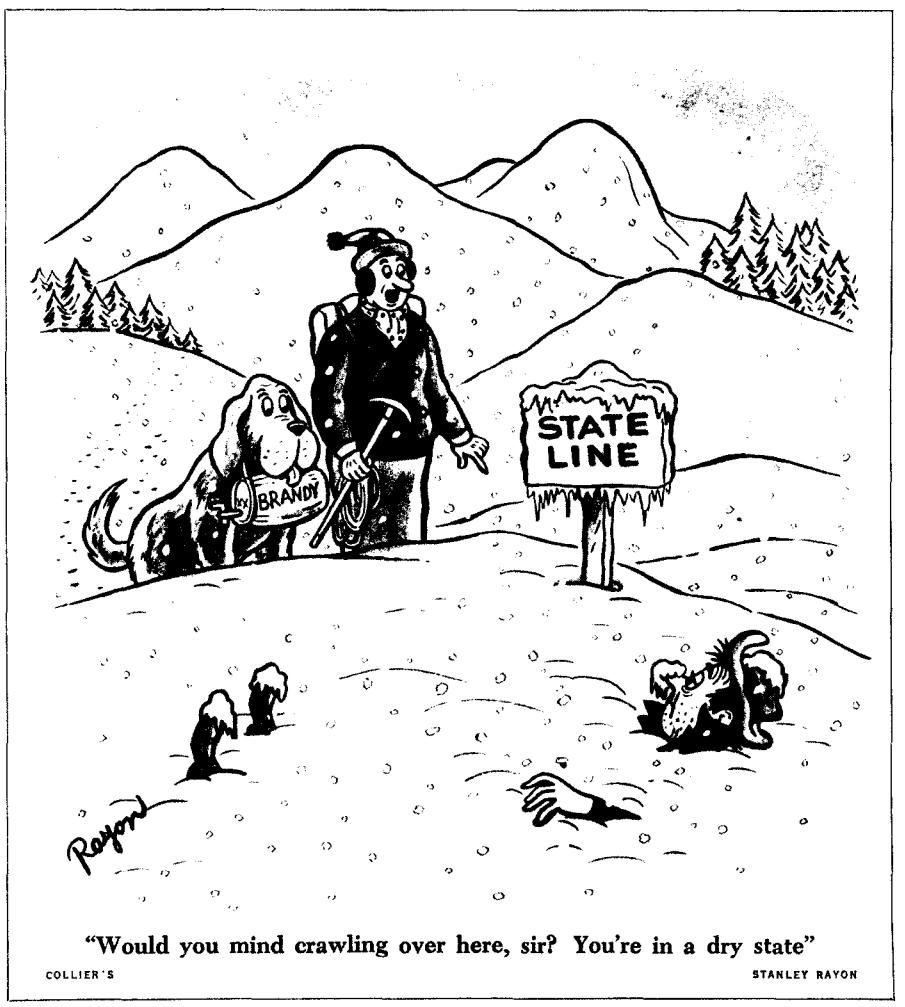
The Communists are rough. When they capture new stretches of territory they send political agents into its villages to "overturn" them. These agents work on the poorest class of people, telling them they'd be rich now if the landlords hadn't squeezed them all their lives. They tell them that land redistribution will raise them out of their poverty. By skillfully playing on old grudges and anything else that comes to hand they develop a movement, whose targets are the villages' few top landlords. It spreads out and takes in more and more peasants. Finally it culminates in a mass "trial," stage-managed by the Communist agents, at which the landlords are denounced, have their land turned over to the peasants and are often brutally lynched.

After this the old order is shattered in the village. The poor are bound to the Communists not only by the desire to keep their new land, but also by the fear of reprisals should the Kuomintang return, as it sometimes does.

While the land revolution is under way the Communist leadership is busy attacking the family system, which is another pillar of the old society. Village women are forced into leagues and encouraged to join in the denouncing of husbands who have treated them in the dictatorial way sanctioned by the old system. As a new strong element in public opinion they are aroused to make their menfolk join the army. Children are taken young, educated to become Communists and put to work at various things—often at spying behind Kuomintang lines. The family moves out and its place is taken by the Communist party.

Meanwhile the Communist leadership enforces realistic discipline in the Red army. When government soldiers go through a town they often grab everything in sight—rice, chickens and even the woodwork out of houses for firewood. Communist regulars are trained in public relations, and misbehavior toward the people whose support is sought is a serious offense. To support the Red army may cost the countryside just as much as to support its opponents, but the exactions are made with a skillful propaganda approach designed to convince the peasants that they are necessary.

The Chinese Communists have an administrative backbone made up of students and young intellectuals who have come over to them chiefly during the Japanese war. These people—many of them sons and daughters of rich families in Kuomintang territory—wear old cotton uniforms. They travel through the countryside "eating bitterness" as the



"Would you mind crawling over here, sir? You're in a dry state"

COLLIER'S STANLEY RAYON

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"The sitter here yet? . . . Good. Still raining? . . . Stopped, eh? . . . Windows all locked? Well, then, take the car out of the garage. . . . You did? . . . Well, then, get my coat ready. . . . Oh, you've got my coat. I hope we're not late. Don't forget your key. . . . Check the back door . . ."

COLLIER'S — STAN FINE

Chinese say—putting up with malaria, dysentery, bad food, long night marches and countless other hardships. They are the fanatics who hold the political organization together. They establish the propaganda line and methods in the villages. They make sure that local political administrations are run according to Communist doctrine and that no remnants of the old order are left.

The Communists claim to have a realistic approach to their budgetary problems. They realize their territory cannot support a large nonproductive army and bureaucracy without inflation. Therefore they keep these services to a minimum and they instruct their members to produce their own food whenever possible.

Signs of Moscow Propaganda

The whole situation is alarming to Americans. While the Communists may or may not be riding to victory on Russian support, the result may be the same once they get there—they may be Russia's faithful allies in any big world conflict. Some observers believe there's a strong antiforeign sentiment in China that might turn against Russia if she tried to control a Communist regime here too directly. But Chinese Communist leaders—especially the young bureaucrats described above—are devoted to what they call the "Communist Motherland." Much of the Chinese Communist propaganda is a direct relay from Moscow—and influences its audience in the way Moscow wants people influenced.

All this is against America's interests as most Americans understand them. Therefore some American leaders are urging that we get in and win the fight for the Kuomintang.

This course should be examined. It is agreed by most of those who have studied the matter in China that no help to Chiang Kai-shek will accomplish much unless it is used under American supervision, or is preceded by reforms in the Chinese government. Many specific reforms have been suggested. For example, it is urged that China's huge army—whose cost is the chief reason for the inflation here—should be cut to half size; the bureaucracy should be cut to two thirds; a land-reform program should be enforced; honesty should be required of tax collectors. Rich tax dodgers should be jailed and rich men's sons shouldn't be allowed to escape the draft. And so forth.

This program might put the Kuomintang in considerably better fighting trim. At the same time it would be equivalent to a new Chinese revolution. Every reform mentioned above has been urged on Chiang Kai-shek for years. None has ever been adopted because each would strike at the vital interests of some pressure group on which the Kuomintang depends. The compromises the Kuomintang has made in the past twenty years have confirmed and almost legalized the privileges of these groups. Suddenly to question these privileges would shake the whole order.

These facts have convinced many students of the problem that if America would save the Chinese government she must do more than decide to spend a few billion dollars here. She must also make up her mind to come in and run a great many things, these people believe. She must be ready to insist that Chiang Kai-shek undertake the reforms mentioned. Furthermore she must be ready to shield him from the consequences of outraging the pressure groups involved. Generalissimo Chiang cannot agree to experiments with the structure of his power this late in the game unless someone will guarantee that structure against collapse.

This program, if followed out, means, of course, a heavy responsibility and a deep commitment. The Chinese Communists are already calling us "invaders" and "imperialist butchers" on the strength of the little we're doing here now. This may shock Americans, but it's the way Chinese nationalism—twisted and made sensitive by a hundred years of foreign exploitation—can be put to work to serve an interested party.

Thus many observers here see this as America's choice: She can either let history take its course here or she can come in ambitiously, trying to drive back Communism by supporting and rejuvenating the Chiang Kai-shek regime—a job that figures to involve several billion dollars and years of close attention. This choice can be postponed somewhat by giving Generalissimo Chiang and his unreformed Kuomintang the small bits of help they've gotten used to. But it cannot be evaded in the end.

THE END

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I walked over to the ditch to see if Winston was hurt and found Margaret waiting for me. "Look, you big oaf," she said, "why don't you look where you're going? You're a menace . . ."

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BY WILLIAM L. WORDEN

It's a fruitcake of a family—packed solid with nuts

I DID not invite Jeannette. It has taken me a long time, but there are some things I know better than. One thing I know better than is to permit my family to happen to anybody all at once if I can help it. They take preparing for, and I had not got around to preparing Jeannie. I had been entirely too busy discussing with her really important people—to wit, me; and in cementing relations with a more important family—to wit, hers.

Not that Jeannette was stuffy. Jeannette, as anybody could see, had too much sparkle in the eyes for that. Jeannette, pulling for the University of Chattanooga from a seat on the fifty-yard line, could make more noise than a lady really should; and Jeannette in a parked car, watching the moon over the river, could remove any lingering doubt that she was flesh and blood rather than rare crystal and lace. This last no one else had found out, but I had. Jeannette was wonderful, even if her grandfather had held Robert E. Lee's horse.

By the time I left my job in Tennessee for an October vacation at home, Jeannette's father's head had been raised from the cotton quotations just long enough to look at my prospects without shuddering; and her mother had decided I was a reasonably nice boy, although she did not recall ever knowing any Douglases personally before, either in the Daughters of the Confederacy or elsewhere. This bothered her a little, she said, because she kept thinking that the name was familiar, that she had heard it somewhere in connection with something. But she was not sure what.

Neither was I, but I did not risk any guesses. There was going to be plenty of time, I hoped, for her to learn additional details about me. That month, it was enough for me just having her admit that I did have better manners than some of those people with Sherman. She was nice and I thought she liked me, but it was no time to take chances.

Jeannette herself said, "I'm glad you're going away, Bobby. When you're around, I have trouble thinking straight. This month will be good for us both. When you come back, we'll be sure. After all, a month isn't long."

It was not yes, but it certainly wasn't no. So she took me to the airport.

Then, presently, I was stumbling across the edge of the Seattle runway in the rain; and Joe was by the gate, the usual cigarette dangling beneath his pencil mustache, and wearing an old sweat shirt and a pair of dungarees—the same he had been wearing when I last saw him a year before, I think—that were his answer to a rainy day. As usual, he wore open moccasins but no socks. I said, "Hi, Skipper," and he said, "Hi, Shaughnessy."

It was a name Joe always called me when I was a kid. He never would tell me just why, but Sally sometimes grinned when she heard it. Like this time when she came out from behind Joe's shoulder and met me on a dead run. I kissed her while her feet were off the ground. Sometimes, a hundred pounds is no weight at all.

I said, "I see you haven't heard. Skirts are longer this year."

"That," she said, "is for the birds. How many women do you know, you whelp, with legs as nice as these after simply dozens of children?" She showed me, so I whistled, which was what she wanted.

Joe is forty this summer and Sally is a year younger. I'm twenty-two and sometimes I have trouble remembering they're my parents.

After I passed the line of scrimmage, I ran into the secondary, which was Peg, complete with lipstick and a sweater which fit in spots. When I came unstuck from the lipstick, I said, "For the love of Pete, you look like a contorted calendar. Sally, you shouldn't allow—"

"I am fifteen and a half years old," my sister Margaret informed me, "and biologically—"

"No," I said. "No, please. I didn't get a wink of sleep on that airplane."

Over by an enormous yellow convertible, a nine-year-old in a pair of jeans and a cowboy belt said, "Yackety-yackety. Come on, before these brats get fingerprints all over the car." A ring of admiring small boys fell back from the gorgeous yellow thing.

I said, "Hi, Zack," to my brother and we all got into the car—that is, as soon as a gangling mongrel, obviously Zack's special property, moved his hundred and thirty pounds far enough over on the rear seat. Margaret slid under the wheel.

I said, "Quite a car, Joe. I didn't think Peg was old enough—"

"At least," she said, "I practically never run into red trucks." Nobody in that family ever was going to forget what had happened to a convertible when I was seventeen.

We drove home, the long, remembered way out past factories, along the highway at a speed that was safe only when all state patrolmen are having lunch, and finally down the green and curving drive to the water front and Redolent Beach. Nobody had fixed the fence between the two-storied garage and the house since one of Peg's junior boy friends ran his bicycle into it in 1945. The kid broke his arm but recovered from everything except Peggy. We had not been at home half an hour until he—his name was Winston, which I suppose he could not help—was around again, this time in a cut-down Ford, indeterminate age, with no muffler.

I was home. Nothing was the same and everything was the same, which is to say something was always under way and it seldom made sense. The house still needed paint, but the Potboiler, which had been a good thirty-foot cruiser when Joe bought it one Saturday afternoon on the strength of a good royalty check, still gave the place class by riding out in front, moored to a float. I could guess how much upkeep she had been given since I left home, but she was still a nice-looking boat.

FOR a week, it was fun. Joe was not working or even trying, never going near the office above the garage. "My last book," he said, "is going too good. I loaded it up with a lot of good, hot sex; and sales are swell. Even the publisher was enough impressed to give me a good advance. That's how I happened to get the convertible."

Sally said, "This is a pleasure. You should have been here when he was writing that last thing with all those women in it. His temper was terrible."

I said, "I see the foundation under the house has sunk some more."

He admitted it. "There never seems to be enough money," he said, "to do anything about it."

"Not with cruisers and convertibles."

"Shaughnessy," he said, "you never did have the right attitude."

So we played some badminton when the rain let up. Joe's wind isn't as good as it used to be, but he's still a cutie on the court. He beat me three games running.

Then Sally called out of an upstairs window. "Somebody wants you an the telephone, Shaughnessy," she said. "Something about a telegram."

Joe dropped his racket. "That's probably for me," he said. "Carl should be wiring about the movie rights—"

Sally's expression was enough to apply his brakes. "I could not understand what the man was trying to read to me," she said, "except the very last. That was, 'Love, Jeannette.' It had better not be for you, you great big romantic figure, you."

Our telephone line at Redolent Beach had never been good, and I had trouble myself understanding all of the telegram. But I understood the important part. That said, "Boeing Field, Seattle, five o'clock."

I saved the convertible for myself by removing the rotor from the distributor. When Peg tried to run off in it to see Winston, the car would not start.

When I was putting the rotor back in after changing my clothes, Sally came out to lean on the fender and watch me work. It was harder to fit back in than I remembered rotors as being. "Tell me again," she said, "what is this girl's name?"

I said, "Jeannette Smith. Jeannie."

"So that's how it is?"

I stopped working so hard on the rotor, which immediately dropped into the slot where it belonged. Zack, who had been watching from the other fender, said, "See, if you do it right, it's easy."

Sally always had seemed to understand a lot of things. I said, "That's how it is. I mean, that's how I want it to be."

"You're still so young, Bobby—"

I said, "That, from you?"

She scowled at Zack. "When you are old enough to need it," she said, "I am going to be ancient enough to give parental advice and get away with it." To me, she added, "I'll straighten things up while you're gone. We all want to make a good impression. . . ."

JEANNETTE did get off the plane from California. So did Mrs. Andrew Beauregard Smith, her mother. Jeannie said, "Oh, darling, I was so afraid you wouldn't get my wire. Father had to be in San Francisco a whole week and at the last minute he said we could come and I told Mother we'd just have to accept your lovely invitation."

So help me, I didn't invite anybody, not Jeannette, most certainly not her mother; but I was not ready to make trouble about it. Especially not after Jeannie let me kiss her, right there. She also kissed back and whispered, "It was going to be such an awful long month, Bobby. You don't mind my little old fib about the invitations? Mother wouldn't have let me come alone."

Mrs. Smith said, "It's a beautiful country, Robert. I had no idea—so far out West."

Jeannette stepped into the car as soon as I brushed some dog hair off the seat. She said, "What a gorgeous car, Bobby! I had no idea your family—"

I said, "You haven't any idea at all, darling."

We settled back for the drive home, but Mrs. Smith was not finished. "I want to compliment you, Robert," she said, "on being such a thoughtful young man. Arranging this meeting between the families is something not many young people would ever think of doing. So many young men just appear out of nowhere and a person has no way of telling where they came from or anything about their people. I do think it is important for families to understand about each other. You can tell so much about a person if you see him in the background of his own home. It's very adult of you."

Jeannette surprised me then. She said, "Mother, I thought you told me you never met Father's family until after you were married."

"That," said Mrs. Smith, "was an entirely different situation."

I said, "What has been happening in Chattanooga?" It was all I could think of to say.

Nothing had been happening in Chattanooga. Not a single thing.

My fingers were stiff from being kept crossed long before we got to Redolent Beach, but it did no

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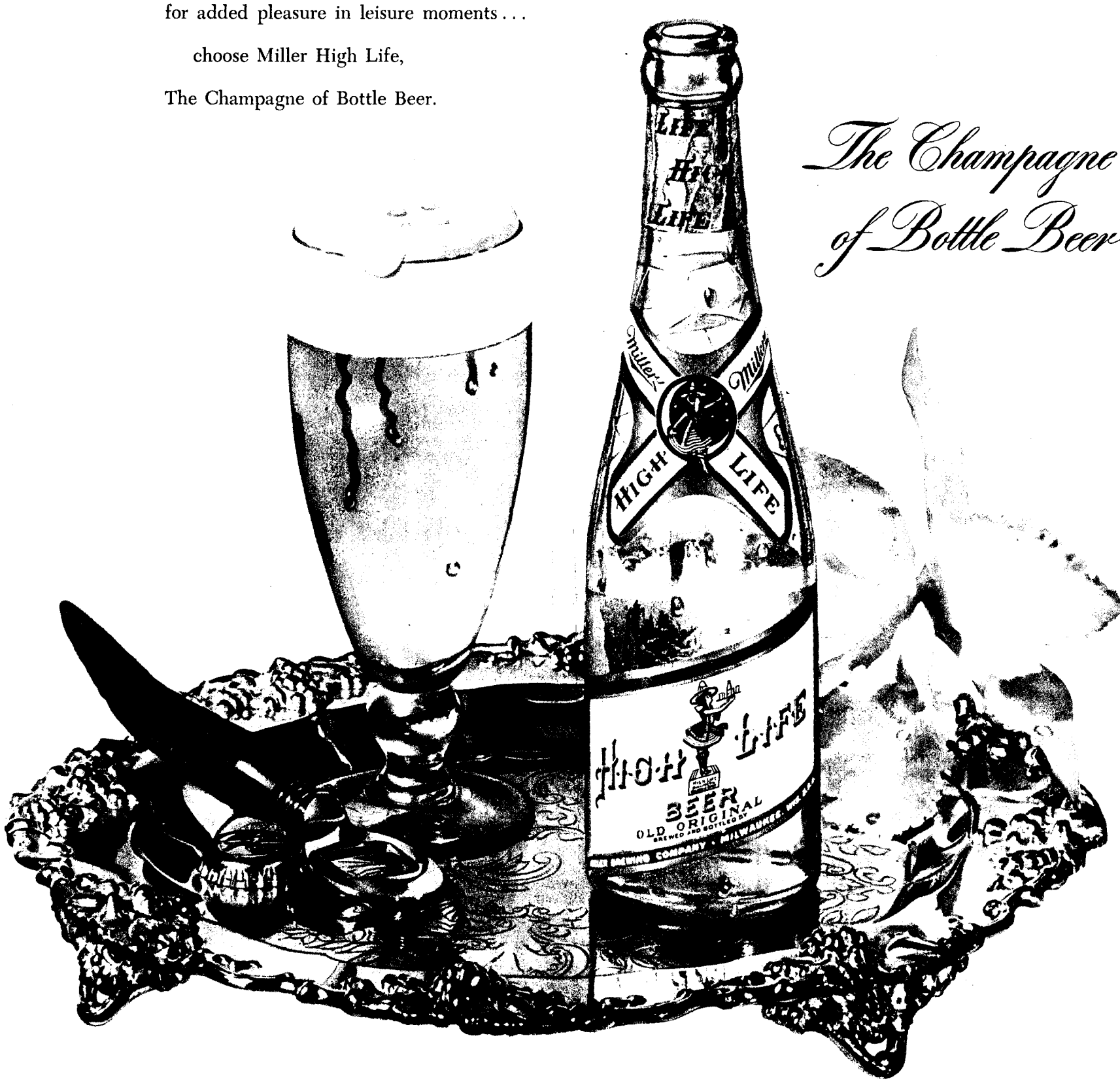

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good. I turned into the drive behind the house. I mean, I started to turn.

Ahead and around the grown-up Scotch broom, a terrific racket exploded. I stomped on the brakes, but not quickly enough. The remains of a car, motor roaring, no fenders, caromed off the convertible's front bumper, bounced across the highway and ended nose down in a ditch.

I examined the scarred spot on the bumper, then went over to the ditch to see whether Winston was hurt. Unfortunately, he was not. Beside the wreck, my sister Margaret was waiting for me. She said, "Look, you big oaf, why don't you look where you're going? You're a menace—"

WINSTON came from behind his mashed steering wheel. "If I don't come up the drive fast," he explained, "Baby always dies. Stop yapping, Peg, and hook this rope on his rear bumper. He can jerk Baby out."

It is illegal to kill a sixteen-year-old with your bare hands. I pulled Baby out of the ditch but it still wouldn't start, so the inmates hopped on the convertible's fenders to ride back down to the house. Peg did admit an introduction to the Smiths. She said, "Hi, Jeannie. You can relax now. Even Shaughnessy can't hit anything more before he gets home."

Sally met us in the driveway. So did Zack, the family cat and Zack's dog, who had put on ten more pounds since I left for the airport. I got past the introductions, with some help from Sally. She was wearing a new house dress, straight out of some teen-age shoppe. I said the Smith names and then, "This is Sally," watching the puzzled expression spread across Mrs. Smith's face.

But Sally did a nice job. "And this," she said, "is my younger son, Zack."

Mrs. Smith looked from Zack to me and back again. All she did was to look, and all she said was, "My!" Maybe a woman would know why Sally's welcoming smile suddenly got much wider, and much, much sweeter.

"My husband," she said, "tried to vote when he was sixteen. Now he's forty but he still tries to play tennis. I've always thought he was attempting to prove something, one time or the other."

Mrs. Smith made the mistake of bending to pet the cat rubbing against her shins. Zack's dog, all hundred and fifty pounds of him, decided he liked Jeannette and wanted to kiss her, which I could understand. As he reared, I yelled, "Butch!" but the effect was bad. When he came down, toenails raked one of Jeannie's hose, ruining it, and the dog backed up without looking. That took care of Mrs. Smith. I helped her back to her feet, and Zack recovered her handbag, which was only a little muddy.

"Butch wouldn't have done it," Zack told her, "but that idiot Shaughnessy yelled at him."

I went behind the car to get the luggage, and stopped. From the garage door below his office, Joe was staring out at the sound. He was wearing shorts, moccasins without socks, a sweat shirt and an ancient eyeshade, cracked around the edges of the isinglass. As I watched, he turned toward the house, walking rapidly but not looking. When he came close, Sally said, "Joe, this is Mrs. Smith and Jeannette, our guests." She emphasized the last word, but it did not help.

Joe said, "Hi," and kept on walking.

I said, "Sally, you didn't tell me."

"I didn't know until after you'd left. Then it was too late."

We went into the house. Mrs. Smith, some ice around the edges of her voice, admired the living room as being just like those in so many Southern houses. She was still admiring it when Joe came through from the kitchen, eating half an apple pie as he came. His hands were grease-streaked and his eyes still did not seem to focus, although he smiled at Mrs. Smith. He said, "How do you spell your name?"

Mrs. Smith said, "S-M-I-T-H."

Joe looked her up and down. "I am in no mood," he said, "for lousy gags." He went out, carrying the pie.

Sally said, "It will be all right, Shaughnessy. He went down for the boat tools a while ago. That means he's fixing the garden tractor now, and that means his plot ought to come unstuck before long."

I SHOWED Jeannette the view from the front porch windows. She let me hold her hands; but she would stay alone on the porch with me only a few minutes. "We really do have to clean up before dinner, Bobby," she said. "Don't worry, you poor boy."

Dinner was all right. Afterward, Jeannie and I went out to a lawn swing. The evening was cool, but coolness has some advantages. I made the most of the advantages.

Later, Sally made coffee but Joe did not wait for it. He had that faraway expression again. He said, "I think I'll go out and work a while."

Jeannie said she would like one more breath of fresh air; but out on the lawn under a very fine harvest moon, she was not ready to be kissed. "Bobby," she said, "I have to know . . . Mother is going to demand . . . What *does* your father do? I mean, what is his business?"

I said, "He writes books. The good ones don't sell and the bad ones make a lot of money but get banned in Boston and Memphis."

"Oh! Now I know—I should have recognized—Bobby, you never told me!"

I said, "Darling, we wouldn't have to live near them. If we were married, we'd never have to see any of our parents except at Christmas time. I love you."

But Jeannie was going away toward the house. "Mother will be waiting for me," she said. "I know she will."

However, the evening had more moments in it. One was on the way back inside. Jeannie stopped with her hand on the door. She said, "One other thing, Bobby—why do your parents call you Shaughnessy?"

I told the truth. I said, "I don't know. They won't tell me. Joe always says the same thing, but it doesn't make sense."

"What?"

"He always says, 'Sally and I believe in giving credit where credit is due.' "

Jeannette went to find her mother.

The second moment came when I was running downstairs, and Jeannette and her mother were slowly climbing, just below the corner at the landing. I think they did not know I was there for a moment. Mrs. Smith was speaking. "I know all those new theories," she said, "about how a person can rise above his early environment; but personally, I'm not so sure. I still think blood will tell."

They both saw me then. Mrs. Smith said, "Oh! Good night, Robert."

JOE came downstairs in time for breakfast. Not only that, but he was affable. Sally said, "Joe, do you feel well?"

"I feel wonderful," he said. "It's a wonderful morning."

She said, "Your story?"

"Stinker. An absolute stinker. I'm not going to waste any more time on it. I am going to get a regular job when our money runs out. I can get a job on a newspaper any time. I used to be a first-class reporter. They'll be glad to have me back."

Sally said, "Oh."

"I'll tell you," Joe said, "what we'll do Just to celebrate the end of all this foolishness about stories, we'll take a trip. We'll take a trip today in the Potboiler. We can go down to Deadman's Island and be back before dark. We can all go."

I said, at intervals, "Jeannie and I planned something else," "Joe, we're two weeks past the equinox and you know how the Sound can act," and, "Peg, how long since the Potboiler was run the last time?" Nothing did any good. Joe said the thing Jeannie and I had planned could wait and probably would not be good for us, anyhow. It was a beautiful day, he said, and there was absolutely nothing in the fall weather to worry about. Also, the Potboiler was in perfect condition, ticking like a watch.

Mrs. Smith put on the clincher. She said, "I think that would be grand, Mr. Douglas. I haven't had a single chance to wear the yachting dress I bought specially for this western trip."

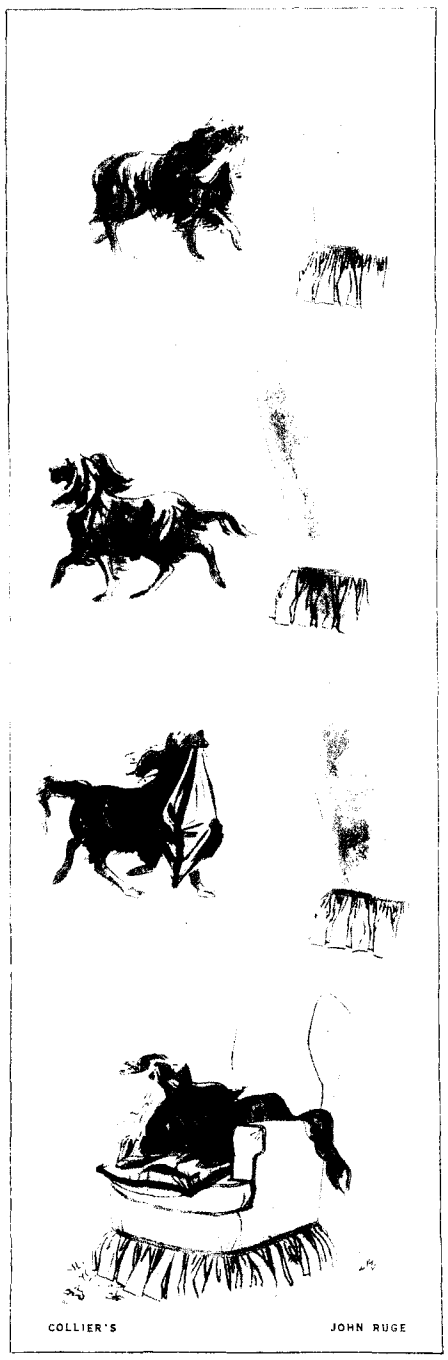
I said, "Mrs. Smith, you're thinking of two other boats, not the Potboiler." But that was all I could say. This was my mother-in-law, or rather, I hoped she was going to be, so if she wanted to go yachting . . .

Sally put bread and cheese in a basket and Joe added half a case of beer. Winston came along, because my sister Margaret always could get her father to agree to anything, and Butch got aboard because nobody was big enough to stop him. The Potboiler engine did me a very dirty trick. It started.

Joe's idea of yachting is in the classic tradition—he and a bottle of beer go up on the foredeck and hang their feet over the side. Winston was busy holding Peg's hand. That left two males for the crew. Zack cast off and I ran the boat. A mile away from our home float, he wandered down into the cabin, vaulting over Butch, who preferred to sleep in the companionway. "Hey," Zack said, "I guess we don't need the dinghy."

I said, "What?"

"Joe loaned the dinghy to a guy last week. I looked up on top of the cabin



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where it should be but there's nothing there except your girl."

I said, "Keep your fingers crossed."

"Have," he said. "Have ever since we started."

Nevertheless we did get to Deadman's Island and anchored off the south end because Joe insisted. I said something about its being a lee shore, but he was not listening. We fired up the cabin range but kept it going barely long enough to percolate the coffee. "That will have to do," Sally said. "There isn't anything else on board to burn, not even any kindling."

WE ATE the sandwiches. Mrs. Smith said she thought the Sound was beautiful, which it is, and that she had always envied people who owned yachts, which the Potboiler is not. Jeannie just glanced at me now and then and smiled, which is enough, any day.

"Mr. Douglas," Mrs. Smith said, "you are ruining all my ideas about writers. I thought they lived in attics and ate crusts."

"Madam," Joe said, "you are talking about literature. Obviously, you do not buy my books."

I said, "Some things you just can't have around a house where there is a young girl. After Jeannie and I are married, maybe—"

Mrs. Smith's smile froze right where it was. I did not like the way it froze.

Zack said, "Hey, Shaughnessy, the wind's hauled around to the southwest. If we don't get out of here—"

I pushed Butch out on the foredeck so I could reach the engine starter. I pushed the button and the engine turned over, painfully and exactly twice.

Winston said, "I noticed on the way over the ammeter wasn't registering. Maybe, if we primed the plugs—"

We primed the plugs and I pushed the button. The engine turned over once.

"It could be," Winston said, "the carburetor." It was not. The third time we tried, the motor did not turn over at all. I tested the battery spark, which was discouraging.

Then I glanced through the windshield. Butch was quite happy on the foredeck and had the anchor rope chewed half through. I yelled, "Butch!" and Butch fell overboard.

Zack began to cry. "Doggone," he said, "I keep telling you not to yell at these dogs. Their nerves won't stand it."

Butch swam around to the stern and Winston and I pulled him back aboard, where he shook. Mrs. Smith's dress had been very nice—*had* been.

The wind rose, as it always does when it swings to the southwest; and the Potboiler began to pitch. In the cabin, the coffeepot fell off the range, scattering grounds. Joe said, "Hey, that wasn't the beer, was it?" He took the last three bottles of beer back to the foredeck with him. Peg, Zack and Butch went along; and presently, at least three of them were singing one of Joe's favorite ditties, The Hongry Waves A'Threatenin' Death.

"It could be," Winston said, "in the fuel pump." Winston was a mine of bad guesses.

Just above me as I stuck my head down beside the motor, Mrs. Smith, Sally and Jeannie sat on the cabin roof, swinging their feet and looking at Deadman's Island. Jeannie said, "Mrs. Douglas, I keep wondering about something—why do all of you use that 'Shaughnessy' name for Bob? He says he doesn't know."

"We believe," Sally said, "in giving credit where credit is due." Then she grinned at Jeannie and down at me. "Up to now," she said, "I always figured it was none of Bobby's business, young as he was; but if he's thinking about getting married—Joe and I decided to run away and get married when I was sixteen. We didn't tell anybody except Joe's grandfather. He was a terrible old man who used to run a carnival side show. He said, 'Good idea, but you won't never do it. Too young. You'll get talked out of it. Too bad. I don't know what anybody can do—'

"But he did. Just before we left his house, he handed me a package. 'Tell you what,' he said. 'You get outside the J.P.'s house, you open that package. Rubes is all alike. You got to have something to get them started toward the tent.'

"I guess we wouldn't have gone into the justice's house. We were both scared stiff by the time we got there in a hack. But I remembered Grandpa's package. When I opened it, it was a bottle of Shaughnessy's whisky. Joe and the driver each had a drink, and I held on to both of them when we went in."

Sally grinned again. "We always figured," she said, "that Bobby would never have been around except for that bottle. So the commercial is no more than fair."

I had my head down in the motor. Somebody sitting on the top of the cabin giggled, but I could not be sure who.

Winston said we could test for a frozen bearing if we had a crank. "I guess it must be in the garage," Joe said. "I was using it the other day, trying to start that tractor."

I said, "There used to be a fisherman living over on the north side of the island. He might have an extra battery." I dropped a plumb line into just three and a half feet of water under the Potboiler's stern, which drew three feet. But when Peg saw me checking the depth mark against Winston's side, she said, "Don't get any ideas, Shaughnessy. He can't swim a stroke."

I don't know what this younger generation is coming to. I took off my wrist watch, my shoes and then my pants. Mrs. Smith said, "Robert!" so I went overside faster than I had intended, stumbling on a barnacle and getting wet to the shoulders. I said, "Winston, pull the boat out to the anchor while I'm gone so it won't go aground."

IT WAS half a mile to the fisherman's shack, which had been very vacant for a long time. I walked back and waded out. Winston had not pulled the Potboiler out to the anchor, and it was aground. However, it did float free. I only had to stay in the water pushing for ten or fifteen minutes. Winston did not say anything when I finally pulled my blue legs back aboard. Occasionally, Winston shows an instinct for self-preservation which is almost as good as brains.

"Maybe," Peg said, "somebody will come by to give us a tow."

I said, "Maybe somebody would have, in July. This is October."

Joe finished a bottle of beer and came back to stare down at the engine.

I said, "That shack has a roof. If this blows up any more, we'd better wade ashore and spend the night. This anchor might drag."

Joe leaned over and dragged a finger in the water. He pulled his finger back and blew on it. "Wading ashore," he said, "is utterly impractical for anybody but an Eskimo."

Jeannie was on my side, at least. She said, "Bobby did."

Joe's mustache could make a wonderful sneer. "Nobody but an Eskimo," he repeated, "would consider it. I am out of beer and there's no more coffee. This situation is serious. Get away from that motor and let a man in there who knows something."

Winston and I backed away. "The Potboiler," Joe said, "just takes a little understanding." Very carefully, he pulled the top off the distributor, which Winston and I had already done three times. He lifted the rotor, examining it at close range. Then he blew on it—just blew on it, nothing else, and put it back in place. He said, "Now start the engine."

I touched the starter button. The aging battery had been sitting long enough to build up a little more strength in that completely inexplicable manner of stor-

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age batteries. The motor turned over very slowly, just once. I kept my finger on the button and it turned over once more. This time, one cylinder fired, one missed and all six went off in succession. I gunned the throttle.

Joe said, "See, that's what it takes—understanding."

Neither Winston nor I killed him. Winston was too young and I was too cold. Mrs. Smith looked at my father. She said, "Why, Mr. Douglas, I never would have dreamed you knew so much about engineering." If Mrs. Smith had not been a lady, her mouth would have been open.

The wind was beginning to blow in earnest as we shimmied back through the narrows, the Potboiler yawing wildly in the tide rips, taking water over the stern and rolling everything loose from end to end of the cabin. Rain cascaded down the windshield and dripped dismally through three or four holes in the cabin top—holes Joe had been intending all summer to fix.

When we finally gained the lee of the Redolent Beach float, Joe waited only long enough to make fast a bow line and to help the women to the gangplank in the dark. "You go on," he said. "I think I'll work a while. You know, Sally, I've got that plot licked now. There wasn't any reason for this girl to be crazy about this guy in the story; but if I put them out on a boat and he fixes an engine when nobody else can, she'll see he's the heroic type and leave her husband for him."

Sally's voice in the dark sounded a little discouraged. "No job on a newspaper, Joe? No nice regular newspaper job with a salary?"

"Job on a newspaper?" Joe's face was lighted by the flare of his cigarette lighter. "That is the most absurd idea I ever heard."

There was another feminine voice in the dark. It said, "Perfectly absurd." It sounded very much like Mrs. Smith.

But when I came up to her on the path, she was shivering and stumbling, so I took her arm. I said, "I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Smith. I wouldn't have had this happen—"

She did not answer until we were almost at the house. Then she said, "Robert, I never would have believed that you and your father were members of the same family. Jeannette and I positively will have to leave for Chattanooga in the morning."

Jeannie went past me at the foot of the stairs. I tried to stop her; but she would only take time to pat my cheek, which was not what I wanted. She said, "Never mind, Bobby. It wasn't your fault." . . .

I came back to Chattanooga a week before my vacation was to end, but I did not call the Smith home. Instead, I forced my roommate to vacate his half of the apartment, then borrowed his car. I waited around a grocery I knew a couple of blocks from the Smith home until I saw Jeannie. She was surprised to see me, but glad, too. In the car, she did not mind being kissed.

I said, "Darling, let's get married. I love you—not your family, just you. It's more important than anything else, and even writers sometimes have nice children. We can live right here in Chattanooga. We can get married right now, an hour from now, over in Georgia. Nothing that's happened matters. I love you."

Nothing did matter. Jeannie just smiled, and I knew everything was all right. "Wait for me around the corner from the house," she said. "I'll just get a few things in a bag."

I said, "Nobody will see you?"

"Nobody," she said, "will suspect a thing."

SHE was gone half an hour. When she came back, she had changed her dress and was carrying a little traveling case and a handbag—an enormous, fat handbag. "Nobody," she said, "suspected a thing. I slipped upstairs and then picked up my handbag in the hall when I came down."

We drove to Dalton and found a justice of the peace sign in front of a small house. I parked the car in front of the house next door. Then, suddenly, I could not do anything more. My palms were sweating and I could not seem to focus my eyes. Jeannie looked at me, but I could not say anything.

She said, "Bobby, darling—is something the matter?"

I shook my head, but I could not make any other move.

She said, "Bobby—" again, then stopped. Her eyes had no sparkle now, but they were enormous; and as I watched, I saw the hurt rise in them. And I couldn't do a thing about it.

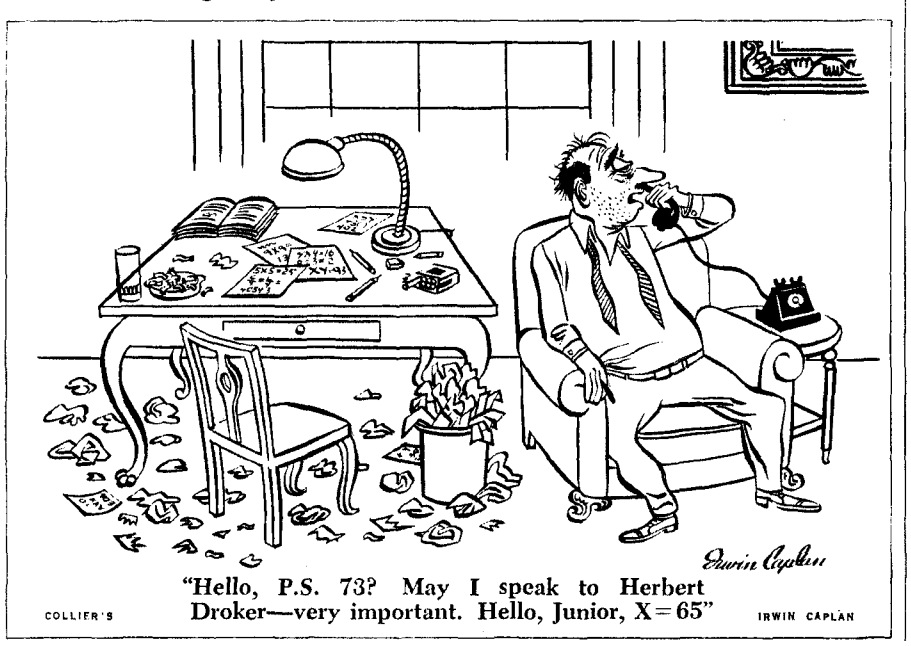
"At the last minute," she said, "you don't want me enough. Oh, Bobby!" The tears were there now, filling the eyes. I started to reach for a handkerchief, but she was already fumbling at the bulging handbag. She was crying, but she was a woman and knew what things were really important. "Stuck," she said through her teeth. "Of all the times—"

Then she got the bag open but just sat looking at it—at the opening and at the fat round package which had been forced into it, on top of everything else. The round package contained a bottle of Shaughnessy's whisky and a note. Jeannie said, "Read it to me."

The note said: "If his fascinating father needed some of this at the curb, you can't expect more of Bobby. Blood will tell."

The note was signed by Mrs. Andrew Beauregard Smith. I had it in my pocket when Jeannette and I knocked on the door of the justice of the peace.

THE END



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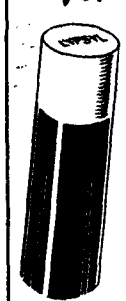

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JOHN N. GARNER'S STORY

Continued from page 25

the nomination of a Catholic for President. But as a candidate he would not have the handicaps of Al Smith. Prohibition and Tammany would not figure in it as in the case of Smith. Also the Republicans were in power when Smith was nominated and the Democrats will go into the next election with the record of having carried 46 out of the 48 states in the last election. Farley has not had the government experience of some others, but he has grown. He is dependable in all things."

One of the most ardent Garner backers was Richard W. Norton, a Texas and Louisiana oilman. Of all the Garner supporters, Norton was the only one who from the first felt sure that Roosevelt would seek a third term.

"Why, he is panting to run," Norton had been saying as early as the autumn of 1938. "He is already running. That is what the purge was all about."

In March, April, May and June, 1939, the whole Democratic Presidential picture clarified. Both Houses of the Texas legislature unanimously endorsed Garner for the Presidency. In March, the Gallup poll asked Democrats: "If Roosevelt is not a candidate, whom would you like to see elected President in 1940?" Forty-two per cent answered, "Garner."

On March 31st, Raymond Clapper in a syndicated newspaper column said, "There is still time to stop Garner, but not very much. Garner now has behind him for Democratic nomination the same kind of public momentum Alf Landon had for the Republican nomination in 1936 long in advance of the convention." The Clapper story was a bugle call for the New Dealers, and the "Stop Garner" campaign began at once.

The Leader in Newsweek's Poll

A week later a preview of the 1940 Democratic Presidential situation among fifty leading correspondents in Newsweek showed that seventeen believed Garner would be the nominee; Cordell Hull was the pick of ten of them, Roosevelt of eleven, with the others scattering.

On the day the poll was printed, Garner said that if he could do what he wanted to he would box up his souvenirs, ship them to Uvalde and spend the rest of his days there.

"You get peace and quiet and a chance to think down there," he said. "A man can tend to his chickens and go fishing and watch the water flow under the shade of the trees. Here everything is turmoil."

In late April, Harry Hopkins announced from Warm Springs, after talking with Roosevelt, that he was changing his residence from New York to Iowa. If Roosevelt had any New Deal crown prince under consideration as his favorite for the 1940 nomination at that time, most politicians believed it was Hopkins.

Some of them, however, thought the change of address might mean he had Hopkins in view for his Vice-Presidential running mate. The Constitution bars Presidential electors from any state voting for both a President and Vice-President resident in the same state with themselves; and New York electors could not vote for both Roosevelt for President and Hopkins for Vice-President had both of them been residents of New York.

In May the "Draft Roosevelt" plan was being pushed by left-wing Roosevelt appointees. Hopkins, who a few months before had told Garner he opposed a third Roosevelt nomination, was directing it, and Tom Corcoran apparently was second in command.

On May 7th, Charles Michelson, then publicity director for the Democratic National Committee, took occasion in a national committee release to deny any feud between the President and Vice-President. All talk of the "seething fury" of their differences "is Republican propaganda," he said. Garner himself said to me about this time:

"So far as I know we are personally on good terms. He is a pleasant, fascinating man. But you can have affable dealings with a man and disagree with the way he performs as a public official. We are not in accord on some of our theories of government. I have been disappointed with the turn things have taken in his second term. He is getting authority to spend too much money, he has too much power and is continually asking for more. He has and wants to retain the discretion to create boards and commissions and agencies which can make laws—or at least regulations with all the authority of law—and to do things I think only Congress ought to have the right to do.

"He has changed in office. He does not delegate. His nature is to want to do everything himself. He does not take a long-range view and continually improvises. There is great waste and inefficiency in administration. Some of the things he does appear to me to be intended more to create a favorable political effect for him than to aid the country. There is no use to pretend personal relations with a man are as pleasant when you disagree with him on policies as when you agree and are working together in a common cause, but I don't think there is personal discord between us."

The May Gallup poll, after two months of "Stop Garner" effort, reported that Garner's supporters were now 50 per cent of those questioned.

On May 11th, Earl Browder, general secretary and 1936 Presidential candidate of the Communist party, told the annual convention of the Young Communist League in New York that the Communist party would support President Roosevelt for a third term.

Senator M. M. Logan, Democrat, Kentucky, after a trip to the West, said, "The people are talking Hull and Garner. They don't want President Roosevelt to run again. I think it would be a big mistake for him to seek a third term."

At the end of May the "draft" movement was seemingly making little progress. In Congress, Roosevelt was meeting rebuffs all along the line except on appropriations for national defense. Most politicians apparently felt that barring a war psychology, Roosevelt, handicapped by the third-term issue, would be weaker than Garner or Hull. Many influential Democratic leaders privately were expressing themselves against a third term, but Mayor Kelly of Chicago, Governor Olson of California and Guffey and Earle of Pennsylvania were openly for a third term.

Mr. Ickes Writes an Article

Harold Ickes prepared an article for publication in the June Look magazine demanding that the President stand for a third term. On its appearance the President in no way rebuked Ickes.

Harry Hopkins at Grinnell, Iowa, where he had gone to change his legal residence, on June 16th issued a statement declaring for Roosevelt for a third term.

In June, a Garner-for-President campaign committee, under the direction of Democratic State Chairman Eugene Germany and Texas Democratic National Committeewoman Clara Driscoll, began to function in Texas. Germany, in announcing the organization, said that Texas would put Garner in nomination regardless of who else ran. The "regardless" could mean no one else but Roosevelt. To the rabid Roosevelt officeholders this was lese majesty. But Garner backers said a Presidential candidacy required neither apology nor explanation. Both Germany and Miss Driscoll were at pains to say that it was "strictly a pro-Garner and not an anti-Roosevelt movement."

About then Mr. Garner told me for the first time he thought there was a possibility Roosevelt would run. I told him I still felt sure he would not and one reason was that I thought Roosevelt had aged greatly in office. He had looked particularly bad when I saw him at the latest press conference.

Garner said that so far as he was concerned he was beginning to think that Roosevelt wanted the situation explored and that if he could get the nomination in an acceptable way, he would run. An "acceptable way" he described as being without too much of a convention fight and the likelihood of an even, or better-than-even, chance of winning the election. (After he left office, Garner told me that piecing together all the informa-

"Guess who's here to keep us company until we go to bed at ten o'clock, dear"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

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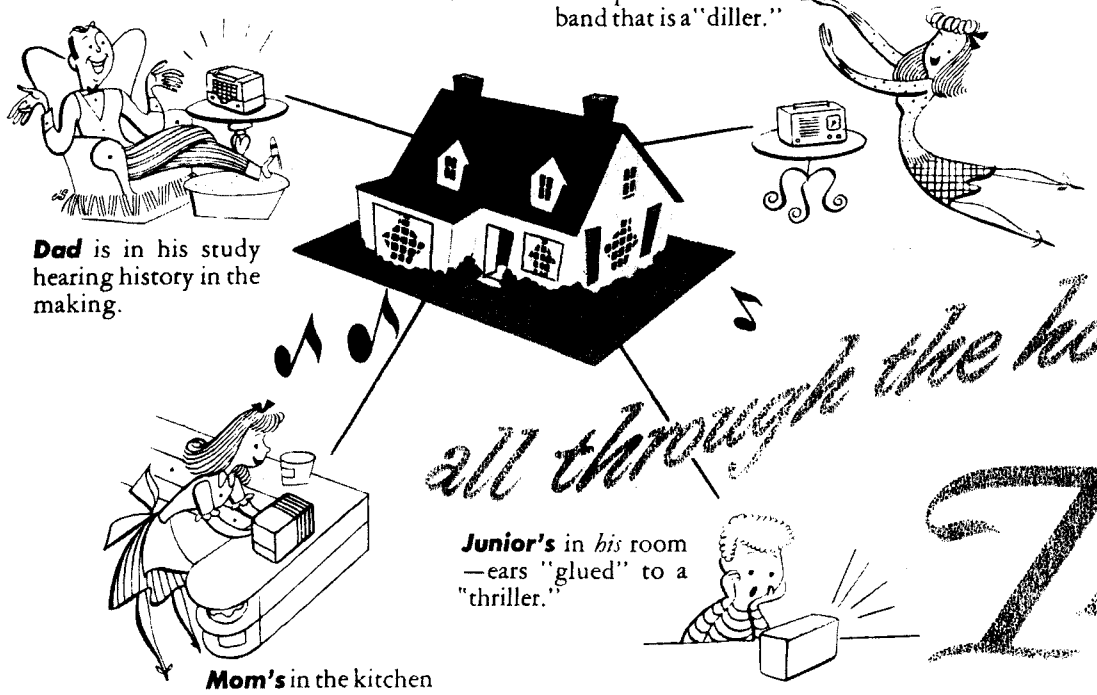

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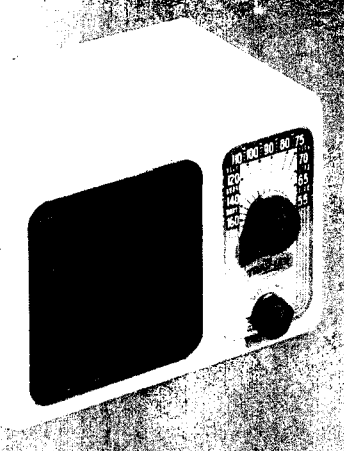

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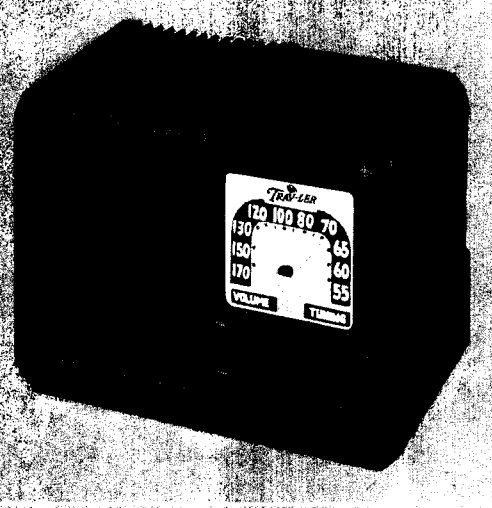

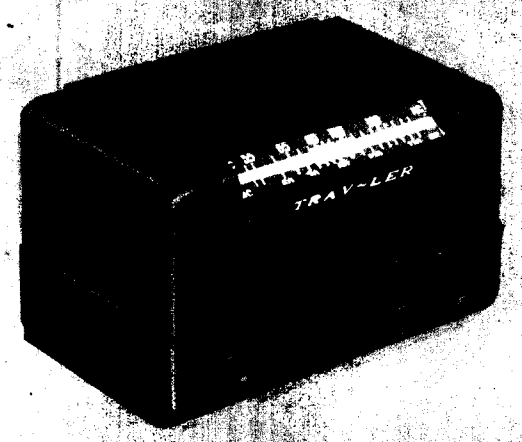

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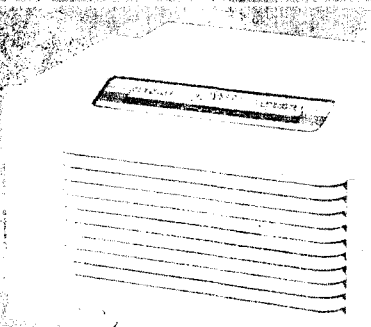

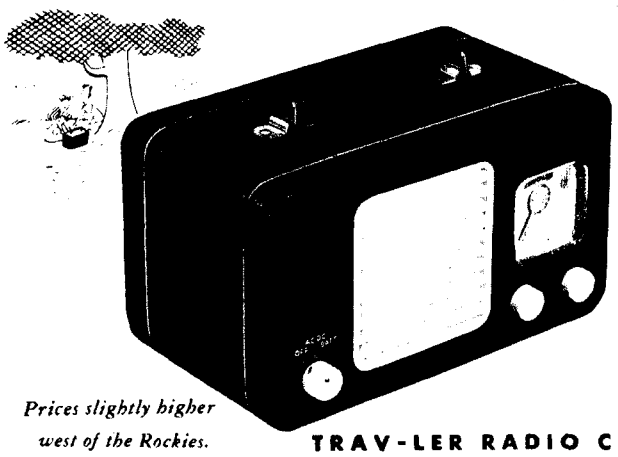

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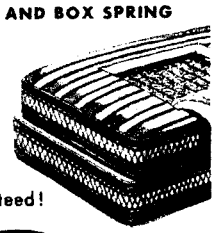

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tion he had, he felt that Roosevelt had made up his mind to run at this time—June, 1939.)

"You can draw your own deductions from his actions," the Vice-President said. "I think you will agree that he does not detest the idea of a third term. If he did he would call these people off. They are on the federal pay roll, under his direction, and they would discontinue their activity if he showed the slightest displeasure. I don't think there is any public demand for him to run yet, but it can be created by exactly the methods that are being pursued. I would be against a third term on principle even if I approved every act of his Administration."

I asked him jestingly why he didn't ask Roosevelt if his previous statement to him that he did not intend to run still went.

"There is no reason for that. Anyway, I don't see him alone any more," Garner replied. "It is always either in a Cabinet meeting or with the legislative leaders. He quit inviting me for luncheons at his desk after the polls began showing me high up in the list of his possible successors. I am not responsible for that—I'm not conducting the polls, but they've stopped my luncheon invitations."

In more serious vein Garner said he thought Roosevelt was a very jealous man who did not like it because he thought the Vice-President was popular at the Capitol, and that F.D.R. could not be very cordial with anyone who had been so much as mentioned as the Democratic Presidential candidate.

(After he went out of office, Mr. Garner told me that the invitations to luncheon ceased more than a year before the 1940 Democratic National Convention. He said Roosevelt, however, continued his practice of giving the Vice-President Christmas remembrances through the Christmas of 1939.)

Farley Doubts Third-Term Hopes

Garner and Farley had another talk about this time. The Vice-President told me none of the details. Farley at the time had just talked to Roosevelt and many months afterward revealed that Roosevelt had again told him that he would not run for a third term. He had sworn Farley to secrecy, the Postmaster General later said. Farley went off to Europe after his confab with Garner. He thought perhaps by the time he returned, Roosevelt would make a statement taking himself out of the race. Garner was beginning to doubt it very seriously.

The Democratic membership of the Senate, if cloakroom conversation and its past voting record were indicators, was overwhelmingly against a third term in 1939.

A newspaper report a few months after the third-term effort got under way said that 28 senators had pledged their support to Garner and against a third term. There was no such group action, although at least that many individual senators encouraged his candidacy and many did pledge support. In addition, many representatives, governors and other major officeholders encouraged his candidacy in private, but most of them remained silent in public. Actually 20 senators made public statements against a third term, or in support of candidates, other than Roosevelt.

After Roosevelt had been renominated, I asked Garner how he felt toward the men who proffered but never gave him support. He replied:

"It is inherent political nature of officeholders from senator to constable to want to be with the winner. Roosevelt was the head of the party and a popular President. When they found out he was going to be a candidate they acquiesced in his nomination or supported him. They could not fight the head of the party and keep their political lives. Nothing they could have done individually or as a group would have changed the result. I know that twenty senators favored my nomination. I never criticized one or blamed one of them for going to Roosevelt."

A torrid issue about this time was the Hatch Act. This measure was the outgrowth of the Sheppard committee's denunciation of WPA's use of relief funds for political purposes in the 1938 election.

Starting out as a modest measure to prevent the exploitation of relief workers by political bosses and candidates it wound up as an all-inclusive prohibition of political activity by federal employees. More than a majority of the convention which renominated Roosevelt and Garner in 1936 had been made up of postmasters, United States marshals, internal revenue collectors and other federal officeholders or their close relatives.

Garner backed the Hatch bill, and the Administration threw every possible obstacle in its path.

The President Interprets a Law

The Senate in a wild 13-hour session finally passed the bill on July 21st. The President took the full constitutional time to consider it. Administrative aids said he was searching for one good, unassailable reason to veto it. Evidently the search failed. The President signed the bill, but accompanied his signature with a unique message to Congress interpreting the new law. Despite the enactment of the law the third termers on the federal pay roll went on unmolested with their campaign.

Garner admitted that the Hatch Act failed its purpose:

"You can't write any law that will be enforced if the executive branch does not want to enforce it," he said.

The left-wing group was also further incensed at this time by the opposition of Garner to the lend-spend bill. However, it was not in the Senate but in the House of Representatives that the measure was done in.

On July 28th, John L. Lewis, appearing before the House Labor Committee on amendments to the wage-hour act attacked the Vice-President as a "labor-baiting, poker-playing, whisky-drinking evil old man."

The attack was no surprise to Garner. He believed that Lewis had been gunning for him since the Vice-President had urged vigorous action against the then Lewis-headed C.I.O. Automobile Workers Union in their 1937 sit-down strike.

Lewis at this time was very close to left-wing promoters of the Roosevelt draft although he was eventually to bolt Roosevelt's third-term race. He also had tossed about half a million dollars into the Democratic campaign jack pot in 1936.

Garner merely chuckled when reporters asked him to comment on Lewis' thespian performance. In his hotel sitting room he said:

"There has never been anything that caused me more happiness than Lewis' outburst. I think the majority of the people will feel that anyone Lewis can't control is all right."

Then on a general subject of attacks and criticism he said:

"A public man is judged by his record and not by what people may say about him from time to time. I have always welcomed criticism. The more of it the better it suited me. It brings a public man to the attention of the public and gives people a chance to analyze his record. When the criticism has merit it is helpful. When it has no merit it is of no effect."

(This is the third in a series of articles telling John N. Garner's story. The fourth will appear next week.)

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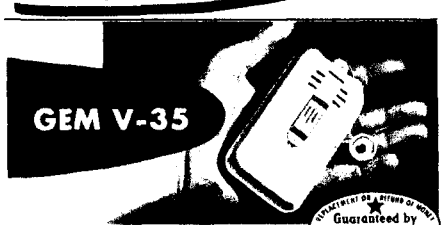

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THE DAY BEFORE SUNDAY

Continued from page 17

"Pah! There is enough noise in the house now."

"Who knows?" Juliano scratched his chin.

"Today she is out of mourning," Pietro said threateningly. He turned his head to the door and suddenly his beard stiffened. *"Look!"*

A large crowd had gathered, recognizable at once as all relatives of Celestina Annunciata. They were quiet but determined-looking and with them stood a priest. Pietro gave an angry exclamation and ran outside.

He elbowed his way roughly through the crowd, stalked across the street, and turned to face them. His face was extremely dark, his beard a small, irate porcupine.

But before he spoke he made a preparation. He worked himself up still further by hitting himself on the chest several times, on the forehead once, and by shaking both fists at the Annunciatas.

Then he shouted, "Indescribably weird third son of a third indescribable cook!" and the ground trembled. The men blanched at the frightful blasphemy and the priest jerked his head to the sky and began to recite something with great rapidity.

THAT was only the beginning. Pietro launched into a general denunciation of all women, the Annunciata women in particular, and Celestina Annunciata specifically. He shouted and he stormed. By turns he was accusing, defiant, indignant and persecuted. His voice swelled with fervor and a sense of great injustice done.

"I want no woman!" he concluded magnificently. "I hate women! What I care for sweep, for iron, for little bambino cry all night? Not me! So I say to you Annunciatas, go! Do not think you can force me into this tragedy!"

He pointed dramatically up the street but the Annunciatas did not move.

"*Go,* I say!" he yelled at them, pointing up and pointing down the street at the same time.

They were silent and unmoving.

Pietro took a tremendous draught of air, raised on his toes, and roared, "GO!!"

But the Annunciatas did not stir.

"All right," he said to them grimly. "You have ask for it."

He ran into the shop and ran out, pulling Celestina along after him.

"All right!" he cried out. "I marry her! Only go away! It is bad enough to have one Annunciata around but all the Annunciatas standing in front of the door is more than I can stand! But I warn you I am crazy! You want her to marry a crazy man? All right! I shoot you all within a week, no doubt!"

They had waited a long time. "Bravo!" they shouted and began to shake hands with each other, with the priest, and even with themselves. Then they left.

Pietro took Celestina into the shop and said, "Ha!" disdainfully. But when he looked at her, his expression changed.

"What is wrong, dear one?" he asked.

Her voice was cool. "Is that all it means to you, that you do not wish to be annoyed?"

"But, no," he said anxiously. "I . . ."

"Is it nothing in the heart?" she said. "I thought surely your heart would be warm, Pietro Riccardi."

"I assure you it is," he said and he sighed, thinking how often this same assurance would be necessary in the future.

"Why, then, do you act the way you do—as though you truly hated me?"

He took her hand. "A sad story," he said, shaking his head. "Business. I have advertise myself as a woman hater, so I must pretend. They expect it of me. I even expect it of myself I am so honest."

"I find it hard to believe," she said.

"You do? Look." He opened a drawer and took out a sign. "Business is a funny thing. Here it once said: *Signore Pietro Riccardi—Armony, Voice, Dulcimer.* Now it says: *Signore e Signora Riccardi.* Do you see? I changed it the very first day you came."

"Pietro . . ." she whispered, touching the letters on the card with her finger. "Was it for you, too, that first day?"

"Yes," he said reminiscently, drawing her near to him. "For me, too. I remember that it is Saturday. You come in. Instantly I am destroyed inside, annihilated. . . ."

He stopped speaking and frowned and looked over her shoulder at the establishment of Signora Galline Vive across the street.

"M'mmm," he said reflectively. "Tell me something, Celestina. Would you, yourself, if you thought about the matter, say that there is nothing more dangerous to a noisy rooster than the day before Sunday?"

"I have heard the expression," she answered quietly.

"And would you say that in the case of a noisy man the day before Sunday might last for a whole year?"

"I have heard that said, too."

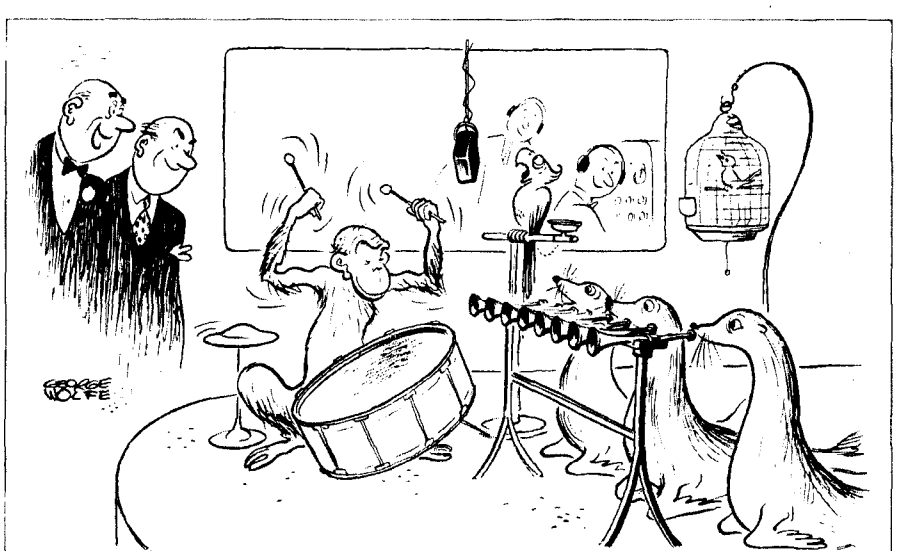
"An old woman told you that?"

"Yes," she said.

"Cooks and bakers," said Pietro, shaking his head sadly. "Why I waste all that breath?"

"I often wondered," said Celestina, smiling at him.

THE END



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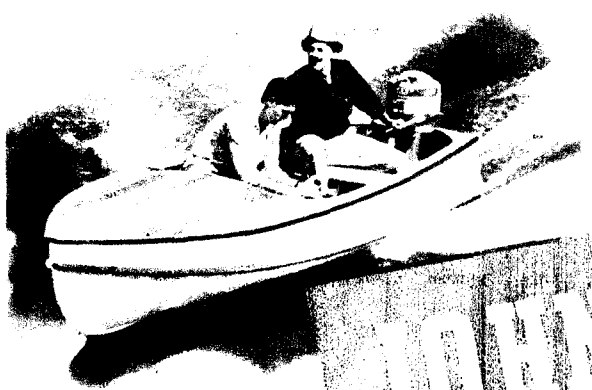

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HARD TIMES COME TO WALL STREET

Continued from page 61

and 1946—and were sought frantically by eager buyers—are already languishing, ingloriously, in the bankruptcy courts.

Sixty-four such companies went bankrupt under Chapter X of the federal laws during the first 11 months of 1947, according to the Securities and Exchange Commission. Globe Aircraft Corporation crashed after selling $1,500,000 of stocks to the public.

Anchorage Homes, Incorporated, which raised $1,505,000 with a financial prospectus illustrated by pictures of prefabricated homes in color, was another casualty.

Aireon Manufacturing Corporation raised $1,706,250 from the public and cracked up. So did Allied Control Company, Incorporated, which raised $1,050,000. And there are other orphans of the 1945-46 boom.

Burned in these and other deals not so long ago, the public is sitting out this market, and it will take a long lasting upward market whirl to lure them from the side lines.

All Kinds of Investors Are Timid

But it isn't only the public—the housewife, the plumber, the storekeeper that has lost interest in Wall Street. The big money isn't having any either. The result has been that industrial stock prices have had a big fall (24 per cent since the 1946 high). And no amount of good news had been able to put them together again—by the year end.

When the 1946 fall elections brought the Republicans to power and fulfilled Wall Street's most cherished dream, the bear market went down. When strikes virtually dried up and industrialists started to produce goods efficiently at increasing profits, the market still went down.

The most amazing performance of all was that of the giant Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation's stock. When the company announced a special dividend its stock sold off 7 points.

The price of a common stock usually figures at about ten times the company's yearly earnings (per share). Thus, if Widgets, Incorporated, earns $2 per share a year, the stock should sell at $20. In the bull market of 1929, Widgets, Incorporated, was probably selling at 20 times earnings or $40. But in the bear market of '47, Widgets was more likely to sell at the bargain price of $4 to $6 (two or three times earnings). Widgets, Incorporated, is a fictitious company. Let's take an actual one. Eastern Gas and Fuel Associates. At the year-end it was selling at two times earnings.

"You could wrap gold bricks in tin foil and not be able to sell them for the price of the tin foil," one broker observed unhappily.

Over at the Stock Exchange, Homer Vilas, president of the Association of Stock Exchange Firms, admitted bleakly, "There's no question there's a depression in Wall Street. Stocks are the cheapest commodity in America, but nobody wants to buy them."

I made the rounds of the big brokers. All were eager to talk of their troubles, and had plenty of time to do it in.

At Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane, the biggest thing in stockbroking, Partner Winthrop Smith disclosed one of the screwier aspects of the zany Wall Street depression of 1947. Merrill Lynch, etc., does about ten per cent of all the business transacted on the Stock Exchange, and because it shoots for a mass, department-store stockbrokerage trade, it is known in The Street as "We the People."

Last year, We the People earned about one fourth the money it had earned the previous year. But the concern would have been in the red if it had depended entirely on stockbroking. A side-line activity bailed it out—the brokerage of commodities. Hectic speculation in cotton, corn, potatoes, wheat (by customers) so increased Merrill Lynch's revenues that it offset declines in stockbroker income.

To Wall Street veterans this sort of situation is as loony as it can be, for commodities seldom boom unless there is a boom in stocks too.

Over at Bache & Company, another Wall Street giant, the situation was equally wacky. There, Harold Bache, senior partner and son of Jules Bache, one of the last of the Wall Street titans, who lived in lordly style in four homes, told me the firm had just broken even. Its commodity business had leaped 50 per cent and bailed it out.

Emil Schram, president of the Stock Exchange, a pleasant, solid man who owns two farms but no stocks, summed it up:

"During the first eleven months of the year, most Wall Street firms were in the red," he said. "Costs are up, and it takes at least a million transactions on the Exchange a day for most brokers to break even. And we haven't been having enough million-share days."

One of Mr. Schram's former employees, M. David Keefe, spelled out what this means to people who depend for a living on Wall Street. Keefe, an articulate ex-G.I. with thick rimmed glasses and an aggressive manner, came back from the war to head up Wall Street's union, the United Financial Employees—A.F. of L.

Bristling with indignation, Keefe charged there had been no pay increases in Wall Street despite the inflation. "Layoffs? The union figures about a third of Wall Street's 40,000 people have lost their jobs. Some of them come up here and break down and cry. The big wire (brokerage) houses don't replace people who quit, and reduce staffs that way. The turnover in Wall Street is terrific."

The Wall Street union hadn't made much progress in organizing The Street's brokerage houses, Keefe admitted, but he noted with gloomy satisfaction that it had achieved one thing: The Wall Street depression custom of giving employees "Scotch weeks" (forced vacations without pay) had disappeared. So had "Chinese overtime" (shortchanging on overtime by involved figuring).

Keefe's estimate of Wall Street layoffs was corroborated by such a representative house as Harris Upham & Company where business had declined so sharply that some 100 employees out of 388 were laid off.

At Christmas, Wall Street employees had little to be merry about. One big brokerage house doled out a token $50 bonus, chicken feed compared to the $1,000 the same house had given in a boom year. Others gave several weeks' pay, but most houses passed up the year-end bonus altogether. Customers' men who harvested $20,000 and $30,000 yearly incomes in the boom of 1945-46 had to get along with $5,000 to $10,000 last year.

In one dismal week, one customers' man reported his take from commissions had been exactly six dollars.

The brokers—who buy or sell securities for you—have had a hard time of it. But surely, you think, Wall Street's investment bankers—who advise companies how to raise money and who sell securities for them—must have been prospering.

First, American industry needs billions of dollars because, as prices rise, companies need more money in their business. Second, companies need more billions to build the new plants that were delayed by the war. The electric light and gas companies alone need $5,000,000,000. These needs are the stuff of which bankers' profits are made.

Checking at the SEC, I found that the investment bankers, unlike the brokers, were doing lots of business, and that should mean that they were making lots of money. Besides, wasn't the Wall Street banker regaining the prestige he had lost in the debacle of 1929? He had returned triumphantly to the councils of government. James V. Forrestal, formerly of the banking house of Dillon, Read & Company, is Secretary of Defense. W. Averell Harriman, formerly of Brown Brothers, Harriman & Company, is Secretary of Commerce. Robert A. Lovett, also formerly of Brown Brothers, Harriman, is Undersecretary of State and second in command to Secretary of State Marshall.

Not only has Wall Street produced two men for the Cabinet. It has produced the three keymen in American foreign policy. Not a bad comeback for the banker.

Yet at the great banking houses of Morgan Stanley & Company, at the First Boston Corporation, at Goldman, Sachs & Company, at Smith, Barney & Company, bankers wore their longest faces. The bankers were suffering their own peculiar depression.

Harrowing Details of Disaster

Prestige at Washington? The Justice Department had just slapped 17 leading banking houses with the first antitrust suit in investment banking history.

Profits on the year's big deals? Forced to shave their profits to the vanishing point a group of 15 bankers lost $1,000,000 in trying to sell even such staples as Pacific Gas & Electric Company bonds. With bond and preferred-stock prices falling, there had been other disasters.

A chance to cash in on industry's huge need for new capital? In the Wall Street depression of '47, new preferred and common stocks were hard to sell. So were bonds. And anyway, the onetime titans of the money markets had a new heavyweight competitor to contend with—the insurance companies who were gobbling up an increasing share of the financing business.

The head of one great banking house, looking sadly from his skyscraper office into the Trinity Church cemetery below, told me he was trimming $500,000 to $750,000 of overhead expenses this year—a 20 per cent slash.

"Investment banking isn't what it used to be," he understated. Like other bankers he was closing out branch offices outside of New York City.

Sidney J. Weinberg, a bouncy little man with a happy, round face, who as senior partner has helped guide Goldman Sachs for many years, spent an hour explaining that the time had come for "bankers to be flexible," to take in other lines of business to keep alive. The orthodox banking business of issuing securities for corporations had so narrowed, Weinberg said, it was becoming increasingly difficult to make a living in it.

Weinberg joined me as I left his paneled office with its four telephones and framed war-service acknowledgments by Franklin D. Roosevelt. As we stepped

CARL ROSE

There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

You have read of liquid air, but have you ever seen any? And have you ever even heard of liquid smoke? Showing smoke in what seems to be a liquid state is an amusing stunt.

Cigarette, cigar or pipe smoke is used in the demonstration which begins by the smoker taking a mouthful of smoke. This smoke is expelled into a glass which becomes filled, from the bottom up, exactly as if a liquid were being poured into it. The smoke then can be poured back and forth from one glass to another, or left to stand on the table as a glass filled wih liquid smoke.

Because dense smoke is heavier than air, all that is necessary to do this stunt is to mix as little air as possible with the smoke. The smoke is drawn only into the mouth and is not inhaled. Then, by putting the lower lip against the rim of a tumbler and opening the lips a bit, the smoke is expelled from the mouth by raising the tongue and very slowly contracting the cheeks. The heavy smoke will pour into the glass.

By working deliberately to avoid making air currents, the smoke may be poured from glass to glass when the lips of the glasses touch. Smoke will stay indefinitely in a tumbler set on the table.

Care must be taken not to breathe into the glass, because the smoke will disappear.

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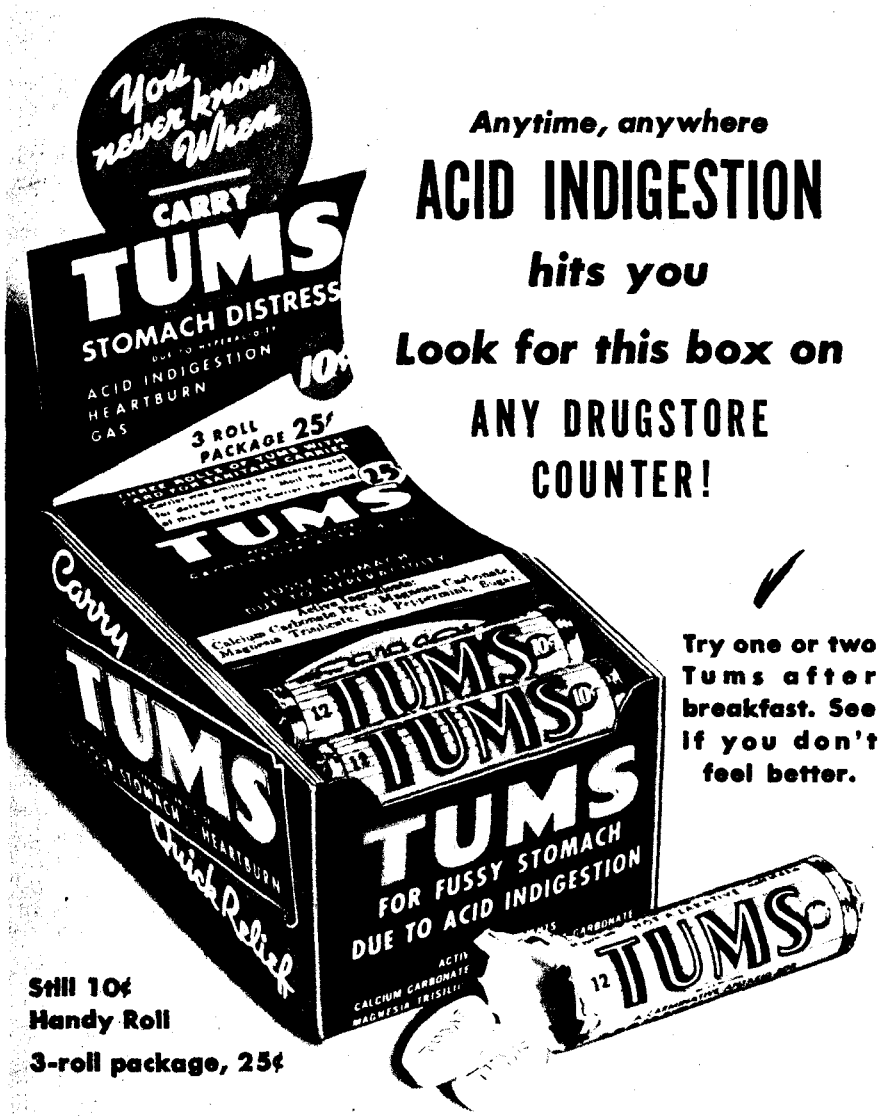

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into Pine Street, the banker asked if I were going uptown. I nodded and looked about for his big, black limousine.

"Limousine hell!" exclaimed Weinberg. "These days we travel by subway."

To understand what is happening to the men at whose voices industry and Washington once trembled, it is necessary to go back a bit.

In Wall Street, great corporate giants like U.S. Steel Corporation, and American Telephone & Telegraph were once conceived and weren't weaned for years as their banker progenitors kept a strong hand on their affairs. Wall Street floated billions of securities for the Allied governments of the first World War—at huge profits. And Wall Street was the master of the money markets.

Money Moves to Madison Avenue

Now the country's biggest bank and the most colorful banker aren't even in Wall Street. They—The Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association and A. P. Giannini—are in California. The custody of the money markets and interest rates has shifted to Washington. And even some of the big money deals are shifting away from Wall Street. Increasingly, they are swinging to Madison Avenue, where two of America's Big Five life insurance companies have their skyscraper offices.

Why did the money power shift from Wall Street? To oversimplify so that the casual reader can read as he runs: First, the national debt grew so big that the government took the control of interest rates out of private hands. And second, there were the fateful New Deal laws that changed the structure of banking. The Securities and Exchange Act of 1935 which compels corporations or promoters to disclose all by registering with the SEC had this result: To save the time and cost of filing detailed information with the SEC, corporations took to selling their securities privately to insurance companies rather than publicly to investors.

Thus began the trek to Madison Avenue. In eight years, the insurance companies have taken some $7,000,000,000 of business out of the mouths of the investment bankers. Worse still for the bankers, the insurance companies became not only their competitors but their chief—and sometimes only—customers.

Here, briefly, is how it came about:

John Dough, well-to-do investor, buys a good industrial bond, and on it gets a return of 2½ per cent or $25 a year. But by the time John Dough pays his high-bracket income taxes on this $25, his take-home pay is more likely to be $10 per bond or less. So John Dough decides the pay isn't worth it and employs his money elsewhere. This leaves the bond buying to the tax-exempt or tax-protected institutions like the insurance companies. (Last year the life insurance companies paid no income taxes.) And when a Wall Street banker sells an issue of utility bonds or preferred stocks his chief customer is likely to be an insurance company.

The erstwhile money barons of Wall Street have thus been reduced (in bond deals) to a curious role, that of a mere go-between. Before closing a financing deal with a corporation, the banker often calls up his prospective insurance company customers to sound out how much they'll pay for the new securities. And when you are reduced to the role of intermediary between the borrowing corporation and the institution that lends the money (i.e., buys the securities) your fee is trimmed accordingly.

"In the old days," Sidney Weinberg told me wistfully, "we used to get $50 on a bond; now we get $5."

Typical of the new state of affairs in Wall Street were the A.T. & T. money deals of 1947. A.T. & T. offered $400,000,000 of bonds to the highest bidder. In the 20s and 30s, there would have been no bidding at all. The syndicate that placed the bonds would have got the business as a matter of course and it would have split about $10,000,000 in profits. But under market conditions last year, bankers made one fifth of this on the A.T. & T. deals. On another $900,000,000 of security business, A.T. & T. didn't even go to the bankers at all. It offered the securities (stocks and debentures) to its employees and stockholders.

Competitive bidding and competition from Madison Avenue have dealt bankers staggering blows in the pocketbook. But the bear market that afflicted all of Wall Street filled bankers' bitter cups to overflowing. Corporations that registered almost a billion dollars' worth of securities with the SEC and planned to issue them during 1947 canceled their plans. You can't raise money when people won't buy stocks.

Why wouldn't people buy stocks?

One reason, Wall Street argued, was that high taxes and rising living costs ate up so much of a man's income that even well-to-do, high-income-bracket individuals couldn't accumulate the savings fat which once went into securities.

"Look at me and my $100,000 yearly income," exclaimed Emil Schram, president of the Stock Exchange. "It seems silly to say that you can't save on $100,000 a year. But by the time I get through paying $63,000 in income taxes, maintaining two boys in school, and keeping up with the obligations of this job, there's really little left for saving."

I went to see Dr. Marcus Nadler, whose opinions are so highly regarded that brokers and bankers have taken his current events money-market course at New York University year after year and call themselves his "lifers." Dr. Nadler agreed with a view that is held widely by economists in and out of Wall Street:

Investors apparently have no confidence that the inflation and the peak corporate earnings of 1947 could continue. A good chunk of those profits is more apparent than real. For instance: A dress manufacturer makes his usual profit by converting rayon cloth into a dress; but he also makes another profit, because the rayon cloth he bought some months before kept rising in value. This is known as an inventory profit. And profits made from inventory inflation can turn to losses when prices drop.

One other thing: Manufacturers in 1947 had to keep whirring at a record pace to make ends meet. Because labor and materials costs were so high, a slight drop in business could mean heavy losses. Wall Street itself provided an excellent example. Costs had risen so, that a drop in security trading (about 15 per cent on the Stock Exchange) was enough to wipe out brokers' profits.

"The American public is mentally upset. Everybody is scared stiff of tomorrow in the face of the record good times today," A. W. Zelomek, economist to many businessmen, said.

All the wise money men in Gotham cannot say for sure whether Wall Street's depression has its own peculiar reasons or is a forecast of things to come. Yet for a year and half, the money men have been voting with their stocks "no confidence."

Wall Street was wrong—on the optimistic side—in 1929. It could be wrong—on the pessimistic side—in 1948.

THE END

ELECTRONICS

My wife was talking yesterday;
She did not say a word,
But everything she didn't say,
I heard.

—Hughes Mearns

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WASHINGTON PARTY LINE

THERE is more than appears on the surface between Senator Arthur Vandenberg and Governor Tom Dewey. *Sub rosa,* there is every indication of a definite working arrangement between the Michigander, who says he isn't a Presidential candidate, and the New Yorker, who is very much so. Two strong personal bonds link them together. One is mutual opposition to Senator Robert A. Taft. The other is mutual admiration for John Foster Dulles, Republican foreign affairs adviser who is very close to Dewey. As insiders dope the situation, Vandenberg will back Dewey at the Philadelphia convention. If Dewey is stopped, then he will throw his support to Vandenberg, despite the latter's disclaimer that he is a candidate.

UNLESS its backers can pull a rabbit out of the hat, Universal Military Training is a goner in this Congress. Truman's backing means nothing, and the top leaders who are friendly to UMT aren't exerting themselves. On the other hand, those who are against it are fighting tooth and nail.

U.S. INDUSTRY'S capital expenditures boom is still booming right along. This quarter's outlay for new plants and equipment will top $4,100,000,000, one fourth more than for the same period last year. Further, the outlook is equally promising for the remainder of 1948. An illustration is railroad plans for new equipment. This quarter's $360,000,000 spending is expected to zoom to $500,000,000 for the third quarter. And some of them need it.

IF GENERAL DE GAULLE wins the crucial April election, he's already all set to start doing business in the French embassy in Washington. Unofficially, a number of the members of the embassy's staff and military mission are ardent De Gaullists. The Schuman government knows this, but can't do anything about it. In addition to discreet propagandizing for De Gaulle, his embassy henchmen also keep him informed on U.S. affairs.

THE White House has a hot labor potato on its hands. The Justice Department has a big file of clear-cut violations by A.F. of L. and C.I.O. chiefs of the antipolitics provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act. Most of the violations are deliberate. The laborites are eager for a court test. But the White House is very leery on two counts: It's afraid of being accused of being antilabor; and it wants all the political backing it can get from labor in this year's election.

THERE is one job the President will not have trouble filling when it becomes vacant. That's the successor to U.S. Ambassador Lewis Douglas, if he becomes Marshall Plan director. There is already a flock of eager aspirants for the lush London post. Foremost among them are Robert Butler, Minneapolis banker who is ambassadoring in Australia, and Stanton Griffis, Wall Street banker who is ambassadoring in Poland. Both are bored with their present posts, and both are wire-pulling to go to the Court of St. James's.

ON THE final vote on the Republicans' four-point anti-inflation bill, which he opposed, Alabama's Senator Lister Hill was surprised to hear his seatmate, Senator "Pappy" O'Daniel, vote, "No." The old-line Texas Democrat usually sides with the G.O.P.

"Pappy," said Hill sternly, "this is the first time in several years that you and I have voted the same way on anything. One of us must be wrong."

THE real story on the U.S. crop outlook this year will be told in the Agriculture Department's Intentions Report next month. The report is an annual summary on what and how much farmers will plant. It's the tip-off on what the growers are doing about meeting the government's high planted-acreage goals.

PRESIDENT-DICTATOR PERÓN'S grandiose announcement about extending $5,000,000,000 in credits to Latin America is pure hokum. Real fact is Argentine dollar and gold reserves are so low England's having trouble collecting for the railroads it sold Perón. All Argentina has is a big grain surplus that Perón wants to unload at sky-high prices.

GENERAL MACARTHUR is taking no chances on the official history of his Pacific campaigns. It's being written directly under his eye by his own staff historians in Tokyo. Unlike other theater commanders, MacArthur is not allowing the Army's Historical Division in the Pentagon to have anything to do with it. And when the Pentagon recently sent a history-writing colonel to Tokyo to find out what was going on, he was politely but firmly given the bum's rush.

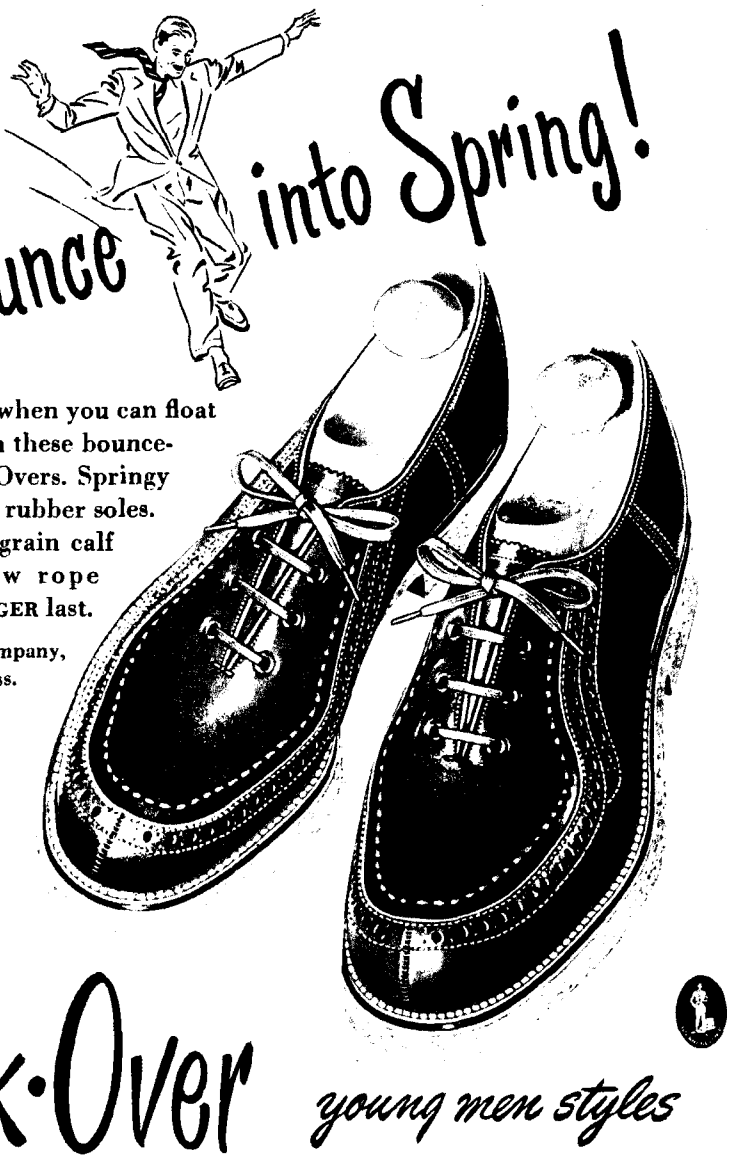
CALIFORNIA Democratic chiefs are sputtering-mad at Senator Sheridan Downey because of his querulous insistence in pushing his bill to repeal the 160-acre provision of the Reclamation Act. The measure would affect federal reclamation projects in California, Colorado and Texas. California Democrats are fearful Downey's bill will give the G.O.P. powerful campaign ammunition, particularly in rural areas where the Democrats need every vote they can get. The state leaders appealed to the White House to pipe Downey down, but even that didn't help. Downey, apparently, has his own fish to fry. However, the home boys got one bit of satisfaction. Truman told them that it will give him a lot of personal pleasure to veto Downey's bill, if by any chance Congress passes it—which isn't very likely.

A FAVORITE State Department dodge to fend off prying reporters is the statement, "The matter is under active consideration." Quipped an Atomic Energy Commissioner to an inquiring newsman, "The matter is under radioactive consideration."

LONG-STANDING behind-the-scenes mystery is President Truman's strange coolness toward Bernard M. Baruch.

During the Roosevelt regime, the tall, astute, elder statesman was a frequent White House visitor; often was used as an Administration sounding board. But since Baruch's widely acclaimed chairmanship of the U.S. atomic delegation to the U.N. more than 18 months ago, he has been completely ignored by the White House.

ROBERT S. ALLEN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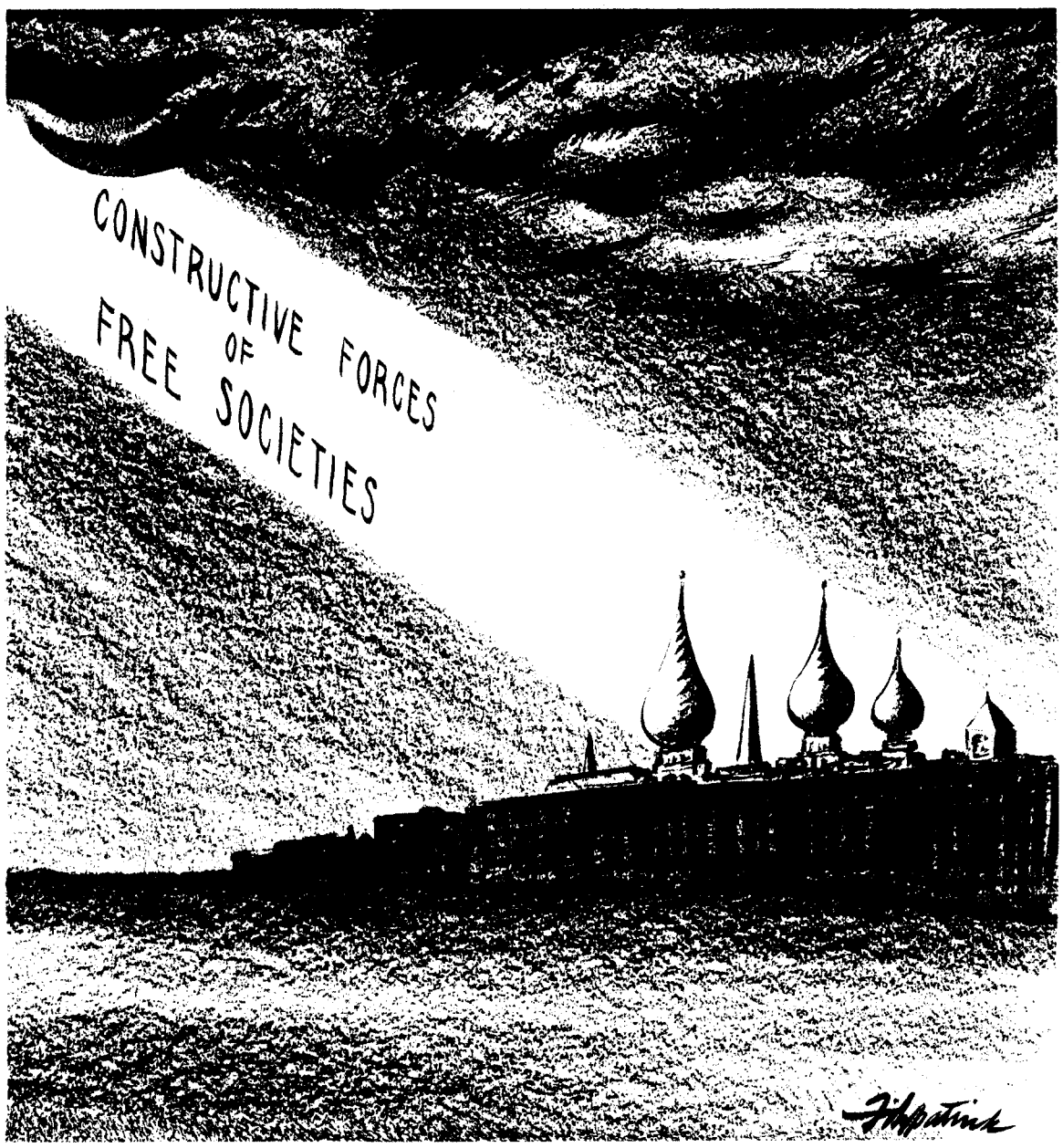

...IN INTERNATIONAL COMMON SENSE

PLANS for solving the United States' Russia problem range all the way from the Bullitt-Earle "Hit them before they get us" proposals to the Henry A. Wallace "Give 'em everything" formula.

There should be a happy medium between these extremes. We think this happy medium was at least outlined by John Foster Dulles in his recent widely quoted and discussed "Not peace, not war" speech before the Foreign Policy Association in New York City.

Russia's present government, Mr. Dulles reasoned from his observations as long-time onlooker at State Department dealings with Soviet diplomats, does not want a war with the United States any time soon, but neither does it want to give an impression of being at profound peace with us. Mr. Dulles explained this Soviet state of mind in these astute and acute words:

> The difficulty we encountered [at the Foreign Ministers conferences] is that in Russia the members of the Communist party believe fanatically that capitalistic nations are inherently imperialistic, aggressive and unfriendly.
>
> It is true that Stalin has occasionally said, for foreign consumption, that capitalistic and Communistic societies could exist side by side in peace. But in Russia for 30 years the contrary has been taught. So Soviet leaders would find it very embarrassing today to treat America as Russia's friend.
>
> Another difficulty is that if the United States were treated as a friend, that would cut the ground from under the despotic power of Soviet leaders. The Communist theory is that dictatorship will wither away as enemies disappear. So in Russia, when men ask why dictatorship is so prolonged, they are told that the Soviet Union still has aggressive and powerful enemies. Today, only the United States is adequate to be a frightening enemy.

Understanding those Kremlin convictions, we can chart a sensible course. The Dulles prescription is for us to show the world and the Kremlin, and keep on showing them, "that the free societies can generate forces for construction which will render impotent these Soviet methods of destruction."

Carry on that way long enough, without either swashbuckling or appeasement, and Dulles thinks we may eventually run world Communism peaceably but quite conclusively up the street and score a historic triumph for American democracy in the hearts and minds of men.

The Dulles logic looks more than good to us. Also, it seems to be expertly tailored to the attitudes and hopes of most Americans, who certainly don't want to fight the Russians but just as certainly don't want to kowtow to the Russian government.

. . . WE NEED 50,000 STUDENT NURSES: Hospitals practically all over the country are yelling for help—help in the form of more student nurses. The nurse shortage continues acute; so much so that it is hoped a total of 50,000 young women will sign on for nurse training courses this year. We'd like to register a strong endorsement of that plea.

Nurses' pay still leaves something to be desired in some institutions. So do working conditions. But things are getting better in these respects in most hospitals. They have to, since a hospital can't get along without nurses. And the profession is obviously not overcrowded—meaning that for years to come a registered nurse can reasonably expect to be employed, either in or out of a hospital, as fully as she wants to be.

In this connection, we think many hospitals would be wise to do what a few of them are doing now, namely, to add paid nurses' aides to their staffs. Volunteer, unpaid nurses' aides proved their worth and then some during the war. A person can be trained for this invaluable service in a month or six weeks—quite a contrast to the customary three-year R.N. course.

One way or another, let's break the nurse shortage, but fast. It's one shortage which hits a lot of people right where they live.

●

. . . FORGIVENESS IS PHOOEY: In the current discussions of tax reduction, we seem to hear more and more politicians talking about "forgiving" the taxpayer this or that item.

Use of the term "forgiveness" in such a connection leads you to suspect that the politician mouthing it looks on the taxpayers as his subjects, his servants, mayhap even his slaves, and feels privileged to levy financial penalties on them for being alive.

Americans aren't traditionally the servants of their politicians, or of their government. They are the masters and employers of those politicians and that government, with a constitutional right to throw any set of officeholders out of their jobs at any election. We hadn't heard that this tradition had been abandoned, or that any sizable body of Americans wanted to drop it.

Let's have an abrupt and complete end, therefore, to this prattle about "forgiving" taxes. The politicians ought to be humbly grateful to get these contributions to government; and the only "forgiveness" properly involved in the matter is the American taxpayer's habitual and saintly forgiveness of the politicians for keeping taxes too high and spending the money too prodigally.

●

. . . PARENTS AREN'T ALWAYS SMART: Dr. Howard A. Rusk, writing recently in the New York Times on deafness and hearing aids, told a story of a small boy who seemed stupid, unresponsive and fumbling until he reached the second grade. There, the school psychologist examined into his supposed backwardness and found that nothing ailed the little fellow except that he was hard of hearing.

So far as statistics show, there are from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 children in the United States whose hearing is not up to par. Many of them don't get proper medical attention; and many of these are handicapped, retarded and continually embarrassed in their formative years.

Yet medical science nowadays is equipped to reduce deafness in most cases to the status of a minor annoyance. Electric hearing aids grow better all the time; a relatively simple operation for one form of deafness has produced startling results in many cases.

To get back to where we started—before you conclude sadly that your child is a subnormal and won't ever amount to much, why not take him to an ear doctor and have his hearing looked into? Then, why not pilot him around to an oculist and find out whether his eyesight is all it should be?

These would seem to be simple and obvious measures, but apparently numerous parents never think of them.

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